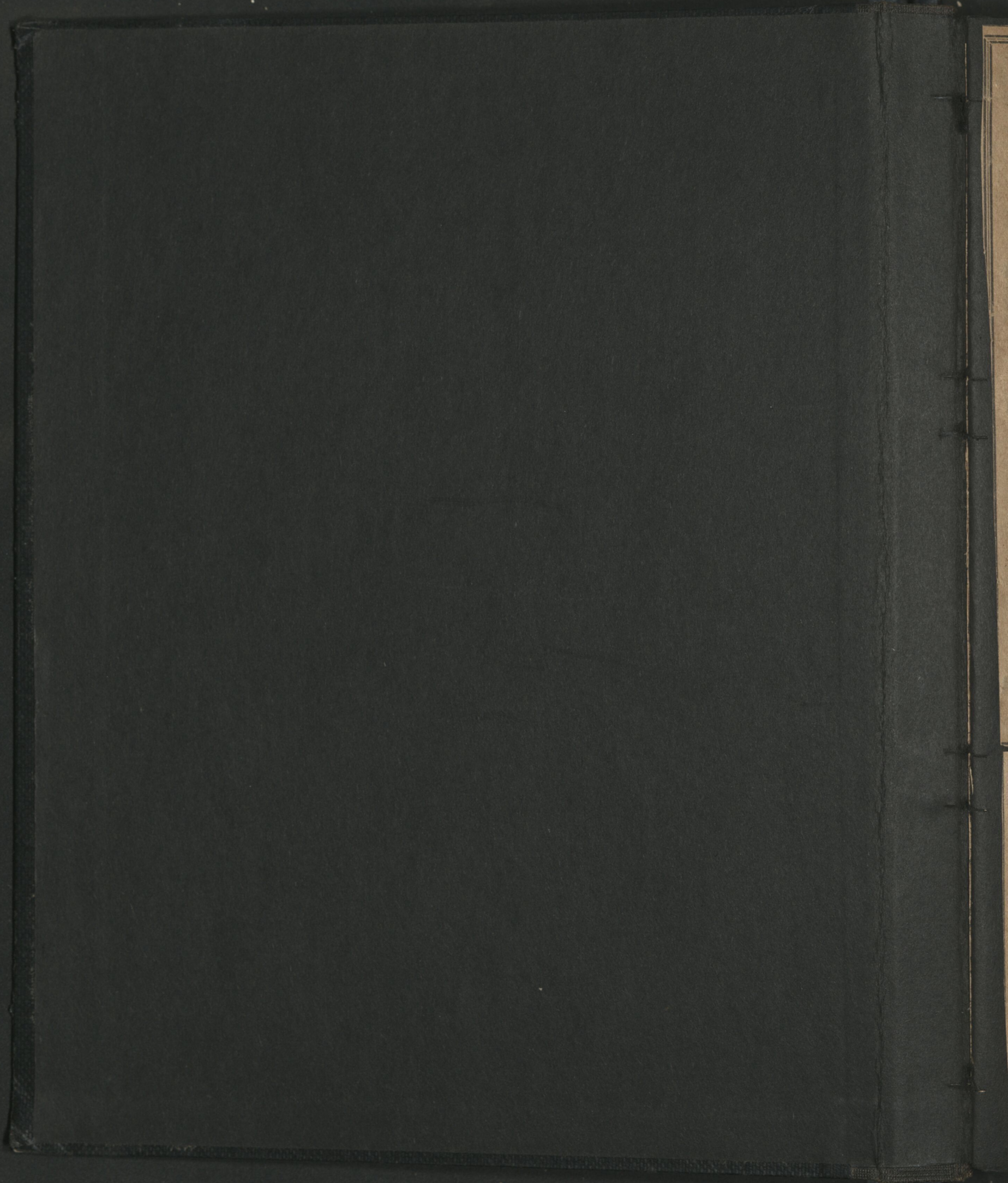


SCRAP BOOK

12



Poems for Your Scrap Book

"SOME TASK"

The following lines were composed by Francis Charles Justice, wireless operator, on the steamship Bunker Hill, as an outline of the questions passengers indulge in while on a journey by water:

Say, do you know it's some task
To answer the questions that passengers ask?
For a landlubber's questions when out on the sea
Run through the whole gamut from A to Z.
"Do you sail the ship at night?"—They ask with a smile—
"And whenever it rains do you stop for awhile?"
For you know when it is raining (that is I should think)—
It would run in the cellar and make the ship sink.
And that man standing there at that thing like a wheel
He seems to be moving it around a great deal.
And you say that when he does it he does it to steer?
Well, now, aint that funny, it really seems queer.
And that bell a ringing—do you know it struck eight?
My Lord! how the time flies, who'd think it was so late?"
And you explain it again, as you have o'er and o'er,
About the ship's bell ringing and the time being four,
"Do you ever get seasick?"—and answer with glee—
"I never get seasick but sick of the sea."
"How far do you think we are off from the shore
Just a few miles, or is it some more?"
And you pause there and wonder how much they will stand
And risk it at five thousand miles from land.
And should ever a lightship come up into view
You've got to get busy and answer a few.
"Is that boat anchored or tied to a rock
And why is she there and not at her dock?
Are there men that stay on it day after day?
My, how do they stand it and just what is their pay?
Supposing some night—just supposing you know—
They ran out of oil and their lights wouldn't show.
Would they send out a boat in the night to the shore
And get some more oil from a big grocery store?"
"Do the flying fish sing as they fly through the air?
And do they have feathers—like the gulls flying there?"
"Do you ever get homesick?"—Now here's where they sigh
With sympathy showing in each anxious eye—
And you say in a voice that the sea has made rough,
"Why, no; for, you see, I am not home long enough."
Then they ask if you are married and you know how it is—
If the passenger is fair and you are on to your biz—
Just what would you tell her and she all alone,
And you three or four hundred miles from your home?
Say, do you know it is a hard task—
To answer the questions the passengers ask?

Home

The Prince rode up to the palace gate,
And his eyes with tears were dim;
For he thought of the beggar maiden sweet
Who never might wed with him.
For home is where the heart is,
Be it mansion great or small,
And there's many a princely palace
That's never a home at all.

The yeoman comes to his little cot,
With a song when the day is done;
For his dearie is standing at the door,
And his children to meet him come.
For home is where the heart is
Be it mansion great or small
And there's many a princely palace
That's never a home at all.

If I could live with my sweetheart,
In a hut with a sanded floor,
I'd be richer far than the loveless maid
With her fame and golden store.
For home is where the heart is,
Be it mansion great or small,
And a cottage lighted with lovelight
Is the dearest home of all.

—Anonymous.

Poems for Your Scrap Book

"Nothing to Wear"

Lines from the poem by William Allen Butler, which begins "Miss Flora M'Flimsey of Madison Square," and goes on to describe the plight of the fashionable rich who have wardrobes bursting with raiment yet are always complaining that they "have nothing to wear."

O ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,

To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt
Their children have gather'd, their city have built;
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broider'd skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
Grove through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
Half starved and half naked, lie crouch'd from the cold.
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell
From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor,
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of Hell,
As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door;
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare—
Spoil'd children of Fashion—you've nothing to wear!

And oh, if perchance there should be a sphere,
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,
Where the glare, and the glitter, and tinsel of Time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreen'd by its trappings, and shows, and pretence,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above,
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love;
O daughters of Earth! foolish virgins, beware!
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

Poems for Your Scrap Book

"Spacially Jim"

By BESSIE MORGAN

I was mighty good-lookin' when I was young,
Peert an' black-eyed an' slim,
With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday nights,
'Spacially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all was he,
Chipper an' han'som' an' trim;
But I tossed up my head an' made fun o' the crowd,
'Spacially Jim.

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men,
An' I wouldn't take stock in him!
But they kep' on a-comin' in spite o' my talk,
'Spacially Jim.

I got so tired o' havin' 'em roun'
(Spacially Jim!)
I made up my mind I'd settle down
An' take up with him.

So we was married one Sunday in church,
'Twas crowded full to the brim;
'Twas the only way to git rid of 'em all,
'Spacially Jim.

PLAIN FOLKS

By Denis A. McCarthy, LL. D., in his latest book of verse, entitled "Ould Father Toomey, and Other Poems," published by the Carrollton Publishing Co.

I like to mix with plain folks,
With regular sun-and-rain folks,
With folks whose hearts are sound and who
Are straight and simple through and through.

Such folks are truly fine folks,
The same-in-shade-and-shine folks;
And howsoever fools contemn,
I'm surely most at home with them.

Some like the putting-on folks,
The here-awhile-then-gone folks,
The insincerely living crowd
Who ape the rich and please the proud.

Such make-believing-grand folks,
Such get-the-upper-hand folks,
Whatever place they occupy
Are not the folks for such as I.

Be mine the toil-and-moil folks,
The sturdy near-the-soil folks
Who know the sorrow and the strife,
And fairly play the game of life.

The tender-and-the-strong folks,
With pity for the wrong folks,
What climbing parasite can please
The honest heart like one of these?

DEATH HAS CROWNED HIM AS A MARTYR.

In the midst of sunny waters, lo! the mighty Ship of State
Staggers, bruised and torn and wounded by a derelict of fate,
One that drifted from its moorings, in the anchorage of hate.

On the deck our noble Pilot, in the glory of his prime,
Lies in woe-impelling silence, dead before his hour or time,
Victim of a mind self-centred, a godless fool of crime.

One of earth's dissension-breeders, one of Hate's unreasoning tools,
In the annals of the ages, when the world's hot anger cools,
He who sought for Crime's distinction shall be known as Chief of Fools.

In the annals of the ages, he who had no thought of fame
(Keeping on the path of duty, caring not for praise or blame),
Close beside the deathless Lincoln, writ in light, will shine his name.

Youth proclaimed him as a hero; Time, a statesman; Love, a man.
Death has crowned him as a martyr, so from goal to goal he ran,
Knowing all the sum of glory that a human life may span.

He was chosen by the people; not an accident of birth
Made him ruler of a nation, but his own intrinsic worth.
Fools may govern over kingdoms—not republics of the earth.

He has raised the lover's standard, by his loyalty and faith.
He has shown how virile manhood may keep free from scandal's breath.
He has gazed, with trust unshaken, in the awful eyes of death.

In the mighty march of progress he has sought to do his best.
Let his enemies be silent, as we lay him down to rest,
And may God assuage the anguish of one suffering woman's breast.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in New York Journal.

The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of th's life like men, facing rough and smooth alike, as it came to them.—Charles Kingsley.

What Will They Do When the Boys Return?

Stanzas from ROBERT W. SERVICE'S poem, "The Revelation," in "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," published by Barse & Hopkins, N. Y. A soldier in the trenches meditates about returning to the old job at home after the war is ended:

*The same old sprint in the morning, boys, to the same old din and smut;
Chained all day to the same old desk, down in the same old rut;
Posting the same old greasy books, catching the same old train:
Oh, how will I manage to stick it all, if I ever get back again?*

We've bidden bood-bye to life in a cage, we're finished with pushing a pen;
They're pumping us full of bellicose rage, they're showing us how to be men.

We're only beginning to find ourselves; we're wonders of brawn and thew;
But when we go back to our Cissy jobs, oh, what are we going to do?

For shoulders curved with the counter stoop will be carried erect and square,
And faces white from the office light will be bronzed by the open air;

And we'll walk with the stride of a new-born pride, with a new-found joy in our eyes,
Scornful men who have dined with death under the naked skies.

And when we get back to the dreary grind, and the bald-headed boss's call,
Don't you think that the dingy window-blind, and the dingier office wall,

Will suddenly melt to a vision of space, of violent, flame-scarred night?
Then . . . oh, the joy of the danger-thrill, and oh, the roar of the fight!

Don't you think as we peddle a card of pins the counter will fade away,
And again we'll be seeing the sand-bag rims, and the barb-wire's misty gray?

As a flat voice asks for a pound of tea, don't you fancy we'll hear instead
The night-wind moan and the soothing drone of the packet that's over-head?

** * * * **
*For some of us smirk in a chiffon shop, and some of us teach in a school;
Some of us help with the seat of our pants to polish an office stool;
The merits of somebody's soap or jam some of us seek to explain,
But all of us wonder what we'll do when we have to go back again.*

THE SPIRIT OF FRATERNITY

By J. W. Foley—from "The Kablegram"

Did you give him a lift? He's a brother of Man
And bearing about all the burden he can.
Did you give him a smile? He was downcast and blue,
And the smile would have helped him to battle it through.
Did you give him your hand? He was slipping down hill,
And the world, so I fancied, was using him ill.
Did you give him a word? Did you show him the road,
Or did you just let him go on with his load?

Did you help him along? He's a sinner like you,
But the grasp of your hand might have carried him through.
Did you bid him good cheer? Just a word and a smile
Were what he most needed that last weary mile.
Do you know what he bore in that burden of cares
That is every man's load, and that sympathy shares?
Did you try to find out what he needed from you,
Or did you just leave him to battle it through?

Do you know what it means to be losing the fight
When a lift just in time might set everything right?
Do you know what it means—just the clasp of a hand
When a man's borne about all a man ought to stand?
Did you ask what it was, why the quivering lip
And the glistening tears down the pale cheek that slip?
Were you brother of his when the time came to be?
Did you offer to help him, or didn't you see?

Don't you know it's the part of a brother of Man
To find what the grief is and help when you can?
Did you stop when he asked you to give him a lift,
Or were you so busy you left him to shift?
Oh, I know what you mean—what you say may be true—
But the test of your manhood is, What did you do?
Did you reach out a hand? Did you find him the road,
Or did you just let him go by with his load?

POEMS FOR YOUR SCRAP BOOK

JOBSON'S AMEN

(The critics who lament that Rudyard Kipling is "done" as a poet and the flame of his genius dying out, will have to revise their opinions. Kipling has not made a great hit by his war poems, but when he harks back to the field in which he won his fame his marvellous mastery of rhythm and color is as powerful as ever, as can be seen in his newest poem, "Jobson's Amen." This poem is included in his latest book, "A Diversity of Creatures," published by Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"Blessed be the English and all their ways and works,
Cursed be the Infidels, Hereticks, and Turks!"
"Amen," quo' Jobson, "but where I used to lie
Was neither Candle, Bell, nor Book to curse my brethren by:

"But a palm-tree in full bearing, bowing down, bowing down,
To a surf that drove unsparing at a brown-walled town—
Conches in a temple, oil-lamps in a dome—
And a low moon out of Africa said, 'This way home!'"

"Blessed be the English and all that they profess,
Cursed be the savages that prance in nakedness."
"Amen," quo' Jobson, "but where I used to lie
Was neither shirt nor pantaloons to catch my brethren by:

"But a well-wheel slowly creaking, going round, going round,
By a water-channel leaking over drowned warm ground—
Parrots very busy in the trellised pepper-vine—
And a high sun over Asia shouting: 'Rise and shine!'"

"Blessed be the English and everything they own,
Cursed be the infidels that bow to wood and stone!"
"Amen," quo' Jobson, "but where I used to lie
Was neither pew nor gospeller to save my brethren by:

"But a desert stretched and stricken, left and right, left and right,
Where the piled mirages thicken under white-hot light—
A skull beneath a sand-hill, and a viper coiled inside—
And a red wind out of Libya roaring, 'Run and hide!'"

"Blessed be the English, and all they make or do,
Cursed be the Hereticks who doubt that this is true!"
"Amen," quo' Jobson, "but where I mean to die
Is neither rule nor caliper to judge the matter by:

"But Himalaya heavenward-heading, sheer and vast, sheer and vast,
In a million summits bedding on the last world's past;
A certain sacred mountain where the scented cedars climb,
And—the feet of my Beloved hurrying back through Time!"

Ever Been There?

There's a town called Don't-You-Worry,

On the banks of the River Smile,
Where the Cheer-up and Be-Happy
Blossom sweetly all the while.
Where the Never-Grumble flower
Blooms beside the fragrant Try,
And the Ne'er-Give-Up and Patience
Point their faces to the sky.
In the valley of Contentment,
In the province of I-Will,
You will find the lovely city,
At the foot of No-Fret hill.
There are thoroughfares delightful
In this very charming town,
And on every hand are shade trees
Named the Very-Seldom Frown.

—Hardware News.

Wilson's Record Drives Hiram Johnson to Verse

Special Despatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD.

ALTOONA, Pa., Nov. 11.—
Senator Hiram Johnson (Cal.)
passed through here to-day on
his way to Washington and
handed to a reporter this poem
written by his own hand:

Because Wilson kept us out of
war,
He kept us out of shoes,
He kept us out of clothing,
He kept us out of booze.

He kept us out of sugar,
He kept us out of beer,
And made America safe
For rent hog and profiteer.

AN OLD SONG

In the sky the bright stars glittered,
On the grass the moonlight fell,
Hushed the sound of daylight's bustle,
Closed the pink-eyed pimpernell.
As down the moss-grown wood-path,
Where the cattle loved to roam,
From Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nelly home.

Chorus:

When I saw sweet Nelly home,
When I saw sweet Nelly home;
How I bless the August evening,
When I saw sweet Nelly home.

Jetty ringlets softly fluttered
O'er a brow as white as snow,
And her cheek, the crimson sunset
Scarcely had a warmer glow.
'Mid her parted lips' vermilion,
White teeth flashed like ocean foam;
All I marked with pulses throbbing,
As I saw sweet Nelly home.

When the autumn fringed the greenwood,
Turning all the leaves to gold,
In the lawns by alders shaded,
I my love to Nelly told.
As we stood together, gazing
On the star-bespangled dome,
How I blest the August evening
When I saw sweet Nelly home.

White hairs mingle with my tresses,
Furrows steal upon my brow;
But a love smile cheers and blesses
Life's declining moments now;
Matron in a snowy 'kerchief,
Closer to my bosom come;
Tell me, dost thou still remember
When I saw sweet Nelly home?

NOTE—There are different and perhaps more familiar versions of this old song—such, for instance, as that in which the stanza occurs.

On my life new hopes were dawning,
And those hopes have lived and grown.
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

De New Pickaninny

By Victor A. Hermann, From April "Century"

Come heah, Remus, Jaspeh, Jawn,
Belinda, Lu, Mariah;
Luk heah what Ah foun' dis mawn
By de chimly fiah.
Heahd de sof'est kind ob cries,
Fished him from de ashes;
Li'l brown cheeks en china eyes,
Hid in silky lashes.

Hi-low! Bi-low!
Nuddeh gif' f'om heaben;
Ten pickaninnies on de flo—
Make room foh eleben.

Dess a teensy-weensy slip
Bundled in his cradle;
Sweeteh den de honey-drip
Or de 'lasses ladle.
How'd he git heah? Listen, true,
When you all was sleepin'
Blackbuhd dropped him down de flue
While de moon was peepin'.

Hi-low! Bi-low!
Nuddeh gif' f'om heaben;
Ten pickaninnies on de flo—
Make room foh eleben.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF I CAN

Whatever the undertaking
Always the winning man
Has found the true philosophy
Attaching to I can;
For he brings to each endeavor
The best that in him lies—
And what ever be his powers,
He is the man who tries.

If the pathway's steep and rugged
To any chosen goal,
There's victory for the climber
With strong, intrepid soul;
Among any brood of nestlings
The bird that soonest flies,
Is always the one who ventures—
But last the weaklings rise.

Then the best of all incentives
That bring success to man,
Is a firm determination
Backed by the thought I can;
Courage that shall never falter
A faith that never dies,
And colossal perseverance
Will merit any prize.
Margaret Scott Hall.

One Way Traffic

By Dale Newell Carty, in Forbes Magazine (N. Y.)

There is only one road to the town of "Success,"
The name of the road is "Work."
It has room for only honest guests,
Traffic's blocked to those who shirk.

The road is open all hours of today,
It heeds neither time nor date,
And now is the time to start on your way,
For tomorrow will be too late.

Nearly all of the way is an uphill road;
It will seem like a tough old fight,
But once on your way just bear up your load
And keep going with all your might.

You will pass through many towns each day
Such as Failure, Gloom and Despair;
At each of these stations just keep on your way,
For "Work" does not tarry there.

After you have entered the town of "Success,"
Tho' your load may have been hard to bear,
Once inside you will find both comfort and rest,
Just be thankful you started for there.

Legs, legs, my spirit begs
For a rest for my eyes—yes, yes!
O, the varied hues
Of those gimme the blues
And will ruin my eyesight, I guess!
I see 'em at morn,
I see 'em at noon,
I see 'em wherever I go;
But I'm hopin' a blizzard will come
any day
And bliss 'em waist-deep in the snow!
Anna Starbuck Jenks.
Nantucket.

Pro Patria.

Tip Sams had twins
And a razor-backed sow,
Five dogs and a mule
And an old roan cow;
A bone spavined filly
And a one-room house,
And a little wrinkled woman
Just as meek as a mouse.
Old Tip raised tobacco
And he trafficked in skins,
For he had seven sons
In addition to the twins;
And every mother's son
And the little mammy, Jude,
Smoked a pipe all day
And the twins both chewed.
But Tip kept a-digging
And he never lost heart,
For the dogs hunted rabbits
And they caught 'em right smart,
And the bone-spavined filly
And the mule pulled a plow,
And they lived off the givings
Of the old roan cow
And the acorn-fatted farrow
Of the razor-backed sow.
But here the story closes
Of my little romance,
For the seven sons are sleeping
On the battlefields of France;
But their daddy grows tobacco
And traffics still in skins,
And the little wrinkled mammy
Has another pair of twins.
—Benzine Bird in Claremont
(Va.) Herald.

MORE FEMALES OF THE SPECIES

(By Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman.)
When the traveler in the pasture
meets the he-bull in his pride,
He shouts to scare the monster, who
will often turn aside;
But the milch cow thus accosted,
pins the traveler to the rail—
For the female of the species is more
deadly than the male.

When Nag, the raging stallion, meets
a careless man on foot,
He will sometimes not destroy him,
even if the man don't shoot;

But the mare, if he should meet one,
makes the bravest cowboy
pale—

For the female of the species is more
deadly than the male.

When our first colonial settlers met
the Hurons and Choctaws,
They were burned and scalped and
slaughtered by the fury-breath-
ing squaws.

'Twas the women, not the warriors,
who in war paint took the
trail—

For the female of the species is more
deadly than the male.

Man's timid heart is bursting with
the things he may not say
As to women, lest in speaking he
should give himself away;
But when he meets a woman, see him
tremble and turn pale—
For the female of the species is more
deadly than the male.

Lay your money on the hen-fight! On
the dog-fight fought by shes!
On the gory Ladies' Prize Fight—
there are none so fierce as these!
See small girls each other pounding,
while their peaceful brothers
wail—
For the female of the species is more
deadly than the male.

So in history they tell us how all
China shrieked and ran
Before the wholesale slaughter dealt
by Mrs. Genghis Khan;
And Attila, the scourge of God, who
made all Europe quail,
Was a female of her species and more
deadly than the male.

Red war with all its million dead is
due to female rage,
The names of women murderers
monopolize the page,
The pranks of a Napoleon are noth-
ing to the tale
Of destruction wrought by females,
far more deadly than the male.

In the baneful female infant this
ferocity we spy;
It glares in bloodshot fury from the
maiden's dewy eye.
But the really deadly female, when
you see her at her best,
Has two babies at her petticoat and
a suckling at her breast.

Yet hold—there is Another! A Mon-
ster even worse!
The Terror of Humanity! Creation's
direst curse!
Before whom men in thousands must
tremble, shrink and fall—
A Sanguinary Grandma—more dead-
ly than the male!

—The Forerunner.

IN THE AUTUMN WOODS

BY NINA ST. CLAIR CAMPBELL

A little brown bird among the weeds is cracking seeds in its bill,
And how loud it sounds, up here in the woods, where everything's so still!
So heavenly still and peaceful, with the sunshine flickering down,
And only a restful murmur coming up from the restless town!
Oh, the gay little chirping and twittering; the flutter of tiny wings;
The joyful scampering of squirrels and shy little woodland things!
How they take you back to happy days when you were an eager child
Who loved to watch and listen to the creatures of God's great wild!
Master Wind, the oldest musician, plays softly among the trees,
Drawing from oak and pine tree sweet dreamful harmonies,
Like lullabys sung by a mother as she hushes her child to rest,
Holding its tired little form clasped close to her loving breast.
Though the woods are always waiting with a mother's welcome for all,
They never seem quite so restful as they do in the early fall!

ANNABEL LEE

BY EDGAR ALLEN POE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me,
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were elder than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Poems For Your Scrap Book

And the Old Men Shall Dream Dreams

Esther Clark Hill in the Kansas City Star

The old men sit by the fire and doze
And dream to their souls' content.
They were gallant enough in their time, God knows!
But the gold of their youth is spent.
They were rovers, daring and eager then,
In their manhood's radiant dawn;
They are rovers still, for their souls at will
Go venturing on and on;
The length and breadth of the Hebrides,
From the far north fields to the southern seas,
Past the austere Pillars of Hercules,
Venturing on and on.

They stir uneasily in their sleep,
They shuffle their hearth-bound feet;
While the visions last they must hold them fast,
For the dream is sweet, is sweet!
The old wives sit by the fire and knit
And dream of their girlhoods gone;
But the souls of the old men seek the lands
They never have trod upon;
For the languid beauty of tropic shores,
Through the shrouding mists of the far Azores,
Past the frozen cliffs that are Labrador's,
Venturing on and on.

We, too, shall sit by the fire some day
When our blood runs chill and thin;
And our once swift feet are no longer fleet
For wandering out and in.
We, too, shall sit where the old wives knit
And the old men doze and yawn,
As bent and gray and as spent as they,
When the flower of our youth is gone.
We shall nod and dream as the years drift past,
Till we come to the one great dream, the last,
And then, with our hands on our hearts locked fast,
Go venturing farther on.

MYSELF

Clipped from the New York Times. Author's name not known.
Can some reader supply it?

I have to live with myself and so
I want to be fit for myself to know.
I want to be able as days go by
Always to look myself straight in the eye;
I don't want to stand with the setting sun,
And hate myself for the things I've done.

I don't want to keep on a closet shelf,
A lot of secrets about myself,
And fool myself, as I come and go,
Into thinking that nobody else will know
The kind of a woman I really am;
I don't want to dress myself up in sham.

I want to go out with my head erect;
I want to deserve all women's respect;
But here in the struggle for fame and pelf
I want to be able to like myself.
I don't want to look at myself and know
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.

I never can hide myself from ME;
I see what others can never see;
I know what others may never know,
I never can fool myself, and so,
Whatever happens I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience free.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY

By Joseph Kronthal, from Store News

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—and who has not?
The old as well as young;
Perhaps we may, for aught we know
Have fifty to their one.

Then let us all, when we begin
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know.
Remember curses sometimes like
Our chickens "roost at home";
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.

RORY O'MORE

A very popular old time song by Samuel Lover, the famous Irish poet

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn,
He was bold as a hawk, and she, soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease;
"Now Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry
(Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye);
"With your tricks, I don't know, in troth, what I'm about;
Faith, you've teased me till I've put my cloak on inside out!

"Och, jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You've thrated my heart for this many a day,
And 'tis pleased that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For 'tis all for good luck, says bold Rory O'More.
"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half-gave a promise to spothering Mike;
The ground that I walk on, he loves, I'll be bound."
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."

"Now Rory, I'll cry, if you don't let me go;
Sure I dhrame every night that I'm hating you so."
"Och," says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhramas always go by contraries, my dear;
So, jewel, keep dhramin' that same till you die,
And bright mornin' will give dirty night the black lie;
For 'tis plased that I am, and why not, to be sure?
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you teased me enough,
And I've thrashed for your sake, Dinny Grimes and James Duff,
And I've made myself, drinkin' your health, quite a baste,
So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest."
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,
And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light,
And he kissed her sweet lips—don't you think he was right?

"Now Rory, leave off, sir; you'll hug me no more;
That's eight times to-day you've kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

THE MEASURE OF SUCCESS

From the Yarmouth, N. S., Times

It isn't the cut of the clothes that you wear,
Nor the stuff out of which they are made,
Though chosen with taste and fastidious care,
It isn't the price that you paid;
It isn't the size of your pile in the bank,
Nor the number of acres you own,
It isn't a question of prestige or rank,
Nor of sinew and muscle and bone;
It isn't the servants that come at your call,
It isn't the things you possess,
Whether many or little—or nothing at all,
It's service that measures success.

It isn't a question of name, or of length
Of an ancestral pedigree,
Nor a question of mental vigor and strength,
Nor a question of social degree;
It isn't a question of city or town,
Nor a question of doctrine or creed,
It isn't a question of fame or renown,
Nor a question of valorous deed;
But he who makes somebody happy each day,
And he who gives heed to distress,
Will find satisfaction the richest of pay,
For it's service that measures success.

POEMS FOR YOUR SCRAP BOOK

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN

By Robert J. Burdette

Somewhere, out on the blue seas sailing,
Where the winds dance and spin;
Beyond the reach of my eager hailing,
Over the breakers' din;
Out where the dark storm-clouds are lifting,
Out where the blinding fog is drifting,
Out where the treacherous sand is shifting,
My ship is coming in.

Oh, I have watched till my eyes were aching,
Day after weary day;
Oh, I have hoped till my heart was breaking,
While the long nights ebbed away;
Could I but know where the waves had tossed her,
Could I but know what storms had crossed her,
Could I but know where the winds had lost her,
Out in the twilight gray!

But though the storms her course have altered,
Surely the port she'll win;
Never my faith in my ship has faltered,
I know she is coming in.
For through the restless ways of her roaming,
Through the mad rush of the wild waves foaming,
Through the white crest of the billows combing,
My ship is coming in.

Breasting the tides where the gulls are flying,
Swiftly she's coming in;
Shallows and deeps and rocks defying,
Bravely she's coming in;
Precious the love she will bring to bless me,
Snowy the arms she will bring to caress me,
In the proud purple of kings she will dress me,
My ship that is coming in.

White in the sunshine her sails will be gleaming,
See, where my ship comes in;
At mast-head and peak her colors streaming,
Proudly she's sailing in;
Love, hope, and joy on her decks are cheering,
Music will welcome her glad appearing,
And my heart will sing at her stately nearing,
When my ship comes in.

WORTH WHILE

It is easy enough to be pleasant,
When life flows by like a song.
But the man worth while is one who will smile,
When everything goes dead wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth,
Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent,
When nothing tempts you to stray,
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul away;
But it's only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire,
And the life that is worth the honor on earth,
Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered today
They make up the sum of life.
But the virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile,
It is these that are worth the homage on earth
For we find them but once in a while.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Cheerful Cherub

I haven't advanced
much in life,
But why should that
matter to me?
I seem to feel happy
enough
Wherever I happen
to be.
R. McCann.



"Barnum Was Right"

BY HELEN R. BARTON, KEENE, N. H.

Oh, the wind howls 'round my house at night—
Howls with an eerie shriek;
And the ice has formed a whole foot thick,
On the lower meadow creek!

An' the snow an' sleet drive ag'in the panes—
An' the windows rattle—and rattle again;
And I think with a sneeze and a shiver
Of the yarn that city-chap told—

Of the place where the sunshine shimmers
On palms and oranges, &c.;
In the land of eternal sunshine—
On the coast of the Florida Main!

And I vow, by gum I'll travel—
I'll sell out an' go South, by gee!
No more will wintry strife rule me,
I'll revel in luxury!

My farm is worth five thousand—
My timber five thousand more;
And I'll swap 'em all for a bungalow
On Florida's sunny shore!

RETROSPECT

I learned how the rain in Virginny
Sweeps down from a leaden sky—
I learned how the "biters" are regular fighters,
Neath Carolina skies!

And I wished on that long, long trek, anon
Learned to wish and wish again—
For a single drink (ye priceless boon!)
From that mountain-fed spring back home!

Mosquitoes were thicker than hornets,
And roaches and bugs galore—
Crawled through the cracks of my "bungalow,"
And danced on my cabin floor!

"A steamer right by your very door,
To keep you in touch with the world"
An' the steamer was just an old tramp freight,
That stopped twice a year, or more!

"Rich Jersey milk from a neighboring farm—"
And the cow went dry that year,
Because 'twas so hot the grass dried up,
And cows must have hay, I fear!

"Postoffice, store and village school"
Were in one old ramshackle building;
And were open some days, and others weren't,
Dependin' how the owner was feelin'.

The summer folks howl each season,
And yellabout how we stick 'em;
My advice to 'em, now, is: "Go South, my friend,
And learn how the real guys pick 'em!"

So I'll stay right here in New Hampshire,
No more wandering for me;
Weigh the good and bad, of my native State,
And it's Good enough for me!

APRIL

That little miss named April is fickle
as can be. Each year, she cuts up
capers on poor guys such as me. She
first comes, warm and sunny, all
clothed in lovely green—so soft and
kind and gentle, it seems she can't be
mean. She says to me, "You're funny
to dress in winter style. Come, be
your age—dress pretty if you would
gain my smile."

For her, the birds start singing—the
whole world bursts in song! Her
friend, Old Sol, shines brightly and
nights aren't half so long. In ecstasy
I woo her, and life seems glad and gay;
to please her, soon I'm throwing my
winter things away!

An then—one morn. I 'waken to find
my love has fled! My world is dark
and dreary—grey clouds hang overhead!
And when I search for April, this little
note I find—"I have eloped with Win-
ter! I hope that you won't mind!"

REFLECTION

Don't fall in love with April—She's
fickle as can be! She'll vamp you, then
flat leave you the way she did to me!

WARREN B. JENNINGS.

Melrose Highlands.

To a Horse!

O horse, you are a wonderous
thing! No horns to honk, no bells to
ring; no license buying every year
with plates to screw on front and
rear.

No spark to miss, no gears to strip;
you start yourself, no clutch to slip,
no gas bills mounting every day to
steal the joy of life away. Your in-
ner tubes are all O. K. and, thank the
Lord, they stay that way.

Your spark plugs never miss or
fuss; your motor never makes us cuss.
Your frame is good for many a mile,
your body never changes style, your
wants are few and easily met—you've
something on the auto yet.

I MARRIED A WIFE

BY WARREN GILBERT

I married a wife. It was no more trouble
Than hitching our old gray team up double,
But which would pull, and which would balk
You'll never learn from my crazy talk.

I married a wife. 'Twas a fortunate thing
For one or the other at our wedding,
But which was lucky you'll never guess
For my lips are locked in silentness.

I married a wife, a merry jade,
Cool and clever and unafraid,
With a careful eye and a nimble tongue—
One or the other of us got stung.

I married a wife according to law,
The best housekeeper you ever saw,
Always at work from morning till night—
Dear God, 'twas a depressing sight!

I married a wife when I was twenty,
I married but one and that was plenty,
If I marry again may the devil take me,
For there's never a woman on earth can make me.

ANENT GROUND HOG

To the Editor of the Post:
Sir—Tying in this terrific snowstorm
with the appearance of Mister Ground
Hog this past week, you may find the
attached of sufficient interest to ac-
quaint your readers with the reliability
of Mr. Ground Hog's tradition:

TO MR. GROUND HOG

Go back to slumbering, Ground Hog.
We'll draw closer to the bright log,
And laugh at you, you gloomy prophet-
eer. We've no faith in your tradition,
S'nothing more than superstition.
You're passe until your day another year.

After months of sleep, you're hazy,
Or perhaps you're just plumb lazy.
And for your debut, you picked a bright
clear day.
This assures you six weeks' snoring,
As the chilling winds go roaring.
Pleasant dreams; we'd have our winter
anyway.

GEORGE E. DENNIS.

131 State street, Boston.

A Gentleman Defined.

A man who is clean both outside
and inside; who neither looks up to
the rich nor down to the poor; who
can lose without squealing and win
without bragging; who is consider-
ate to women, children and old peo-
ple; who is too brave to lie, too gen-
erous to cheat, and who takes his
share of the world and lets others
have theirs.—World Wide Wireless.

To the Editor of the Post:

Sir—I see the claim made that
"Mormonism originated in Massa-
chusetts." Is that true?

Only to this extent: Joseph Smith's
father and some other ancestors lived
in New England, before removing to
Seneca County, N. Y., where he claimed
to have received the "revelation" on
which Mormonism, or the Church of
Latter Day Saints, is founded.

An Honest Juryman.

"Look here," said a young juryman
after the jury had retired, "if I under-
stand aright, the plaintiff doesn't ask
damages for blighted affections or any-
thing of that sort, but only wants his
presents back."

"That is so," agreed the foreman.

"Well, then, I vote we don't give
him a cent," said the young juryman
hastily. "If all the fun he had with
that girl didn't cover the amount the
presents cost him, it was his own
fault. Gentlemen, I courted that girl
once myself!"—Mystic Worker.

I have to live with myself
And so, I want to be fit
For myself to know; I want
To be able as days go by,
Always to look myself in the eye;
I don't want to stand with the setting
sun,
And hate myself for the things I've
done. —Edgar Guest.

[Believing that the poem "Maggie of Nantucket" may interest others, we reprint it in full. We do not know the author, but it was set to music in 1859.—Ed.]

Maggie of Nantucket.

"Where go you, pretty Maggie, where go you in the rain?"
 "I go to ask the sailors that sail the Spanish Main,
 If they have seen my Willie, if he'll come back to me,
 'Tis sad to have my darling, a sailing on the sea;
 'Tis sad to have my darling, a sailing on the sea."
 "O Maggie, pretty Maggie, go back to yonder town;
 Your Willie's in the ocean a hundred fathoms down;
 His hair is turned to sea-pelt, his eyes have changed to stones,
 And twice two years have knitted, the coral 'round his bones;
 And twice two years have knitted the coral 'round his bones."
 She left me in the darkness, I heard the sea-gull's screech,
 And burly winds were growling, with breakers on the beach;
 But over all the tempest, her voice rose clear and free,
 "Have you seen my darling Willie, a sailing o'er the sea;
 Have you seen my darling Willie, a sailing o'er the sea."
 "The blossom and the clover shall bloom and bloom again,
 But never shall your lover come o'er the Spanish Main."
 But Maggie never heeded, and mournfully said she,
 "'Tis hard to have my darling, a sailing on the sea;
 'Tis hard to have my darling a sailing on the sea."
 The blithe belles of Nantucket, what touching things they said,
 When Maggie lay a sleeping, with lilies 'round her head;
 The Parson preached a sermon, he pray'd and preach'd again,
 Maggie'd gone to Willie across the Spanish Main!

Mother's Recipe Book.

When cleaning up the attic I found in a nook
 Musty and frayed and faded,
 Mother's recipe book.
 The hot tears dimmed my vision, I closed my eyes, and lo,
 I seemed to see dear Mother as in the long ago.
 Slowly she turned the pages, wondering what next to make
 Of all the toothsome goodies that she was wont to bake.
 Then I, too, scanned its pages, each brought a memory rare.
 I found her steamed plum pudding and her piccalilli there.
 Also—her green corn chowder—Nantucket Clam cakes, too.
 In fancy I could see once more Wauwinet, Squam, Coatue.
 There was her Indian pudding we had with beans each week
 When "Lyddy Ann" came up to tea, be weather fine or bleak.
 I found the good sand cookies the children liked so well,
 And there was the lost recipe of Mother's currant jelly.
 Quickly I turned the pages to see if I could find
 The birthday cake she made for us—her own peculiar kind.
 Forgotten was the attic when that recipe was found;
 I suddenly grew young again, my birthday came around.
 I had a glorious party and birthday cake—ah me!
 Life would lose much of happiness had we no memory.
 My father raised a tent for me in Uncle John's back yard,
 A lot of little girls were there, the boys all were barred.
 The Clark boys climbed upon their fence, tried to break up our fun,
 But Uncle John shooed them away, and then our games begun.
 The birthday cake was wonderful—just then I did awake—
 With book in hand I ran downstairs that selfsame cake to make.
 We have a well filled library of volumes rich and rare,
 But I love this old faded book better than any there.

Lilian Clisby Bridgham.

Adam and Eve Return

LONDON, April 24—London is chuckling over a ditty that might amuse people wherever skirts are short. Here are the lines that have been memorized by thousands of men and women:

*Adam and Eve returned to earth
 To view the creations of Mr. Worth.
 Said Adam to Eve, "My dearest dear,
 Nothing has changed since we were here."*

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
 Where the race of men go by—
 The men who are good and the men who are bad,
 As good and as bad as I.
 I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
 Or hurl the cynic's ban—
 Let me live in a house by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man.

—Sam Walter Foss

Why Not Say So?

If your wife cooks a dinner that's fit for a king,
 Tell her about it!
 A cook such as she is a very rare thing,
 Tell her about it!
 Use words that mean something, don't just say it's nice,
 She's made it for you, man, and not for a price,
 So out with your compliment, Life must have spice—
 Tell her about it!
 If your boy's report card shows marks that are good,
 Tell him about it!
 He's leading his class, but then you knew he would,
 Tell him about it!
 He worked while the others yelled: "Go, sheepie, go!"
 Or skated or footballed or battled in snow—
 You're proud and you know it, you're happy, and so,
 Tell him about it!
 If some nice old lady looks pretty today,
 Tell her about it!
 It will warm her old heart and make her feel gay,
 Tell her about it!
 A good word today beats a bouquet tomorrow,
 A hearty handclasp helps to turn away sorrow,
 Kind words are for trading, to lend or to borrow—
 Tell her about it!
 If some one is striving and doing his best,
 Tell him about it!
 What looks easy to you may for him be a test,
 Tell him about it!
 What matter a white lie if joy we unfetter?
 Let's stick to the spirit and not to the letter,
 For kind thoughts are splendid, but kind words are better—
 Tell him about it!

—Peter A. Lea in *Kansas City Star*.

THE PSALM OF RADIO

Radio is my hobby; I shall want no other.
 It maketh me to stay home at night.
 It leadeth me into much trouble.
 It draweth on my purse.
 I go into the paths of debt for its sake.
 Yea, though I understand it perfectly, it will not oscillate.
 Its concerts and speeches, they comfort me.
 Yet it will not work in the presence of my friends.
 I anoint the coils with shellac,
 But the tube spilleth over.
 Surely the bug will follow me all the days of my life,
 And I will dwell in the house of a radio fan forever.
 By John E. Elliott, in *Radio News*.

To the Editor of the Post:
 Sir—Can you supply a copy of the inscription which Ben Franklin wrote for his own gravestone, but which was not used for that purpose?

This is it:
 THE BODY OF B. FRANKLIN,
 PRINTER,
 LIKE THE COVER OF AN OLD BOOK,
 ITS CONTENTS TORN OUT
 AND
 STRIPT OF ITS LETTERING & GILDING,
 LIES HERE
 FOOD FOR WORMS.
 BUT THE WORK SHALL NOT BE LOST:
 FOR IT WILL, AS HE BELIEV'D
 APPEAR ONCE MORE
 IN A NEW AND MORE ELEGANT EDITION
 REVISED AND CORRECTED
 BY THE AUTHOR.

A Few Accomplishments By Men of Advanced Age

To the Editor of The Herald:
 Between the ages of 70 and 100, Commodore Vanderbilt added 100 millions to his fortune.
 Kant at 74 wrote his anthropology, metaphysics of ethics and strife of the faculties.
 Tintoretto at 74 painted the Paradise, a canvas 74 feet by 34.
 Verdi at 74 produced his masterpiece, Otello; at 80 Falstaff, and at 85 the famous Ave Maria, St. Mater and Te Deum.
 Lamarck at 78 completed his great zoological work, the Natural History of the Invertebrates.
 Oliver Wendell Holmes at 79 wrote "Over the Teacups."
 Cato at 80 began the study of Greek.
 Goethe at 80 completed Faust.
 Tennyson at 83 wrote "Crossing the Bar."
 Titian at 98 painted his historical picture of the Battle of Lepanto. (These are excerpts from the Reader's Digest.)
 Would it be a wise policy to grant F. D. R. leave to study again, that he might at 80 or so do something really big thing, instead of pulling strings to his American puppets dance to his tunes and forsake their constitution?
 Salem. J. T. C. SMITH

**POEMS WORTH READING AGAIN
 The Scarecrow**

Michael Franklin in *London Poetry Review*
 A scarecrow stood in a field one day
 Stuffed with straw,
 Stuffed with hay,
 He watched the folk on the King highway,
 But never a word said he.
 Much he saw, but naught did heed
 Knowing not night,
 Knowing not day,
 For, having naught, did nothing need
 And never a word said he.
 A little gray mouse had made its nest,
 O, so wee,
 O, so gray,
 In the sleeve of a coat that was poor
 Tom's best,
 But the scarecrow, naught said he.
 His hat was the home of a small jenny wren,
 Ever so sweet,
 Ever so gay;
 A squirrel had put by his fear of men
 And kissed him, but naught heeded he.
 Ragged old man, I love him well,
 Stuffed with straw,
 Stuffed with hay,
 Many's the tale that he could tell,
 But never a word says he.

Benny Cleveland's Job.

When portents are abroad at night and tempests lash the shore,
And mateless wives grow timid at the ocean's fearful roar,
'Tis then a gloom comes o'er me, and, with many a plaintive sob,
I long for quaint Nantucket and for Benny Cleveland's job.

In days of old brave knights were wont to guard the ladies fair,
Or rescue lovely maidens from the robber baron's lair;
But on no such quest chivalric was our Benny forced to roam—
He kept his knightly vigil each night at some dame's home.

His fee as Guardian Angel all Nantucketers well knew,
'Twas fifteen cents for one night, or twenty-five for two;
So, trustful in his watchfulness, wives gave themselves to sleep,
To dream of absent husbands in their journeys o'er the deep.

And husbands tossed in fragile craft midst wild, tempestuous seas,
Gave little fear for loving hearts who lived at home at ease,
For, confident as Faith itself, they knew that none could rob
Their Lares and Penates when Ben was on the job.

To his fathers Ben's been gathered these many, many years,
But no memory is more cherished in the minds of Island dears,
And while frequently at sewing bees, they oft love to recall
The halcyon days when Benny was protector of them all.

Now, having met the 'Tucket girls, 'tis very clear to me
That Benny was a wise old owl and excessive was his fee;
For, free of charge on stormy nights, you bet that up I'd bob
To try to displace Benny from his most alluring job.

So, when portents are abroad at night and tempests lash the shore,
And mateless wives grow timid at the ocean's fearful roar,
I know you cannot blame me, if, with many a wistful sob,
I long for quaint Nantucket and for Benny Cleveland's job.

August, 1910.

Joseph A. Campbell.

(*Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror*, November 12, 1910)

Lines to Joseph A. Campbell, Esq., on Benny Cleveland's Job.

I've read your poem o'er and o'er,
And heard your plaintive sob,
And wonder not that you aspire
To Benny Cleveland's job.

In those old days, those good old days,
Tradition now doth teach,
Ben was the only guardian
Who dwelt upon the beach.

But there are others now, you know,
Who, for these many years,
Have summered on Nantucket isle
And mingled with its dears.

From north and south, from east and west,
The happy mortals flee
To old Nantucket's wave-washed shore—
From care and trouble free.

They're landed on the steamboat wharf
In numbers truly great,
And all the business of the town
Is now quite interstate.

The Sherman law applies to all
And competition's free;
In working Benny Cleveland's job
There's no monopoly.

No rebate when the fees are paid,
Nor when the bargain's made;
In working Benny Cleveland's job
There's no restraint of trade.

The rule of reason must prevail
And useless is each sob,
For all must have an equal chance
At Benny Cleveland's job.

—Henry A. Clifford.

(*Inquirer and Mirror*, September 2, 1911.)

'Twas The Night Behind Christmas.

'Twas the night behindt Christmas, O, Gott, vat a mess!
Ve'll nefer get ofer our troubles, I guess—
Johnny's vaggon's all busted, Hienie's clothes doesn't fit,
Unt the rug vat I gave Mama goes nutting mit.
Lena got some nice shoes, but she wanted a coat;
Eddy got a nice slet, but he wanted a boat;
Unt my socks, you should see 'em, they're a regular freak,
Unt the necktie they gave me would do for a sheik.
I vish you could see now the bill vat I owe,
Vat my family's been buying yust to make a big show—
Then the baby got sick, and the bill from dot guy
Of a doctor, my friend, would knock out your eye.
The tubes on the radio blew out today,
Three tires we need for our old Chevrolet—
I must pay my insurance next week without fail
Unt my taxes I pay now—or else go to jail.
Unt my clothes are worn out, I need a hat.
My shoes need half-soling, vat you know about that?
"Merry Christmas" to me don't mean nudding at all,
So I'm going to bet now—rous mit it all.

—Walter H. Palmer.

Cincinnati, December 26.

A Statesman.

When wars shall come, the world
to time
Of trouble and distress, he will
not fail;
Erect he stands to help just
laws prevail;
An able man, he guides with faith
sublime.
Through life he will the heights of
honors climb.
The plots that traitors weave
will not avail;
The arm of Justice sure will aft
assail
Their secret haunts of ignorance and
crime.
From hill and dale, to many a har-
bour shore.
Wherever Duty calls, from year
to year,
His brain will plan; his voice will
ever ring
To lead men on to kinder days in
store.
He will not sell his soul for
gold, nor fear
The threats that scheming poli-
ticians fling.

W. Frederick Brown.
West Tamworth, N. S. W.,
Australia.

Flounder Draggers.

On a bright, sunny morning all the boats go out: where they will go they all have doubt.

Some to the Handkerchief, close by the ship, others will go down to Great Rip.

Some to Davis', some to the "Can". All pass to eastward of the cruel Old Man.

Now, what is that boat down to Bass Rip? That's the Irene, you can tell by her stick.

That other boat is the Nobadeer. They must have found a few fish here.

Down the channel, I see two boats, but who they are I can't make out.

Oh, yes, the Annie Louise and Janet Elise; and down to the eastward a little piece, I see a schooner in the east.

It is the Annie Perry and Captain Fred; always tell her by her mast-head.

There's another boat on Matheson's spot; I am sure that is Leslie Trott.

He is running back over the tow, so that is where we'll have to go; Or follow Bill Corliss in the Ivanhoe.

Fish are scarce on the shore—he's going to Davis', looking for more.

There is a boat on the scallops, all alone—I am sure that is Doug Malone.

See that pilot-house? Think you would know it? Why of course, it's the Massasoit.

Those two boats at the "Can" seem to stay—they are the Bernice and Phyllis J.

The Fannie S. went out early; in the outside hole, there, must be Murley.

The wind breezes up from the south and east, and comes at us like an angry beast.

Shall we run for Sankaty? No, for the ship—we must keep clear of Bass Rip.

Our time is up and we can't see the ship, so we give the lead another dip.

The cook sings out: "I hear her now! She's right here, on the weather bow!"

Two more hours we will be at the pier. Safe from the cruel east wind out here.

Now, dear people, when you are safe in bed—this all takes place off Sankaty Head.

Thomas Norcross.

For He Was Scotch And So Was She.

Jean Blewett, in "Collected Poems".

They were a couple well content With what they earned and what they spent,

Cared not a whit for style's decree— For he was Scotch, and so was she.

And Oh, they loved to talk of Burns— Dear, blithesome, tender Bobby Burns!

They never wearied of his song. He never sang a note too strong. One little fault could neither see— For he was Scotch and so was she.

They loved to read of men who stood And gave for country life and blood, Who held their faith so dear a thing They scorned to yield it to a King; Ah, proud of such they well might be—

For he was Scotch and so was she.

From neighbors' broil they kept away—

No liking for such things had they, And, Oh, each had a canny mind! Each could be deaf, and dumb, and blind;

Of words—nor pence—were none too free—

For he was Scotch and so was she.

I would not have you think this pair Went on in weather always fair, For well you know in married life Will come, sometimes, the jar and strife;

They couldn't always just agree— For he was Scotch and so was she.

But near of heart they ever kept, Until at close of life they slept; Just this to say when all was past— They loved each other to the last. They're loving yet in Heaven, maybe—

For he was Scotch and so was she.

PESSIMIST AND OPTIMIST

By James T. Flanagan

On the road one day two travelers met, And they stopped to chat a while, The visage of one was scowling, grim, The other wreathed in a smile; "This life for me holds not a joy," Said the man of scowling face, "I see naught ahead but pain and woe, The world is a dreary place."

But the man of smiling countenance Said, "No, old chap, you're wrong, This life in a world God's given us Should be met with a smile and song."

Then the pessimist growled, "Why speak of God?"

That's only a tale, untrue, This God men talk of I've never seen, And neither, my friend, have you."

But the optimist only smiled and said, "Old chap, you are wrong again, For I've seen the God I speak about, And I'll tell you where and when; He appears to me in the mighty deep, In the winding, rippling brook; I find a trace of His handiwork In a shady woodland nook."

"He appears to me in the rainbow's hues, In the whispering, summer, breeze; In the clouds, the sun, the moon, the stars

And the song-bird's melodies; I can see Him in a baby's face, He smiles from a baby's eyes, And I find in a mother's smile, my friend, A bit of His Paradise."

"Ah, yes, old chap, a God you'll find On this very road you've trod; Just open your eyes and look about— All Nature itself is God!" But the pessimist growled and started again

On his journey with downcast eyes, But the optimist smiled and whistled a tune With his face to the sun-kissed skies.

POEMS FOR YOUR SCRAP BOOK

Life! I Know Not What Thou Art

By Anna Letitia Barbauld

LIFE! I know not what thou art. But know that thou and I must part; And when, or how, or where we met, I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together, Through pleasant and through cloudy weather; 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear; Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear; —Then steal away, give little warning, Choose thine own time; Say not Good-night—but in some brighter clime Bid me Good-Morning.

'SCONSET.

Did you ever hear of 'Sconset, where there's nothing much but moors, And beach and sea and silence and eternal out-of-doors—

Where the azure round of ocean meets the paler dome of day,

Where the sailing clouds of summer on the sea-line melt away, And there's not an ounce of trouble Anywhere?

Where the field-larks in the morning will be crying at the door,

With the whisper of the moor-wind and the surf along the shore;

Where the little shingled houses down the little grassy street

Are grey with salt of sea-winds, and the strong sea-air is sweet

With the flowers in their door-yards; Me for there!

Bliss Carman in "Life."

Folks Like You.

Wouldn't the world be nice to live in, Cheery through and through, If everyone were just as kind as Folks like you?

'Course we can't get all we aim for Every day it's true, But there's one thing never fails us— Folks like you.

Mighty sure when I embark for Shores beyond our view, I shall find that heaven is only Folks like you.

Anon.

WAS METHUSELAH LEFT OUT IN RAIN?

Figures Show That World's Oldest Man Died in the Year of the Great Flood

Did Noah leave his poor old grandfather, Methuselah, out in the rain to drown at the time of the famous flood, or was the old gentleman too stubborn to accompany his grandson on the Ark? This is a question raised by members of the Brookline Inter-Church Council of young peoples' societies who have conducted a study into the matter.

In a preliminary report issued this week, the young people have caused to be published that Noah was not the righteous and altruistic gentleman they had always been taught to believe.

Noah has long been looked up to as the preserver of all life upon the face of the world. According to biblical history, he took male and female of every animal into his palatial vessel for a trip around the earth, finally mooring his ark on the crest of Mt. Ararat and making all his guests walk home.

DIED YEAR OF FLOOD

But it seems from the record in Genesis 5:25 that Noah's grandfather, Methuselah, was 187 years old when Noah's father, Lamech, was born. And Lamech, himself, was some 182 years of age, according to Genesis 5:28, when the stork made a special delivery trip with Noah as the passenger.

Then Noah lived and preached and built his ark, and was some 600 years old when the flood came (see Genesis 7:6). Totalling these figures, the young church people of Brookline find from the birth of Methuselah to the spring of the flood was just 969 years. And Genesis 5:27 tells us that "all the days of Methuselah were 969 years and he died."

It is only a matter of the simplest deduction, say the Brookline Council members, to conclude that when the flood came, Noah gathered his menagerie, crept into the ark, hove up his anchor and sailed away, leaving his poor old grandfather behind.

So, although Methuselah lived longer than any other man, he might perhaps have beaten his own record by many years if Noah had taken him along.

To the Editor of the Post:

"Sir—What relation was Tubal-Cain to Adam and Eve? Was Tubal-Cain a descendant of the Cain who killed Abel?"

Cain and Abel had a younger brother named Seth. And Seth, when 105 years old, had a son named Enosh who, at the age of 90 years had a son named Kenan, who had two daughters. Both these daughters married Lamech, who was great-great-great-grandson of Cain the murderer. One of Lamech's two wives, named Zillah, bore him a son who was named Tubal-Cain.

Tubal-Cain was responsible for Cain, the murderer's death. Out hunting with Lamech, Tubal-Cain pointed out an object moving in the distance and said, "Yonder is a beast of prey." Lamech shot an arrow which killed Cain.

To the Editor of the Post:

Sir—Was Eve the first wife of Adam? Some students say Eve was Adam's second wife. The Biblical story of his creation says (Genesis 1:27), "male and female created He them." Yet, some time later (Genesis 2:20-24), Adam is seen to be without a female companion in the Garden of Eden; so Eve is created from one of Adam's ribs. "Obviously, therefore," say these students, "Eve could not have been the same female who was created at the same time Adam was born." Tradition says Adam's first wife was name Lillith.

When The Paper Doesn't Come.

My father says the paper he reads ain't put up right. He finds a lot of fault, he does, perusing it all night.

He says there ain't a single thing in it worth while to read, And that it doesn't print the kind of stuff the people need.

He tosses it aside and says it's strictly on the bum—

But you ought to hear him holler when the paper doesn't come.

He reads about the weddin's and he snorts like all get out,

He reads the social doin's with the most derisive shout,

He says they make the paper for the women folks alone,

He'll read about the parties and he'll fume and fret and groan;

He says of information it doesn't have a crumb—

But you ought to hear him holler when the paper doesn't come.

He's always first to grab it and he reads it plumb clean through.

He doesn't miss an item or a want ad—this is true.

He says they don't know what we want, the durn newspaper guys.

I'm going to take a day sometime and go and put 'em wise;

Sometimes it seems as though they must be blind an' deaf an' dumb;

But you ought to hear him holler when the paper doesn't come.

Why They Went to Church.

Mrs. Clogg went to church to find out where the missionary outing was to be held. Willie Jones went because his mother made him. His sister went because she had her hair up for the first time. Sadie Williams went to flirt with the Scott boy. The Scott boy went to flirt with Sadie Williams. James B. Jenkins went because he had done so for fourteen years. The sexton went because he had to pump the organ. Anne Fitch went because she needed the money she earned singing in the choir. George Sewell went because he had finished the Sunday supplement. Mrs. Jackson went because she liked to sing and thought she could. Rodney Lewis went because he was wearing his first derby hat. Old man Staples went to get away from his wife. The minister went because he was paid to do so, and, besides, he liked to talk.—Life.

Nantucket Sea Captains.

Men of Nantucket! Awake, the dawn's breaking,
Dim in the heavens fades out the last star;

Fresh'ning, the wind in the offing is calling,

Welters of water dash over the bar.

Men of Nantucket! Time was when your vessels

Were far on the main at daylight's first beam;

Now, you lie sleeping, your loved ships forgetting,

Why play the laggard! Why tarry to dream!

Men of Nantucket! Old visions still linger:

The murk of the storm, the roar of the blast;

The mist-hidden breakers, the frenzy of waters,

The doom-driven wreck, the crash of the mast.

Men of Nantucket! Your fleets are far-scattered—

Lost on the sea or some treacherous shore;

Great Point or Squam Head will ne'er again greet them,

And Sankaty Light will guide them no more.

O, men of Nantucket! Men of Wauwinet!

Men of quaint 'Sconset, afar down the beach!

You who so often have heard the waves calling,

How can you sleep with the sea in your reach!

—Harry Pringle Ford.

Inland.

By Mary E. Starbuck.
in "Nantucket and Other Verses."

I dream of the east wind's tonic,
Of the breakers' stormy roar,
And of the peace of the inner harbor
With the long, low Shimmo Shore.

I want to sail down from Wauwinet
As the sun drops low in the west,
And the town, like a city celestial,
Looks a fitting abode for the blest.

I long for the buoy-bell's tolling
When the north wind brings from afar

The smooth, green, shining billows
To be churned into foam at the bar.

Oh for the sea-gulls' screaming
As they sweep so bold and free!
Oh for the fragrant commons,
And the glorious open sea!

For the restful great contentment,
For the joy that is never known
Till past the jetty and Brant Point
Light

The Islander comes to his own!

ONSET.

ear of 'Sconset, where
ing much but moors,
sea and silence and
of doors—
e round of ocean meets
ome of day,
ing clouds of summer
line melt away,
an ounce of trouble

d-larks in the morning
ing at the door,
eper of the moor-wind
rf along the shore;
e shingled houses down
grassy street
salt of sea-winds, and
sea-air is sweet
ers in their door-yards;

Bliss Carman in "Life."

Like You.

orld be nice to live in,
gh and through,
e just as kind as
u?
t get all we aim for
s true,
thing never fails us—
u.
hen I embark for
d our view,
t heaven is only
u.

Anon.

Zip Soliloquizes.

Doggone, why can't I read today
And not be bothered in this way?
I wonder when they think I find
Odd moments to improve my mind.

It's Zip come here and Zip you jump,
And here, young fellow, get a hump!
'Tain't no boy's job to me they gave—
What they need's a good strong slave.

Now there's the boss—don't do a thing
But keep Yours Truly on the wing;
He's only 'round here, truth to speak,
To see I earn five bucks a week.

Geewhiz the way of life is rough,
And men are made of lazy stuff.
Those press-room fellows lay 'round
like logs

And work the office boy worse than
dogs.

Every time I start to spout
They yell like mad and bawl me out;
And then it's Zip hurry and don't
tumble—

It's awful how those fellows grumble.

An hour ago I started out
To read 'bout Kit Carson scout;
But what with being bothered so
My progress is but painful slow.

Just when he is about to slay
Some Injun, I am called away;
To bring in coal or sweep the floor
Or lug a bundle to the door.

And then the office girl chimes in—
No wonder I am getting thin.
She always finds a lot to do
Just when I'm full of troubles, too.

But when Larry also starts to croak—
By gum, that fellow gets my goat.
He's always needing pigs and bands—
Gee, I've got troubles on my hands!

The bookkeeper never says a word—
Makes me feel just like a bird.
She never calls me Zip or Fat—
Gets along fine because of that.

Every time my breeches rip
And someone yells "There goes Zip!"
Makes me feel as mad as satan
Wish this job to thunderation.

But I get back at them two-fo'l'
When I go out to get some coal,
I like to hear the fellows roar—
"Why the heck don't you shut that
door!"

Still, we do have lots of fun
Even though the weather's bum.
Swap my job? Well, I guess not!
'Tain't so bad as first I thought!

to the Editor of the Post:
Sir—Kindly quote the original proverb
about being off with the old love be-
fore entering a new love affair.
A play, "Bertram," produced in 1816,
used these lines as a motto:

'Tis well to be merry and wise,
'Tis well to be honest and true;
'Tis well to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new.

Fickle Fashion.

Ethel C. Tritton, Springfield Union.

When fashion cut my garments short
I really thought I'd freeze.
She would not let me have a dress
An inch below my knees.
Although I shivered and I shook,
Her heart was cold and hard,
For most of all my underwear
She made me them discard—
My lovely woolen undersuit,
So cozy and so warm,
That covered me from neck to feet
And fitted to my form.
Nor might I wear a petticoat,
For that was in bad taste.
My corset too she took away,
Likewise my underwaist;
Nor must I look well warmed and fed,
But spindly, lank and lean;
The only underwear for style
A wisp of crepe de chine.

The outdoor air I used to love
I soon began to dread,
My only chance of getting warm
Was getting into bed.
But even then I felt a chill,
As you may well believe;
Dame Fashion only let me have
A nightdress with no sleeve.
So, whether in or out of bed,
I'm drafty and I'm bare.
She cuts my clothes all down my back,
And even cuts my hair,
And all the world that sees my plight,
So far as I can see—
Beholds me thus, so much ungarbed—
Will soon be cutting me.

But dress has reached its highest
point,
And lower styles begin;
Now I will be allowed a dress
At halfway down my shin,
Although I have a dreadful cold.
I'm trying not to care,
If Fashion will return to me
Some of my underwear.
A bustle or a crinoline
I'd wear with joy untold—
A bird cage, or a barrel,
To keep me from the cold,
At mealtime, too, I feel so weak,
It would be just a treat
To feel that I could be in style
And take enough to eat.
With food within and clothes without
I'd face the stormiest blast
To hear my doctor say: "I'm glad
You've covered up at last."

Myself And I.

I have to live with myself and so
I want to be fit for myself to know,
I want to be able as days go by
Always to look myself in the eye.
I don't want to stand, with the set-
ting sun,
And hate myself for the things that
I've done.
I want to go out with my head erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect.
But here in the struggle for fame and
pelf,
I want to be able to like myself.
I don't want to look at myself and
know
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty
show.
I can never hide myself from me.
I see what others may never see,
I know what others may never know,
I can never fool myself and so
Whatever happens, I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience free.

—Exchange.

Politics.

By J. D. Whiteside, Everett Gazette.

J. D. Whiteside in Everett Gazette
When the house of your dreams un-
finished stands,
When the end of the road seems
near;
When you see the hope of your heart
and hand
Submerged in doubt and fear.
When those you trusted have left you
cold,
Deserted by creed and clan;;
When friendship is weighed in the
scale with gold,
When a man seems less than a man.
When the pledged allegiance of yes-
terday
Is lost in a coward's lie;
When the wild hosannas have passed
away
And faith goes forth to die.
When the simple trusts you felt and
gave
Returns, reproach denied;
When the guilty stand in whitened
robes
And sneer at the crucified,
Once on a time they spread their
psalms,
And fain would make you king;
Once on a time they sang their
psalms,
While wild hosannas ring.
Once on a time they took your hand
And said to your face, "my friend".
Once on a time to understand
Was faithful unto the end.
It isn't to know you lost the day,
Nor grieve for the victory won;
It isn't the glories that passed away
Along with the setting sun.
It isn't the cross that still endures
Where your prayers and hopes have
died;
But to think of the friends you once
thought yours
Who know in their souls they lied.

Only a Smile.

"Only a smile was given me
On the crowded street one day,
But it pierced the gloom of my sad-
dened heart,
Like a sunbeam's ray.
The shadows of doubt hung o'er me,
And the burden of pain I bore,
And the voice of hope I couldn't hear
Tho' I listened o'er and o'er.

But there came a rift in the crowd
about,
And a face that I knew passed by,
And the smile I caught was brighter
to me
Than the blue of a summer sky.
For it gave me back the sunshine.
And it scattered each sombre
thought,
And my heart rejoiced in the kindly
warmth
Which that kindly smile had
wrought.

Only a smile from a kindly face
On the busy street that day.
Forgotten as soon as given, perhaps,
As the donor went her way.
But straight to my heart it went
speeding,
To gild the clouds that were there.
And I found that of sunshine and
life's blue skies
I also might take my share."

—Geo. McDonald.

"TAFF AN' ROSENFELT

BY BAPTISTE.



Mos' ever' tam I read de nuse
Dat's print een Boston Pos',
Eet mak' me laff to read of Taff,
An' also Teddy Rose;
Maybe allrite for dem to fite,
But I doan t'ink eet fair
For bote of dem to try to get
De presidential chair.

Why we should have two president'
Ees more as I can tal—
Eet's had enuff to have just one—
You know dat's so ver' wal:
Wid two mens at de rudder
De ship of stat' go lame;
Den bote would swear de udder
Was honly one to blame.

I'd shak' de dice wid Rosenfelt
Eef I was Monsieure Taff—
Fin' out rite off who get dat job—
Fin' out who get de laff:
No mattair wich one gets dere,
Der's someting goin' to bus'—
One, he's for reciprosittty,
De udder gin de trus'.

Dat Rosenfelt, she lak for hunt—
She lak for chase beeg game—
Eef game got two or jus' four leg'
Wid him eet all de same;
She hunt for mountin lion,
De caribou an' moose,
Rockinfellar, Armoor, Sweett,
An' somtam jus' wild goose.

She halse one ruff rider man—
She ride de horse ver' wal;
She halse ride de Standard Oil
An' shugar trus' as wal;
She ride de buckin' bronko,
Or yearlin' buff'lo caff,
And now, bagoshi, she goin' to ride
Dat monsieur, beeg Bill Taff!

She's kernel in de harmy
Wen we had som' war wid Spain
An' she'll be ready wid her sord
Eef we have war again;
She is one yumpin' Teddy,
Wat yal an' tear her hair—
It tak a Kansas cyclone
To mak' dat Teddy scare.

I spose you hoften heard, my fre-
'Bout Monsieure Willyum Taff—
She's got grea' beeg good-natur' s
An' show eet wen she laff;
She is one grea' beeg fellar—
Weigh hunder poun's, I'm shure
She look mos' lak my cousin Joe
Dat marry Rose Latour.

She want som' reciprosittty,
One, two, tree year ago,
And wen she work on ting lak de
You bet she aint ver' slow;
She try mos' ever' plan she know
But dey don' go for cent—
Dat Teddy man she blok de game
An' Taff can't mak' it went.

Eef I was boss de conventzione
(I give eet to you strate)
I'd pik one man for President
Before eet was too late;
Eef dis dispoat aint settle quick
Right off you goin' to see
De Demokrats will send a man
To Washington, D. C.

ROSENFELT

APTISTE.



I read de nuse
n Boston Post,
to read of Taff,
Rose;
or dem to fite,
ink eet fair
m to try to get
l chair.

have two president'
I can tal—
to have just one—
'a so ver' wal;
at de rudder
t' go lame;
swear de udder
e to 'lame.

de wid Rosenfelt
onsieur Taff—
if who get dat job—
get de laff;
ch one gets dere,
a goin' to bus—
eciprocity,
de trus'.

she lak for hunt—
hase beeg game—
two or jus' four leg',
all de same;
ountin' llon,
n' moose,
rmoor, Sweet,
us' wild goose.

ruff rider man—
horse ver' wal;
de Standard Oil
us' as wal;
ekin' bronko,
out'lo caff,
sh, she goin' to ride
beeg Bill Taff!

de harmy
som' war wid Spain,
ready wid her sord
war again;
mpin Teddy,
tear her hair—
as cyclone
Teddy scare.

often heard, my fren,
ur Willium Taff—
beeg good-natur' smile
t wen she laff;
a' beeg fellar—
r poun's, I'm shure—
lak my cousin Joe
ose Latour.

reciprocity,
ee year ago,
work on ting lak dat
aint ver' slow;
ever' plan she know,
go for cent—
n she blok de game
t mak' it went.

s de conventzions
o you strate)
an for President
as too late;
t aint settle quick
i goin' to see
will send a man
son, D. C.

* * *

"The Bird With a Broken Wing"

By the late Hezekiah Butterworth, who was long connected with the Youth's Companion.

I walked in the woodland meadows,
Where sweet the thrushes sing,
And found on a bed of mosses
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed its wing, and each morning
It sang its old sweet strain.
But the bird with the broken pinion
Never soared as high again.
I found a young life broken
By sin's seductive art,
And touched with a Christ-like pity
I took him to my heart;
He lived with a nobler purpose,
And struggled not in vain,
But the life that sin had stricken
Never soared as high again.
But the bird with a broken pinion
Kept another from the snare,
And the life that sin has stricken
Raised another from despair;
Each loss has its own compensation.
There's healing for each pain,
But the bird with the broken pinion
Never soared as high again.

START WHERE YOU STAND

By Berton Braley, from "A Banjo at Armageddon," published by George H. Doran Company, N. Y.

(When a man who had been in the penitentiary applied to Henry Ford for employment, he started to tell Mr. Ford his story. "Never mind," said Mr. Ford, "I don't care about the past. Start where you stand.")

Start where you stand and never mind the past.
The past won't help you in beginning new,
If you have left it all behind at last
Why, that's enough, you're done with it, you're through;
This is another chapter in the book,
This is another race that you have planned.
Don't give the vanished days a backward look,
Start where you stand.

The world won't care about your old defeats
If you can start anew and win success,
The future is your time, and time is fleet
And there is much of work and strain and stress;
Forget the buried woes and dead despairs,
Here is a brand new trial right at hand,
The future is for him who does and dares,
Start where you stand.

Old failures will not halt, old triumphs aid,
Today's the thing, tomorrow soon will be;
Get in the fight and face it, unafraid
And leave the past to ancient history;
What has been, has been; yesterday is dead
And by it you are neither blessed or banned,
Take courage, man, be brave and drive ahead,
Start where you stand!

QUAINT EPITAPHS.

(Hollis, N. H.)

Here lies old Caleb Ham,
By trade a bum.
When he died the devil cried,
Come, Caleb, Come.

(Bath, Me.)

Our life is but a Winter's day.
Some breakfast and away.
Others to dinner stay and are well fed.
The oldest sups and goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

(Gr'diwokag, Me.)

Here Betsy Brown her body lies.
Her soul is flying in the skies.
While here on earth she oftentimes spun
Six hundred skeins from sun to sun,
And wove one day, her daughter brags,
Two hundred pounds of carpet rags.

A Cat-alogue.

A grammar school boy handed in the following composition on "Cats":
"Cats that's meant for little boys to maul and tease is called Maultease cats. Some cats is rekernized by how quiet their purs is and these is named Pursian cats. The cats what has very bad tempers is called Angorie cats. And cats with deep feelins is called Feline cats. I don't like cats."—Exchange.

STANZA'S FROM THE TRAVELER

By C. Fox Smith, in "Sailor Town," published by Doran.

I've loops o' string in the place o' buttons, I've mostly holes for a shirt;
My boots are bust and my hat's a gonner, I'm gritty with dust and dirt;
An' I'm sittin' here on a bollard watchin' the China ships go forth,
Seein' the black little tugs come slidin' with timber booms from the North;
Sittin' an' seein' the broad Pacific break at my feet in foam,
Me that was born with a taste for travel in a back alley at home.

They put me to school when I was a nipper, at the Board School down in the slums,
And some o' the kids was good at spellin' and some at figures and sums;
And whether I went or whether I didn't they learned me nothin' at all,
Only I'd watch the flies go walkin' over the maps on the wall,
Strollin' over the lakes an' mountains, over the plains an' sea—
As if they was born with a taste for travel . . . somethin' the same as me!

I ain't got folks an' I ain't got money, I ain't got nothin' at all,
But a sort of a queer old thirst that keeps me movin' on till I fall.
And many a time I've been short o' shelter and many a time o' grub,
But I've got away from the rows o' houses, the streets, an' the corner pub—
And here by the side of a sea that's shinin' under a sky-like flame,
Me that was born with a taste for travel give thanks because o' the same.

"THE TWO MYSTERIES"

By MARY MAPES DODGE

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain;
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still, now why we do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?"—not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet oh, how dear it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and blessed is the thought,
"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may show you naught;
We may not to the quick reveal the mystery of death—
Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

'Steels' 36 Fowl; 'Leves' Roster to 'Raze Mor'

McALESTER, Okla., July 17
(AP)—John Chatman had 39 chickens.

Now he has three—a rooster and two hens.

Pinned to the henhouse door he found the following note:

"I steel from the rich, and I steel from the pore.

"I will leve the old roster to raze some mor."

One, Two, Three

By H. C. Bunner

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple-tree;
And the game they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-seek they were playing—
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady
And the boy with the twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding.
In guesses one, two, three.

"You are up in papa's bedroom
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are warm and warm;
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where mamma's things used to be—
So it must be in the clothespress, gran'ma!"
And he found her with his three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers.
That were wrinkled, and white, and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a one and a two and a three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple-tree—
This old, old, old, old lady—
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

THE SPOONERS

Together we sat in a tete-a-tete,
The prettiest girl and I.
The light was out and the hour was late,
For time, you know, will fly! By Jove,
How rapidly time will fly!

Together we sat in the welcome gloom,
Alone, unheard, unseen,
Though her mother was in the other room
With a thin portiere between.

I knew that the mother in ambush lay—
As mothers do, it seems—
To carry the prettiest girl away,
Away to the land of dreams. By Jove!
To the wonderful land of dreams.

But the cherry-like lips of the pretty miss,
Alas, were a tempting sight,
And I ventured to beg for a tiny kiss—
Just one, before "Good night."

But the prettiest girl resented that
In a way I'd never dreamed.
For she airily sprang from where we sat,
An, what do you think? She screamed! By Jove!

She certainly did—she screamed!

I caught the coquette in my arms—Alack,
For such is the way of men!—
And gruffly demanded of her a smack,
And then—and then—and then—
Her mother came cruelly in with a light
And—what do you think she said?
"Oh, come, little lady, kiss daddy good-night,"
And carried her off to bed, by Jove!
And carried the babe to bed!

—Bohemian Magazine.

Proverbs of Other Lands

Spanish

No sweetness without sweat.

Italian

No wonder lasts more than three days.

Scottish

Kindness overcomes a dislike.

French

He is not thirsty who will not drink water.

German

Great talkers are commonly liars.

The Difference; or, the Two Orphans

Two babies were born in the self-same town,
On the very same bright day;
They laughed and cried in their mother's arms,
In the very self-same way;
And both were as pure and innocent
As fallen flakes of snow;
But one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Last two lines of each stanza may be repeated for refrain

Two children played in the self-same town,
And both were bright and fair;
But one had her curls brushed smooth and round,
The other had tangled hair.
Both of the children grew apace,
As all our children grow,
But one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two maidens wrought in the self-same town,
And one was wedded and loved;
The other saw through the curtains apart
The world where her sister moved;
And one was smiling, a happy bride,
The other knew care and woe;
For one of them lived in a terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two women lay dead in the self-same town,
And one had tender care;
The other was left to die alone
On her pallet so thin and bare,
And one had many to mourn her loss,
For the other few tears would flow;
For one of them lived in a terraced house,
And one in the street below.

If Jesus, who died for rich and poor,
In wonderful, holy love,
Took both of the sisters in His arms
And carried them up above—
Then all the difference vanished at last,
For in heaven none would know
Which of them lived in the terraced house,
And which in the street below.

The Song That Reached My Heart

By Julian Jordan

I sat midst a mighty throng
Within a palace grand,
In a city beyond the sea
In a distant foreign land.
I listened to the grandest strain
My ear had ever heard.
Enraptured, charmed, amazed I was,
My inmost soul was stirred.

Chorus

Home, home, sweet home,
She sang the song of "Home, Sweet Home,"
The song that reached my heart.

I looked on the singer fair,
My heart was at her feet.
She sang of love, the old, old theme,
In accents low and sweet,
And then she sang a song
That made the teardrops start;
She sang a song, a song of home,
A song that reached my heart.

Chorus

That night I shall ne'er forget,
That night with its pleasure and pain.
I think of the singer, I think of the song,
And I wish I could live it again.
In fancy again I recall
The scene with its splendor bright;
The mighty throng, the palace grand,
O, the memory of that night.

Chorus

My fancy it may have been,
But never had I heard
A song that thrilled me o'er like this,
Like this so strangely stirred.
The memories of that night of bliss
Will never from me part;
She sang the song of "Home, Sweet Home,"
The song that reached my heart.

Chorus

THE BRAVEST BATTLE

The bravest battle that ever was fought
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you'll find it not;
It was fought by the mothers of men.
Nay, not with the cannon or battle shot,
With sword or braver pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From the mouths of wonderful men;
But deep in the woman's walled-up heart,
A woman that would not yield,
But patiently, silently, bore her part—
Lo! there is the battle field.
No banners to gleam and wave;
And Oh, those battles they last so long—
From boyhood to the grave!
Yet faithful still as badge of stars
She fights in her walled-up town.
Fights on and on in the endless wars.
Then silent, unseen—goes down.
—Joaquin Miller.

A HAPPY ELF

By Lena B. Ellingwood.

A queer little elf went skipping
around,
Now up in the trees, now down on
the ground,
And he sang as he skipped, "Do you
want to hear
What makes me so lively and gay,
my dear?"

"I drink good milk, and I breathe
fresh air,
And to brush my teeth is my special
care.
The sun is the doctor I daily see,
So I'm well, and happy, and full of
glee!"

Nantucket.

The world winds its way to Nantuck-
et's quaint shore
Today, as it did in the days of yore,
When it laid unrest, at the Quaker's
door.

Then, the sailor brought coral, and
shawls of red,
Enough to turn any Quaker maid's
head,
They brought worldly books, taught
gay songs, and the dance,
With latest ideas—they had picked up
in France.

Now, days with the motor, the radio,
the plane,
It seems as the world is insane.
For its rushing here—and rushing
there,
On land and on sea, and up in the air.
Scanty costumes at beaches—playing
bridge most of the day,
While at night, jazz dances and the
movies hold sway.

Silence is unheard of—there's but a
boisterous mirth.,
I doubt there's a quiet place left on
the earth,
And I long for the spirit of Quaker
days,
With their "thees", and their "thous",
and their Quaker ways.

—Grace Henry.

Buffalo, N. Y.

THE YOHŌ!

When the wind is from the south'ard
and the fog comes drifting in
Over beach and cliff and meadow, like
a ghostly wraith of sin,
When Muskeget's hid from vision and
when barely you can trace
Dunham's house or Coffin's dory—or
the hand before your face;
When the moisture's slowly dripping
and in vain the captains try
To keep the sails from mildew; when
the bathing suits won't dry;
Then from out the lonely distance
comes a sad and ghostly sound,—
'Tis the Yohō that is calling, like the
baying of a hound—
Like a view halloo unearthly, like the
tolling of a bell,
Like the groaning of a glacier, or
like wailing souls in hell!

Then you think that Uncle Isaac has
allowed the cows to stray,
Or that "Chum" in chasing curlews
twain has wandered far away.
So with oilskins and sou'wester you
are off upon his track;
But, my Son, be very careful! Are you
sure you will come back?
For, as thro' the misty spindrift cold,
you follow that strange sound
You behold a thing unearthly,—see a
hoof-print in the ground;
Down upon the beach it leads you, to
the very water's edge
Down among the swirling quick-sands,
down among the wrack and sedge,
And before you hardly know it, you
are foundering in the mire;—
And the Yohō still is calling—for his
voice will never tire.

'Tis not a cow that's wandered, or a
dog that's gone astray,
But a shadowy shape from dreamland,
that avoids the glare of day;
Just a voice without a substance—
and if you want the proof,
See the hoof-prints that you follow!
"O, my God! The Cloven Hoof!"
Before you follow further, or further
try to go,
Beware of what you're doing! Go
slow, my Son, go slow!
For if you follow further, and try to
find its lair,
It will lead you into trouble, into
trouble said and sair!
Down where the sand is swirling, down
to the rushing tide
'Twixt Tuckernuck and Madaket, on
the deadly eastern side.
There many a man has perished, there
many a widow's made,
For the Yohō's deadly calling makes
a graveyard without spade!

Then be warned in time, in earnest,
and when you hear the sound
Of a far-off voice that's calling, like
the baying of a hound.
In the mist and in the spindrift, when
the wind is from the south,
'Tis the Yohō that is calling—just a
voice without a mouth;
Just a voice without a substance, just
a hoof-print in the sand;
'Tis a deadly lure of Satan—'tis a
member of his band.
For the Yohō's without pity, as the
Yohō's without form:
Just a voice without a substance—in
the spindrift and the storm!

SWAN-SONG OF THE NATIVE.

One by one, they're passing from us,
Into the "stranger's" hand—
Those old ancestral mansions the "na-
tive" thought so grand.

And the natives who once owned them,
Old Nantucket's strength and pride!
Does your fancy, fellow townsman,
Place the stranger by their side?
Straightforward, honest, simple men,
And gentlewomen fair,
Who gave the cordial handgrasp
And not the stony stare.

Who held in kindly interest,
Each Island boy's career,
And from father's father's father
Watched inborn traits appear.
The natives had their sturdy strength,
They had their weakness, too,
As well-known anecdotes attest,
And nicknames keen and true.

They were not wholly perfect—
No one is quite a saint;
But "Commons" were not "moors" to
them,

Nor was our town "so quaint."
And now we hear it rumored,
And again affirmed as truth,
That the stranger's heart is troubled,
By the morals of our youth.

That he longs to found a mission
That shall train each boy and girl,
To walk in humble, simple ways,
Remote from fashion's whirl.

But example outstrips precept,
And the native feet, though "webbed,"
Incline to follow in the path
He sees the stranger tread.

The native youth is wide-awake,
Alert to see and hear,
And you must acknowledge, stranger,
Your ways are often queer.

We know the odds against our youth,
But whatever's done and said,
Our boys are not all hoodlums,
Our girls not all ill-bred.

And, really, don't you know, stranger,
That creation here began,
That, here, in old Nantucket
Was born primeval man?

And the whole wide world was
peopled,

From that protoplasm's cell,
How many aeons back that was,
The N. H. S. can tell.

And we kept our best and fittest,
And our purity of stock,
For when your forbears grew too bad,
Our forbears sent them "off."

Oh, yes, we need you, stranger,
For barrel and for bin,
But the native takes your measure,
Before he "takes you in."

But if your bark should founder,
When the storms of life descend,
Tie your life-line to a "native,"
You'll find no surer friend.

And some of you we love, stranger,
And welcome as our own,
Those rarer souls who don't forget,
That the native owns the town.

We know the glorious aid you give
To every Island cause;
Sometimes the object grips your
heart,

Sometimes you give—"Because,"

GOING UP!

By HENRY KEEVER

WHEN Europe said 'twas time to fight,
and spat upon its hands,
Little did we think the scrap would spread
to other lands.

We thought at least that Uncle Sam would
hardly be affected.

But say!—if we're not in the muss it looks
like we're elected

To foot the bills for somebody, tho we
don't shoot a gun;

For I find we're payin' extra, payin' extra
on the run.

No matter what the store you're in, they
tell you with a smile

"This article is risin', and will be higher
after while."

I went into a notion shop on an errand for
the wife,

To buy a card of safety pins, to save the
baby's—life.

The saleslady who waited, smiled gently
as she spoke:

"A quarter, sir; they were but five before
the war-cloud broke."

And then to buy some tooth picks I vainly
did essay;

The clerk he said that I must wait until
another day—

"This European war, ye know, has played
th' duce with planks,

And planks is what makes toothpicks.
That all? Yes, sir. Thanks."

Just yesterday I started to mow the grass
out on our lawn.

And found our mower busted by a neigh-
bor who had gone.

So I went to buy another ('nother mower,
not a neighbor),—

This little speech the hardware man re-
peated for my labor:

"Yes, the prices is some higher; but not
nigh high enough—

You see them there lawn mowers they is
mostly painted buff;

Well, the pigments what is in them paints
we get across the ocean;

A long time till we get some more—at
least I hev that notion."

I quit the store and straightway to the
baker's shop did go—

'Twas doughnuts that I needed, though the
baker kneaded dough.

"Our doughnuts they are not so good, but
the price is twice as much

As they was before this war broke out
twixt the English and the Dutch.

You see, we makes the doughnuts here,
and we sells them by the pound,

But we hev to send to Yoorup for the
holes they goes around."

If you want a house that's built of brick,
you're sure to find them higher;

They burn them in a kiln—imported
matches light the fire.

Your harness and your saddle are like to
cost you more—

The needles used in sewing them come
from a distant shore.

To the Editor of the Post:

Sir—I hear Essex county sometimes spoken of as the Eastern District of Massachusetts and Middlesex county as the Northern District. What is the complete division of the State on a basis of districts?

The district attorneys of the Commonwealth are so-called because they serve districts rather than counties. Besides the two districts you have named, the Southeastern District is Norfolk and Plymouth counties; the Southern District is Bristol, Barnstable, Nantucket and Dukes counties; the Middle District is Worcester county; the Western District is Berkshire and Hampden counties; the Northwestern District is Franklin and Hampshire counties; and Suffolk county goes by its own name.

To the Editor of the Post:

Sir—What is the meaning of the name of Montreal?

In English, it means Mount Royal. There is a mass of rock rising 753 feet above sea level, named Mount Royal, at the foot of which the city lies.

I have heard many comments on the origin of the curious term "Greaser," applied to the lower class of Mexicans.

T. Philip Terry of Hingham, the traveller and author who spent 11 years in the southern republic, tells me that the appellation dates back to 1849, when the Mexican War opened up California to the gold-seekers.

Enormous quantities of hides were exported from the Pacific coast, and the Americans hired Mexicans to load them on the packets that sailed around Cape Horn to New York.

The hides were very greasy, and after a few days of work, the peons, who were not at all particular about their toilets, were dripping with hide grease.

So the forty-niners contemptuously nicknamed their employees "Greasers," and the name has clung to this day.

(1 and 2) The United States declared war with Germany on April 6, 1917; and with Austria-Hungary Dec. 7, 1917. Diplomatic relations were broken off by Turkey on April 20, 1917. (3) The great war in Europe is considered to have begun on Aug. 1, 1914. Austria began hostilities with Serbia on July 23, 1914; but the world-wide war was precipitated by Germany's declaration against Russia on Aug. 1. (4) Germany is at war with the United States, France, Great Britain, Belgium, Italy, Serbia, Japan, Montenegro, China, Portugal, Greece, Liberia, Panama, San Marino, Siam, Cuba and Brazil. (Rumania and Russia now appear to be out of it.)

To the Editor of the Post:

Sir—According to reckoning of the 'fundamentalists' of the duration of time from the creation of Adam down to the present time, the human race is less than 5000 years old. Please tell how that time is reckoned.

There are said to be fully 140 different dates for "the Creation" being based on estimates of Bible chronology. One such reckoning which was quite commonly accepted for a long time, divided the time since Adam and Eve as follows:

Adam to the flood.....1656 years
Flood to Abraham.....427 years
Abraham to the flight from
Egypt.....430 years
Egypt to Saul.....396 years
Duration of the kingdom...505 years
Fall of Jerusalem to the
Christian era.....587 years

Add the date of the present year to the foregoing figures, and the Scriptural age of the human race is about 5939 years.

(The date in the Hebrew calendar is now the Year of the World 5695.)

Easter came last year on April 4. This year it comes on April 17, next year on April 8, and the next year after that on March 31.

The explanation of this variation in dates is found in the difference in the times at which the moon is full.

This is the rule:

Find the day on which the moon is full on March 21, or on any of the 28 days next following March 21.

Easter is the first Sunday AFTER the date of that full moon.

The moon is full today for the first time since March 18.

Therefore, according to the rule I have quoted, tomorrow is Easter, as it is the first Sunday after that full moon.

As to the Passover, the first day of which is observed tomorrow, the date also varies from year to year.

Last year, the Passover season began on Tuesday, March 30. Next year, the date will be Thursday, April 5.

Thus, the two great religious festivals start on the same date only when Passover begins on a Sunday, as is the case this year.

Between San Diego, Cal., and Boston

(As seen by Frank T. Searight of the San Diego Union.)

Boston differs from San Diego in population, depending on which city you ask about it. San Diego is dotted with palms reaching skyward, while Boston palms reach—well, we do the same to the tourists ourselves. Boston has more rain than San Diego, and mixes some of our lemons with it at the church festivals and county fairs. San Diego has Ramona's home, but Ramona herself never would have had a chance against Boston girls. Boston has a fine harbor; San Diego is already making a noise that sounds like the Panama Canal. San Diego has the best climate of California; Boston has the very best weather to be found in all of Boston. Boston gives everybody a show; San Diego will show Boston and the remainder of the East at her exposition in 1915. As far as good people are concerned, the only difference between Boston and San Diego is about 4000 miles.

Apropos a pestering delegation bound to see the President during the Civil War, Lord Charnwood gives us a new Lincoln story. In his boyhood Lincoln attended a backwoods school. They used to begin the day in that school by standing up in a row and reading a chapter of the Bible, verse and verse about. There was a little boy standing next Lincoln who could not read well. They read Daniel iii. and by ill luck that little boy got the first of the verses in which the names "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego" occur. His perturbation was extreme, but, pulling himself together with a convulsive effort, he cleared that verse somehow, and all seemed to be well. Looking at him, however, after a moment, Lincoln saw that he was in tears and whispered, "What are you crying for?"

"Nothing," said the little boy, "Only I can see those three miserable cusses coming 'round to me again."

A Story With a Moral.

A peasant with a troubled conscience went to a monk for advice. He said that he had circulated a vile story about a friend, only to find that the story was not true. "If you want to make peace with your conscience," said the monk, "you will fill a bag with chicken down, go to every dooryard in the village, and drop in each one of them a fluffy feather." The peasant did as he was told. Then he came back to the monk and announced that he had done his penance for his folly. "Not yet", replied the monk. "Take your bag, go the rounds again, and gather up every feather that you have dropped". "But the wind must have blown them all away," said the peasant. "Yes, my son", said the monk, "and so it is with gossip. Words are easily dropped but no matter how hard you try, you can never get them back"—Exchange.

Elephants Are Afraid of Mice.

Why are elephants afraid of mice? Because mice strongly resemble a little animal known as the chacana, which feeds on a small berry especially liked by the elephant. Chacanas live in the ground after the manner of prairie dogs, under the bushes, and are often trampled upon by the elephants. In their fright the little animals run up the elephants' trunks, and their long sharp claws catch in the flesh, and they cannot be ejected. The elephant usually dies an agonizing death.

The Telephone.

I am a telephone. When I am not broke, I am in the hands of a receiver. I have a mouthpiece, but, unlike most women, I never use it. Fellows use me to make dates with girls, and girls use me to break said dates. Husbands call up their wives over me, and wives call their husbands down over me. I never go anywhere, but sometimes the company comes and takes me out; it all depends on whether you pay your bills or not. I am not a bee, but I often buzz in your ear. I am the bell of the town and while I do not wear jewelry I often get rings. Whether I do things or not, a lot of people nail me to the wall. I like music but the only music I get is chin music. I get all the popular airs and the most popular one is hot air.

Here's Prayer and Potatoes.

Some days ago "Peggy A." asked somebody to send her the poem "Prayer and Potatoes." Since that time dozens of other correspondents of the Sewing Circle have asked for the same poem. I doubtless there are hundreds of others who would like it, we think it best to publish it for the benefit of the whole Sewing Circle. Thanks also to the several correspondents who sent in copies of the poem.

The poem, which is several years old, is a classic of its kind. In its own homely, simple way it preaches a very powerful sermon. John G. Whittier wrote it: "It is more valuable than some epics I am not sure but it is more to the Maker's purpose than any learned theological tome published since it was written."

The poem was originally written by the Rev. J. T. Pettee of Meridan, Conn. It runs as follows:

Prayer and Potatoes

An old lady sat in her old armchair,
With wrinkled visage and dishevelled hair,
And hunger-worn features;
For days and for weeks her only fare,
As she sat there in her old armchair,
Had been potatoes.

But now they were gone; of bad or good
Not one was left for the old lady's food
Of those potatoes;
And she sighed and said, "What shall I do
Where shall I send and to whom shall I go
For more potatoes?"

And she thought of the deacon over the way
The deacon so ready to worship and pray,
Whose cellar was full of potatoes,
And she said I will send for the deacon to come.
He'll not mind much to give me some
Of such a store of potatoes."

And the deacon came over as fast as he could,
Thinking to do the old lady some good.
But never, for once, of potatoes;
He asked her at once what was her chief want,
And she, simple soul, expecting a grant,
Immediately answered, "Potatoes."

But the deacon's religion didn't lie that way
He was more accustomed to preach and to pray
Than to give of his hoarded pots,
So, not hearing, of course, what the old lady said,
He rose to pray with uncovered head,
But she only thought of potatoes.

He prayed for patience, and wisdom and
But when he prayed, "Lord, give her peace
She audibly sighed, "Give potatoes,
And at the end of each prayer which he said
He heard, or thought that he heard in it,
That same request for potatoes.

The deacon was troubled; knew not what
'Twas very embarrassing to have to act
About "those carnal potatoes."
So, ending his prayer, he started for home
But, as the door closed behind him, he heard
A deep groan.

"O, give to the hungry potatoes,
And that groan followed him all the way
In the midst of the night it haunted his
"O, give to the hungry potatoes,
He could bear it no longer; arose and drew
From his well-filled cellar taking in haste
A bag of his best potatoes.

Again he went to the widow's lone hut;
Her sleepless eyes she had not shut;
But there she sat in the old armchair,
With the same wan features, the same
And, entering in, he poured on the floor
A bushel or more from his goodly store
Of choicest potatoes.

The widow's heart leaped up for joy,
Her face was haggard and wan no more.
"Now," said the deacon, "shall we pray
"Yes," said the widow, "now you may
And he kneeled him down on the sanded
Where he had poured his goodly store,
And such a prayer the deacon prayed,
As never before his lips essayed;
No longer embarrassed, but free and full
He poured out the voice of a liberal
And the widow responded aloud, "Amen
But said no more of potatoes.

And would you, who hear this simple tale
Pray for the poor, and praying, "pre-
Then preface your prayers with alms-
deeds;
Search out the poor, their wants
needs;
Pray for peace and grace, and spirit
For wisdom and guidance, for all these
But don't forget the potatoes.

November 26/1935 Earthquake in America.

An earthquake was felt in seventeen different states, as well as in Canada, about 1.07 o'clock yesterday (Friday) morning, according to advices received from the mainland and from radio news dispatches which were broadcast.

The center of the disturbance was at Toronto, Canada, and in many places clocks were stopped and electric service interfered with. The electric clock in the Western Union Office at Nantucket stopped at 1.08, but the local Weather Bureau station did not record anything unusual, although of course the disturbance came at a time when Observer Grimes was peacefully asleep.

Several persons report that banjo clocks and "grandfather's clocks" in Nantucket stopped a few minutes after 1:00 o'clock, but they did not think it anything unusual, as some clocks have the habit of stopping occasionally. When they heard there had been an earthquake, however, they discarded whatever ill feelings they had developed against the family time-pieces.

The banjo clock which hangs on the wall of the Savings Bank building stopped at 1.07 o'clock. Another in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Fordyce on Darling street also stopped. Other banjo clocks were stopped in different sections of the island, the earthquake apparently affecting that style of time-piece more than any other.

It is said that Ray Morris, the local tax collector, felt the quake and was for the moment somewhat nauseated. Probably other persons were a little disturbed, but did not know what was the matter.

Towns Do Not Die—They Commit Suicide.

From The Rockland Standard.

Take a town like this. If grocers would handle only local products, the bakery would hire another baker and another clerk and a vacant house would fill up.

If housewives did not buy from peddlers and mail order houses, 12 clerks would be needed in the business district and six empty houses would be filled.

If townspeople did not go to neighboring cities to trade six more clerks would be needed, all vacant business buildings would be occupied and six more houses would be filled.

If everybody who makes his money in his community would spend his money in his community his home town would double its population within a few years and everybody in and around it would be prosperous.

A Nantucket Snap-Shot.

Grandfather Wood, in a moor-going surrey,
Waits at the head of the Main Street Square;

The cars crowd near, the traffic's in a flurry,
But he is calm and he doesn't care;
For he drives a fat horse, and they neither of them worry,

Their feet were early trained to the feel of the moors,
And Grandfather Wood who is never in a hurry,
Is a true, tried son of the Great Outdoors.

"The blue fish are a-runnin',
Want to go a-crabbin'?"
Want to go a-Mayflowerin' on South Shore plain?"
(There's Grandfather Wood in his moor-going surrey,
You surely want to see that old man again).

Grandfather Wood has struck hands with a president,
Grandfather Wood has hobnobbed with the great;

He stands very well with every summer resident,
And he's waiting at the steamboat wharf early and late.

Grandfather Wood is the oldest, lastest Veteran,
(But he's Veteran of many a finer thing than war)

He knows the beach-plum route and the wild grapes to boot,
And where the orchids grow, and where the mushrooms are.

Want your cat-boat rigged?
Want your moorings down?
Want to buy a skiff, or a second-hand car?

Tell Grandfather Wood who has already twiggied,
That you'll need a lot of things, and want to know where they are.

Grandfather Wood agrees with "Prohibition",

He knows he doesn't drink and he thinks he doesn't swear;

He has a lot of sympathy for all erudition,

And if there's any speechifying he'll be there,

Grandfather Wood, if you want to go a-scallopin',

Says, "I got the run of it, get in, we'll see."

Off goes the fat horse a-rearin' and a-gallopin',

And the surrey takes a slant like a schooner far at sea.

"Want to see a loon with two fish in its beak?"

FREDERICK H. DAVIS
GEORGE M. POLAND

27 State Street, Boston, Mass.

COUNSELLORS AT LAW

POLAND & DAVIS

el. 421. 10 North Water St.

JOSEPH LARKIN

A fine line of Wall Paper. Samples select from. A postal or call by

Painting and Paper Hanging

13 South Water St.

Gas Fitting and Heating

"Old Town Turkeys."

From the Vineyard Gazette.

A linguistic quarterly called American Speech, published by Columbia University, has again, through an article in its recent issue, brought to the front the matter of Island individualities of expression. Miss Mary E. Starbuck of Nantucket disputes vigorously some of the idioms attributed to Nantucket by Allan Walker Read. She says, among a great number of controversial points, that she has never heard the epithet "old town turkeys" for the inhabitants of Martha's Vineyard.

"Old town turkeys", in fact, were not all Vineyarders. They were just Edgartowners, for Edgartown was Old Town. The phrase derives, as Miss Starbuck is keen enough to see, from herring which were facetiously called turkeys—sometimes with one prefix, sometimes with another. Not only Nantucketers but other Vineyarders called the Edgartowners "old town turkeys", and when the Tisbury boys made gobbling noises at the Edgartown boys it was a signal for a fight.

Edgartown was famous for herring. On one occasion an up-island woman drove into the town with a snuffling horse, and a smart inhabitant asked why the horse was snuffling.

"I don't know," was the quick reply, "without he smells herring."

It's A Boy!

Oh, dearie me, can you tell me why,
On April 21st, that excited boyish cry
By a certain chap you often meet—
Who is all puffed up at 23 Pine street.
And all he could say, with pride and joy,

O gee! O gosh! it is a boy!

He yelled it loud and yelled it long,
Said it in prose and sang it in song,
Often you could hear it at night,
When Old Man Sun sank out of sight,
Or early at morn—Hello! Ahoy!

O gee! O gosh! it is a boy!
Ages ago, in Old Adam's time,
It was no great shake a son to shine,
But he is conscious only of this
Rare son to bring him lots of bliss;
Now all his friends stand 'round to say

He will stop saying some fine day—
O gee! O gosh! it is a boy!

This daddy, it would seem to my mind,
Is looking ahead a very long time
To having his son on a baseball nine;
But he says to me, as in a dream,
"In '54, he'll make the Sox team"—
O gee! O gosh! it is a boy!

To all good things an end must come,
Days and nights have mounted to sum
A week since that wonderful boy was born,

But daddy still stops you, and 'till you mourn,

Tells you of planning, his anxious joy,
"Of course I knew 'twould be a boy!"

April 28-1934 F. E. F.

Cards and the Bible.

Although said to be more than 200 years old, the following story, recently republished by the Pathfinder, may be of interest to those who have not seen it:

Richard Land, a private in the 42nd foot troops of the "Black Watch" of the British Army early in the eighteenth century, was brought before the mayor and lord protector of Glasgow charged with playing cards during divine service. He said he had no Bible or prayer book, and was using his pack of cards instead. When asked to explain what he meant, he answered:

"When I see the ace, it reminds me of the one God; the deuce recalls the father and the son; the trey, the three persons of the Trinity; the four-spot reminds me of the four evangelists; the five, the five wise virgins; the six, of the days of creation; the seven, of the seventh day or Sabbath; the eight recalls the righteous persons in the Ark; the nine, the ungrateful lepers; the ten, the Commandments. The king suggests the King of Heaven; the queen, the Queen of Sheba who sought wisdom from Solomon. The knave (jack)" here he hesitated, but on being urged, went on; "The knave stands for the constable who arrested me—"

The mayor interrupted to remark that the constable seemed to have been a fool, even though not a knave. Then the soldier continued: "There are 365 pips (spots) in the pack, which recall the days of the year; 52 cards, one for each week; 12 face cards one for each month, and the 13 tricks represent the number of weeks in a quarter. Thus the pack of cards serves as a Bible, a prayer book and an almanac."

Booster—Knocker.

When the Creator had made all the good and beautiful things, in order that they might be truly appreciated, He then made the beasts, reptiles and poisonous insects.

When He had finished, He had left over, scraps that were too bad to put in the rattlesnake, the hyena, the scorpion, or the skunk; so He placed all these together, covered it with suspicion, wrapped it with jealousy, marked it with a yellow streak and called it a "knocker".

Then as a compensation for this fearful product, He took a sunbeam and put it in the heart of a child, the love of a mother, the brain of a man, wrapped these in civic pride, covered it with brotherly love, gave it a mask of velvet and a grasp of steel, and called it a "booster". He made him a lover of fields and flowers and birds and manly sports—a believer in equality and justice.

And ever since these two were created, mortal man has had the privilege of choosing his associates.

Who Is F. E. F.?

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

It seems that, unbeknown to me, A poem last week appeared, Within your columns on page three, With "all the wires cleared."

I mean the one called "It's a Boy," And signed by F. E. F., For all your readers to enjoy From banker down to chef.

The author, and friend Eddie, Silently did meet, Worked fast and got things ready, When I went out to eat.

But now the folks are asking "Who is this F. E. F.?" While in his chair he's basking, Pretending to be deaf.

So I'm a-goin' to tell you The author of that rhyme, In case you see the F. E. F. Appear again sometime.

And now if you'll just follow me In what I've penned below, I'm sure that you will plainly see The author's name—let's go.

I've seen a lot of famous men, I've met a lot, by gum, I mean the ones who live by pen, Yes, even to Tom Thumb; I've read of Robert Service And his "Dangerous Dan McGrew," But I've never seen Frank Folger's name

In the Poets' Book, "Who's Who."

I've heard of Burns and Whittier, Of Longfellow and Poe, I'm here to tell you all, right now, Those birds were in the dough; I've read of Keats and Shelley, Yes, I've heard of Lowell, too, But I've never seen Frank Folger's name

In the Poets' Book, "Who's Who."

Yet everywhere that I may go I hear the people say, The Clerk of Courts can sure write poems, He jots one off each day; Down to the library I then run To look the list all through, But I've never seen Frank Folger's name

In the Poets' Book, "Who's Who."

I've read the book all o'er and o'er To get the latest dope, There's Millay, Robinson and Frost, Wadsworth and also Pope; I've hunted high, I've hunted low, 'Till I am blue and blue, But I've never seen Frank Folger's name

In the Poets' Book, "Who's Who."

—Larry.

May 5th 1934

Days When Flag Should Fly.

Franklin's Birthday, Jan. 17.
Lincoln's Birthday, Feb. 12.
Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22.
Patriots' Day, April 19.
Grant's Birthday, April 27.
Memorial Day, May 30.
National Flag Day, June 14.
Fourth of July.
Labor Day.
Columbus Day, Oct. 12.
Armistice Day, Nov. 11.

POEMS FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK

"SWELLITIS"

By Joseph Morris—From "It Can Be Done—Poems of Inspiration," published by George Sully & Co., N. Y.

Somebody said he'd done it well,
And presto! his head began to swell;
Bigger and bigger the poor thing grew—
A wonder it didn't spit in two.
In size a balloon could scarcely match it;
He needed a fishing-pole to scratch it;—
But six and a half was the size of his hat,
And it rattled around on his head at that!

"Good work," somebody chanced to say,
And his chest swelled big as a load of hay.
About himself, like a rooster, he crowed;
Of his wonderful work he bragged and blowed.
He marched around with a peacock strut;
Gigantic to him was the figure he cut;—
But he wore a very small-sized suit,
And loosely it hung on him, to boot!

HE was the chap who made things hum!
HE was the drumstick and the drum!
HE was the shirt bosom and the starch!
HE was the keystone in the arch!
HE was the axis of the earth!
Nothing existed before his birth!
But when he was off from work a day,
Nobody knew that he was away!

This is a fact, that is sad to tell:
It's the empty head that is bound to swell;
It's the light-weight fellow who soars to the skies,
And bursts like a bubble before your eyes.
A big man is humbled by honest praise,
And tries to think of all the ways
To improve his work and do it well;—
But a little man starts of himself to yell!

The Jig-saw Puzzle.

The jig-saw puzzle mania
Has struck our town for fair,
No matter where one goes these days
He'll find it everywhere.
Pa and Ma and Baby Jim
And Grandma, too, I'll say,
Have got the jig-saw puzzle craze,
They're at it every day.

Out in the kitchen Mary Ann
Has scarcely time to cook
She's got to finish the "Old Mill",
Somehow by hook or crook.
The tables all are littered up
With curious little bits,
And no one dares to move about,
Woe be to him who hits!

Ma, she sits up half the night
And sometimes gets quite riled
To think she cannot finish it—
'Tis enough to drive one wild.
The clerk down at the general store,
He's crazy with the rest,
And all the time he gets from work
He puzzles with much zest.

The synonym book is on the shelf
And the cross-word puzzles banned,
All one needs for this new delight
Is a deft and careful hand.
An eye for structure and symmetry,
To knowledge it lays no claim,
No scholarship is needed here
In the jig-saw puzzle game.

They are taking it up at parties,
Even Contract has no show,
When the jig-saw puzzle game comes on
All other games must go.
And though some people are losing
sleep,
Fitting bits in here and there,
The jig-saws keep on jiggling out
With never a moment to spare.

—Concord Monitor.

To the Editor of the Post:

Sir—What is meant by "the nine parts of speech"?

A SELF-EDUCATED WOMAN

A good way to learn them is to commit to memory the following rhyme:

Three little words, you often see,
Are articles A, An and The,
A Noun is the name of anything.

As School, or Garden, Hoop, or Swing.
Adjectives tell the kind of Noun,
As Great, Small, Pretty, White, or Brown.
Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand,
Her head, His face, Your arm, My hand.
Verbs tell of something being done—
To Read, Count, Laugh, Sing, Jump, or Run.
How things are done the Adverbs tell,
As Slowly, Quickly, Ill, or Well.
Conjunctions join the words together—
As men And women, wind And weather.
The Preposition stands before
A noun, as In or Through a door.
The Interjection shows surprise,
As Oh! how pretty! Ah! how wise!
The Whole are called nine parts of speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

JUDGMENT

How singing was introduced into the
Sunday Schools of the Society of Friends
in New York State.

By *Lesa Morse Eddy*

They have called Eliza Spicer
To justify her deed
Before the board of church trustees
Of the old Quaker creed.
"Stand up! Stand up, Eliza, stand,
And answer truthfully
Why thee has taught thy first-day
class
To sing a song with thee.
Such practice is against our rules
And surely thee must know
That singing is a devil's charm
To make his seed-tare grow.

Young 'Liza stood before the three
There on the pulpit bench.
Her bonnet could not hide her curls;
Her spirit none could quench.
Her eyes were blue as skies are blue
Before the summer rain;
Her voice was like a May-bird's voice,
The sweetest of the train.

"It was the spirit," she declared,
"That stirred within my breast.
I heard the thrushes as we drove
To church by Eddy's crest;
Frogs croaked for rain in Harris
pond

And all the way along.
The brook played tunes; the crickets
chirped. . . .

Winds swept the leaves to song.
It seemed to me the whole earth
sang.

It seemed to me we must
Join in the chorusing of praise
To God so good and just."

She ended with her folded hands
Across her kerchief tips,
No sweeter from their lavender
Than her curved, girlish lips.

"Sing for the elders, 'Liza, dear,"
Her husband prompted her,
"The song thee taught thy first-day
class,
The cause of all this stir."

She flushed and lifted up her voice,
Faint with timidity,
Gaining assurance as she sang
"My Jesus, I love thee."
Herself forgot, her full tones soared
To fill the tiny place
As if, it seemed to those who heard,
She saw Him face to face.

Then the presiding elder doffed
His square-top hat and rose
To shake his next right neighbor's
hand.

Which any Quaker knows,
Gave notice of the meeting's end
With young Eliza freed
To go the way of her singing heart
And teach as it decreed.

The Nantucket Skipper.

The following poem is probably
traditionally familiar to the most of
our readers. but there are many who
will doubtless appreciate reading it
in its entirety. It is entitled "The
Nantucket Skipper," and was written
by James T. Field many years ago.

Many a long, long year ago,
Nantucket skippers had a plan
Of finding out, though "lying low,"
How near New York their schooners ran.

They greased the lead before it fell,
And then, by sounding through the night,
Knowing the soil that stuck so well,
They always guessed their reckoning
right.

A skipper gray, whose eyes were dim,
Could tell, by tasting, just the spot;
And so below he'd "dowse the glim"
After, of course, his "something hot."

Snug in his berth at eight o'clock,
This ancient skipper might be found;
No matter how his craft would rock,
He slept—for skippers' naps are sound.

The watch on deck would now and then
Run down and wake him, with the lead;
He'd up and taste, and tell the men
How many miles they went ahead.

One night 'twas Jotham Marden's watch;
A curious wag—the pedler's son;
And so he mused (the wanton wretch),
"Tonight I'll have a grain of fun."

"We're all a set of stupid fools
To think the skipper knows by tasting
What ground he's on; Nantucket schools
Don't teach some stuff, with all their
basting!"

And so he took the well-greased lead
And rubbed it o'er a box of earth
That stood on deck—a parsnip bed—
And then he sought the skipper's berth.

"Where are we now, sir; please to taste,"
The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,
Then ope'd his eyes in wondrous haste,
And then upon the floor he sprung!

The skipper stormed and tore his hair,
Thrust on his boots and roared to Mar-
den—

"Nantucket's sunk and here we are
Right over old Marm Hackett's garden!"

What is Technocracy?

Technocracy is the name adopted by
a group of Columbia University teach-
ers and research workers who have
been studying the "energy resources"
of North America. They find that we
have a daily per capita supply of 150,-
000 kilogram-calories of energy, com-
pared with man's unaided consumption
of 2,000.

Their conclusion is that the era,
long foreseen, is at hand when all
human wants can be supplied with a
minimum of human labor. Increasing
unemployment is inevitable, they con-
tend, unless the present social-economic
system is replaced by one under which
all men may earn a living on a better
scale than heretofore, by working only
660 hours a year.

The program calls for the aboli-
tion of the "price system", for control
of production by government of en-
gineers and for the substitution of
money based on the erg, or unit of
energy, for money based on gold or
credits, which latter would be abol-
ished.—The American Press.

The Newspaper Man.

Bit of a priest and bit of a sailor,
Bit of a doctor and bit of a tailor;
Bit of a lawyer, and bit of a detective,
Bit of a judge, for his work is correc-
tive;
Cheering the living and soothing the
dying,
Risking all things, even dare-devil fly-
ing;
True to his paper and true to his clan,
Just look him over, the newspaper
man.

Sleep! there are times that he'll do
without little,
Work till his nerves and his temper
are brittle;
Fire cannot daunt him, nor long hours
disturb him,
Gold cannot buy him and threats can-
not curb him;
Highbrow or lowbrow, your own speech
he'll hand you,
He'll go wherever another man can—
That is the way of the newspaper man.

Surgeon, if urgent the need be, you'll
find him,
Ready to help, nor will dizziness blind
him;
He'll give the ether and never once
falter,
Say the last rites like a priest at the
altar;
Gentle and kind with the weak and the
weary,
Which is proved now and then when
his keen eye grows teary;
Facing all things in life's curious
plan—
That is the way of the newspaper man.

One night a week may be rest from his
labor,
One night at home to be father and
neighbor;
Just a few hours for his own bit of
leisure,
All the rest's gazing at other men's
pleasure,
All the fest's toiling, and yet he re-
joices,
All the world is, and that men do, he
voices—
Who knows a calling more glorious
than
The day-by-day work of the newspaper
man?

Edgar Guest—In the North Carolina
Press.

Reply to a Summer Boarder.

By *Edna Kingsley Wallace*.

What do we do when season's done,
you say?
Well, I dunno—there seems enough to
do
A-livin' our own lives an' wonderin'
who
Has made the most this year. Ain't
nothin' jay
About us any more. We're pretty gay,
With radio, an' the movies—'lection,
too,
An' jaunts to town to git us somethin'
new—
For winters we folks take some time
to play.
You don't take life away, ma'am,
when you go,
For everywhar we humans air thar's
bound
Ti be sight o' livin'. Seems real funny
Anyone likes cities. Want to know
Our fav'rite sport? It's jest to set
around
An' talk about you folks—an' count
our money.

Although
years old, t
ly republ
be of inter
seen it:

Richard
foot troops
the British
teenth cen
the mayor
gow charg
ing divin
no Bible o
his pack
asked to
answered:

"When
of the on
father and
persons o
reminds
the five, t
of the day
the seven
recalls th
Ark; the
the ten,
king sugg
the queen
sought w
knave (ja
on being
stands for
me—"

The ma
that the
been a fo
Then the
are 365
which rec
cards, on
cards one
tricks rep
in a quar
serves as
an alman

When
good and
that they
He then
poisonous

When
over, scr
in the ra
pion, or
these tog
picion, Y
marked i
called it

Then a
fearful p
and put i
love of a
wrapped
it with br
of velvet
called it a
lover of
and manly
ity and ju
And ev
ated, mor
lege of ch

The New Deal.

In '29 depression did strike the U. S. A.
Administration changes were sought to save the day.
And thus was born that menace to the nation's very weal,
Which bears the appellation of the government's "New Deal".

The Democrats then chosen had promised goodly things;
The debt was to be routed out and take to itself wings.
The people heard this joyfully, it calmed their dreadful fears,
But two years later found them some billions in arrears.

Commissions were appointed; 'twas called the N. R. A.
To regulate all business these people had the say.
This caused much consternation for it wasn't fair to all;
Small industries did suffer loss, being driven to the wall.

Utilities were brought to task for stealing people's cash;
The rates for power which they charged were surely worse than rash.
So the government built dams and lines to undersell those sinners,
And as the former paid no tax, of course they could be winners.

Unconstitutional the Court did name these acts of T. V. A.;
For these companies had contracts and also rights of way.
But none can fight the government and hope to win the case,
So one-sided are advantages to Congress which they face.

But despite these court decisions, with persistence quite terrific,
The government plans dams and lines from Atlantic to Pacific.
If, instead, they'd give their strong support to help industries expand,
Prosperity would come once more with welcome to our land.

Next holding companies were said to have government annoyed;
So very wicked had they been that they must be destroyed.
The innocent did find, alas, that to hope they needn't venture,
For all alike had been condemned under the government censure.

When a hundred thousand letters were sent in strong protest,
The President did make remark that he was not impressed;
That he deemed it propaganda that stockholders should thus fight,
Though he knew they owned investments and surely had the right.

So millions of investors may lose all in one whack,
While one hundred thousand employees would have to get the sack.
Do shed a tear of pity for many a poor soul,
Who through no fault of his or hers, must go upon the dole.

They trusted to this government that's taking all they own,
And now they wish they hadn't, with many a heartsick groan.
Belief in the protection of government they had,
But now results confound them and make very sad.

With none-protective tariff and processing tax on cotton,
The business of those textile mills is quite distinctly rotten.
With foreigners competing, you will not be amazed
That employees have been discharged and many buildings razed.

A splendid institution through depression played its part;
This Tel. & Tel. payed dividends and showed it had a heart.
For it hadn't given extras but saved for downward trends,
And when the hard times came along, it payed full dividends.

But the Democrats decided it investigated be;
Which surely did disgust us all and sickened you and me.
Investors' nerves are shattered; it does their feelings gall
That none are able to predict where next the axe will fall.

Instead of buying surpluses to sell cheap for poor men's needs,
Farmers be paid to slaughter hogs, the government decrees.
Cotton must be plowed under and wheat unplanted be;
For all of which the farmers do get a goodly fee.

To "soak the rich" is now a plan the government advances;
The Socialists and ne'er-do-wells this very much entrances.
Big business would be taxed so high 'twould hardly dare expand;
And might, to save itself, be forced to leave its native land.

To those who've striven years to leave a business for their sons,
This death tax government advocates, particularly stuns.
To spend one's life in saving and have government grab most all
Will take the heart from enterprise and does most men appall.

With taxes swiftly mounting and prices soaring high,
Until it seems to most poor souls that they will reach the sky,
With dollars halved in value, we need strong hands to stay
The frightful fate that hovers now over our U. S. A.

(Miss) Edna E. Barry,

Square-Toed Princes.

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin.

I chose for ancestors the men
Whose beards were like square sails,
Who ran the lengths of longitudes
Harpooning spouting whales.

Men to put a twinkle in
The proud eyes of their Maker
Standing up against the winds
On the square toes of a Quaker.

From Baffin's Bay and Davis Strait
To the Serpent of the South
They had the whale-gaff in the fist
And Scripture in their mouth.

Fingers like belaying-pins,
A heart like an iron bucket,
Humble servants of the Lord,
Princes of Nantucket.

The wallowing mammoths of the sea
Felt their ruddy will
And quaked along the torrid line
From Gold Coast to Brazil.

In notches on the mizzen-mast
These men kept their tally;
Their hearts were the Rose of Sharon
and
The Lily of the Valley.

The Yankee was in their spines,
Their voices were like guns;
They yearned to breed a nation up,
They manned their ships with sons.

They brought home ambergris and oil
In hogshead and in tierces
And knelt down on their pineboard
floors
To thank God for His mercies.

Square riggers were their trundle
beds,
And they found their graves
In the sea or nigh the sea
Within the sound of waves.

They wrapped the ocean like a cloak
And the shifting dunes above them
They lie in peace till the Judgment
Day
When the Lord will rise and love
them.

The Kelleys That Bloom in The Spring.

(From Walt Von's Scrap Book.)

'Tis legal in the month of May
To wear a Kelley made of hay—
Yet people look at me and smile,
And cast aspersions at my tile.

They say: "You've donned the thing
too soon,
Just wait until the twelfth of June,
For if you don't the snow will come
And put that straw lid on the bum."

To all such men, I make reply:
"The weather is at fault, not I,
The fashion-makers yearly say:
'Wear straws the fifteenth day of
May.'"

When rules of dress are made for me,
I'm not the man to disagree,
And even if the wind should blow
And temperature be five below
I'll don my straw kat in the Spring
And wear it until the bell shall ring.
No reason why I should be late,
Because the season's out-of-date,
Instead we men should get together
And make some changes in the
weather.

Let's have the sunny days appear
Just at the proper time of year,
It's time that old felt lid to doff,
So when you see a straw, don't scoff.

Noted Men of Our Town.

Each town boasts of its noted men:
I claim a few for mine, sir.
Although their worth may ne'er be known,
I'll place them in a rhyme, sir.
There's Alec Egg who burnt the beans,
And Sammy Manter, too, sir,
Still vends his eels, while, as of old,
The boys chase Daddy Boo, sir,

Sam Holmes as ever still enjoys
His classic name of Cat, sir—
While o'er his eyes young rascals pull
Poor, old Bill Hussey's hat, sir.
Hap Hazard makes his wooden spoons
And gathers herbs for sale, sir.
Fred Hoeg drives the herd still, o'er
The sand banks, hills and dales, sir.

Dan Coffin's last horse died for want
Of barrel staves to eat, sir.
Fred Parker keeps his hermitage
And George Gibbs peddles meat, sir.
Reub Waldron thought he'd borrow ducks
And stow them in his sack, sir;
But ducks will yell, and evermore
He'll bear the name of Quack, sir.

Reub Ramsdell keeps his shanty now
Upon the 'Sconset bank, sir.
Bill Bowen lives in Sachacha
With Nancy near his flank, sir.
Alec Bunker thinks it hard to find
With Griff, the Polpis track, sir.
After they've had a spree in town
Bill Henry drives them back, sir.

Willie Folger charges fifty cents
For sawing wood per cord, sir.
George Fisher Clark a mason is
And trots around a hod, sir.
There's William Chadwick, often called
By his ancient name of Char, sir.
John Olin, Willie Folger hires
And pays in cent cigars, sir.

And Charlie Gardner fishes it
Upon Coatue shoals, sir.
While Gardner Lamb steals down the dock
And lugs off Perry's coal, sir.
Bill Clark sells Boston Heralds yet,
Frank Coffin peddles soap, sir.
And Tow-line T. a carman is,
And Hosier buys old rope, sir.

There's Obed Cottle and Punk Holmes
They've left their island home, sir,
And California, Mr. Holmes
Has taken for his home, sir.
There's Peter Raymond, often called
Tom Pepper Tell-a-fellow,
While Lydia Chadwick trains along
And Dobbin S. must follow.

There's Byron Beekman, Uncle Snow.
And others of their stripe, sir
Hang round the town, and in a crowd
You'll see the form of Types, sir.
We could fill a sheet of other names,
Of this I have no doubt, sir.
We'll leave them now for something else,
The subject is played out, sir.

Note—The above familiar jingle was written by the late Edgar Allen when he was attending the Nantucket High School in the 60's. The "noted men" referred to have all long since passed on.—Ed.

That Nantucket Toad.

In a block of cement he slumbered
'Til 21 years had been numbered.
Escaped the World war and its troubles,
Knew nothing of stock market bubbles.
Unemployment gave him no worry,
Short skirts stirred not even a flurry.
Prohibition didn't upset him,
And not even Congress could fret him.
Don't you somehow envy his toadship,
Who let many a burdensome load slip?

—Brockton Enterprise.

The Good Old Days.

Folks must be joking when they refer to the good old days. Without going back to pioneer times many can recall something about them.

We used kerosene lamps which were dirty and required refilling. Now we touch a button. We kept a team of horses in a smelly stable and fed them three times a day besides acting as groom. Now we spring the self-starter and away we go on a tireless steed. We split kindling wood and carried coal, an endless job. Now in many cases the heating plant is automatic. And the cooking arrangements are well-nigh perfect.

Women spent much time making dresses and hats and then they often looked dowdy. Now the stores provide both much more cheaply and much better in every way. Same way with women's clothing of all kinds. Foods, tinned, bottled and packed, are better and more sanitary than in the old days of home preparing.

Because of great progress our physical well-being has been improved. Our mental appetites can more easily be appeased. There is something wrong in the outlook of any person who seems to hunger for the good old days. As the boy on the corner said: "That's the balony".—Toledo Blade.

The House The Captains Built.

They built my house, the captains
Who brought home China tea,
White as Zion's beauty
And looking out to sea.
They built the neat, dark cupboards
Where wives could keep their milk.
They paneled great, cool parlors
Where wives could creak in silk.

They knew the world, their clippers
Went round and round again;
Their mantels were a marriage
Of India and Spain.
They knew the sins and cities;
And so they built their wives
White and quiet gables
For cool and quiet lives—

Elms to cast the shadows
On roses and bricked walks,
Wide lawns for the children
And for the hollyhocks.
Ladder-backs and feathers
Soft as clouds for sleep,
A key as big's a mountain
Their treasure house to keep.

Children, morning-glories,
Breakfast bowls and grace;
Churches are less holy
Than this holy place.
I think there is less wisdom
In all that books can tell
Than in the ancient captains
Who built my house so well.

—Robert Tristram Coffin in Youth's Companion.

Nantucket's Famous Toad Caught Cold.

This is the picture of the toad which lived for twenty-one years sealed up tightly in a wall of cement 12 inches thick at the George C. Gardner house on Upper Main street, recently purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Taylor. The toad very accommodatingly drew his hind legs up close to his body and posed for Boyer's camera as you see him in the picture. The protruding eyes were evidently the result of exposure to the light after being in total darkness for twenty-one years. The toad, as shown above, is the exact size of the little fellow, measuring 2 1-8 inches "over all", when his legs were drawn about him. But when he started to



jump those long legs unfolded and reached out behind much longer than the length of the body, and there was plenty of "hop" in them, too.

Evidently the exposure to the cool winds and chilling fogs were a little too much for his constitution to stand after twenty-one years of confinement in the cement wall, for early this week the toad caught cold and showed signs of double pneumonia, or malady akin to it, for it succumbed. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, who purchased the toad unknowingly when they bought the Gardner estate, have had it preserved in alcohol and intend to have it stuffed and mounted for use as a paper weight. As such it will be something decidedly novel and unusual.

MARRIAGE SUPERSTITIONS

Marriage superstitions concerning the marriage month:

Married in January's snow and rime, good things will come if you wait your time.

Married in February's sleety weather, life you'll tread in tune together.

Married when March winds shrill and roar, your home will lie on a foreign shore.

Married 'neath April's changeful skies, a checkered path before you lies.

Married when bees o'er May blossoms flit, strangers around your board will sit.

Married in month of roses—June—life will be one long honeymoon.

Married in July, with flowers ablaze, bitter-sweet memories in after days.

Married in August's heat and drowse, lover and friend in your chosen spouse.

Married in golden September's glow, smooth and serene your life will go.

Married when leaves in October thin, toil and hardship for you begin.

Married in veils of November mist, fortune your wedding ring has kissed.

Married in days of December's cheer, love's star shines brighter from year to year.

Calls It "A Whale of a Trader Horn Yarn."

From the Brockton Enterprise.

Texas and Nantucket now have something in common. Each can boast of a toad which hopped into fame, so to speak, through having retained the spark of life under extraordinary circumstances. It has been told how a common toad awoke from a sleep of 21 years when a cement wall was broken open recently at Nantucket and emerged in apparent good health and spirits.

Last week a letter came to the island from the Chamber of Commerce at Eastland, Texas, inquiring if the story was a true one. Eastland was interested because it can boast of a like experience. In 1928 a horned toad came back to life and widespread notoriety after imprisonment for 31 years in the cornerstone of a courthouse. He was named "Old Rip", was sent on a tour of the larger cities, had an audience with President Coolidge, and a year later died of pneumonia. "Old Rip's" body was embalmed, placed in a special casket and is on exhibition in the lobby of the new courthouse, where many tourists pay it believe-it-or-not homage.

That toad outdid its New England brother's term of imprisonment by 10 years and survived resurrection a longer period, but the island Rip Van Winkle did a stunt that entitles it to distinction. Why not have its embalmed body shown this summer at the Nantucket Whaling Museum? The toad isn't a maritime marvel, to be sure, but its vouched-for history makes a whale of a Trader Horn yarn.

A New Englander.

Joe Harrington's "All Sorts" column in the Boston Post, has the following contribution from "A.W.G." which shows that some folks are still true to New England, summer and winter:

A New Englander.

I may sound like a Pharisee,
But I don't believe in sham,
So frankly I am thankful
For where and what I am.
I love New England's climate,
With its crystal atmosphere,
And I thank my lucky stars,
California, that I'm here.
We don't boast of our sunshine,
But when sparkling on the snow
And shining thru the frosty panes,
It beats a Kleig light show.
I know you loud acclaim your wine;
Tho its fame has spread much wider,
I know no nectar of the gods
Could equal apple cider.
But further I will not compare—
I sound just like a booster;
I never boast, nor ever crow—
I leave that to my rooster.
So let me cut my story short;
I'm an old New England fan,
And full of pride I am to be
That sort of American.

"Dot" Found a Boy Friend in Nantucket.

"Dot" Slamin, the girl drum major, had a body guard in the person of little William Higginbotham, her colored boy friend, who took such a shine to "Dot" that he did not want her out of his sight at any time when she was on the island. William kept close tabs on "Dot's" whereabouts and was elated when he had the privilege of carrying her hat with the tall blue plume, as she marched along at the head of the band twirling her baton. And William's eyes and teeth united in a real smile when he showed his little white hat upon which is inscribed: "Best wishes to William from Dot Slamin." The boys who cherish a baseball from Babe Ruth have nothing on William Higginbotham now.

When she came to Nantucket, "Dot" was suffering from a bad cold and was not feeling any too spruce while she was here, but no one knew anything about it except her father and one or two acquaintances. Her father, by the way, always accompanies his daughter on her trips and naturally he takes deep pride in her performances with the baton and a sense of genuine pleasure over the applause which she always receives. Miss Slamin is only eighteen years of age, but she has won all kinds of contests and holds the title of national champion girl drum major. This title she will defend at Miami next October, when the national convention of the American Legion is held there.

The 1935th Psalm.

Mr. Roosevelt is my shepherd. I am in want.
He maketh me to lie down on park benches and live on charity.
He leadeth me beside the still factories and is guiding this nation into the paths of destruction for the sake of the New Deal.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of depression I anticipate no recovery; for he is with me.
His policies and his diplomacies, they frighten me.
He prepareth a reduction in my salary according to the N. R. A., and in the presence of mine enemies.
He annointeth my income with taxes and my expenses runneth over.
Surely unemployment and poverty shall follow me all the days of my life.
And I shall dwell in a mortgaged house until we elect a new president.

AUGUST 24, 1935

"It Takes Great Strength To Live Where You Belong."

For more than a quarter of a century a slip of paper has rested beneath the glass on the top of the writer's desk. On it is written the following:

"It takes great strength to live where you belong
When other people think that you are wrong—
People you love and who love you
And whose approval is a pleasure you would choose.
To bear this pleasure and succeed at length
In living your belief—
Well—it takes strength!"

Those words were written by Charlotte Perkins Gilman many years ago, when she was in her prime and was one of America's foremost women writers. There is something in those words that has been an inspiration all these years, and for that reason, whenever the editorial desk was booked for an annual house-cleaning, the same slip of paper has always been returned to its place beneath the glass surface.

We never knew Charlotte Perkins Gilman personally, but we knew of her. For that reason when we read of her death in California this week, it seemed like the loss of a friend. The circumstances attending her passing were such that we append below the brief news dispatch:

Stately, white-haired Charlotte Perkins Gilman, one of the world's foremost women writers, killed herself Saturday and left an amazing memorandum "to promote wiser views on suicide."

The note, written on plain stationery, and signed by Mrs. Gilman, was entitled "A Last Duty" and contained a dramatic defense of the right to end life by suicide "when usefulness is over."

"Human life consists in mutual service," the note reads. "No grief, pain, misfortune or broken heart is excuse for cutting off one's life while power of service remains."

"But when all usefulness is over, when one is assured of an unavoidable and imminent death, it is the simplest of human rights, a quick and easy path in place of a slow and horrible one."

"Public opinion is changing on the subject. The time is approaching when we shall consider it abhorrent to our civilization to allow a human being to lie in prolonged agony which we should mercifully end in any other creature."

"Believing this choice to be of social service in promoting wise views on this question, I have preferred chloroform to cancer."

Nantucket.

O beautiful Isle of Nantucket,
Cast out in the wonderful sea,
There is none in the world more lovely
Nor glorious than thee.

Winding roads around you, lovely Isle,
Disclose hidden beauty everywhere;
Your wild flowers, moors and shining
lakes

Have charm beyond compare.

I love your narrow little streets
And homes so quaint and dear,
With millions of roses blooming,
Your dullest moments to cheer.

There never have been such sunsets,
Such skies of flaming hue,
With velvety purple, rose and pearl,
With pale and deep deep blue.

There never have been such moon-
beams

Casting their silvery light,
Protectingly over the harbor
Making daytime out of the night.

Bright skies be-sprinkled with stars,
And in the water of deepest blue,
The white boats stand phantom-like
With the moonlight streaming thru.

I love the glorious ocean
In its majesty so grand
With its towering breakers rolling in
Viewed from any point of the land.

Even your fogs, I love them
As they hang like a dripping veil
Till the wind wafts them gently sky-
ward

And the sun bursts forth again.

O precious gem of the ocean
You have won my heart and love
From the beautiful flowers that grow
all around

To the bright blue skies above.

I could travel the whole world over
And I'd find no sea so blue
No climate so perfect, no flowers so
rare,

As I find Nantucket in you.

Margaret E. Mivelaz.

Chicago, Ill.

July 18, 1930.

Gaughan to Nantucket.

From the Everett Gazette.

From Nantucket tho far out in the
sea, where they still sing "My Coun-
try Tis of Thee," we have received
a booklet with views of the Isle where
you can stay long or for a while, and
will agree that for a place to rest it
will be found to be surely the best, and
the trip by motor or rail and including
the sail will never fail.

Next week to that Isle will be
gaughan that man known to us as
Walter Vaughan and once again en-
joy with zest the place to which he
can attest will give you vigor and
vim and can always be in the swim.

New York Sun Has Its Daily "Boon-doggle."

The New York Sun is printing daily
its "Boon-doggle" under a special dis-
patch from the Sun Bureau at Wash-
ington. The "boon-doggles" are all
timely. Here's one of them:

Santa Claus.

(From the Sun's Own Mother Goose.)
(President Roosevelt has approved
the following project: Measure and
compute the areas and cubic contents
of buildings in Allegheny county,
Pennsylvania; Federal funds \$423,126
—WPA announcement.)

How blue is the ocean? How red is
the rose?

We have a notion that nobody knows.
And how many trees border those
thoroughfares?

We would suppose that nobody cares.
But we must find jobs that require
no labor

To win us the vote of our destitute
neighbor.

So what if this project does look kind
of funny?

Pittsburgh's a place where we ought
to spend money.

We'll measure the content both cubic
and square

Of all of the buildings in that county
there.

About half-a-million we think would
be right.

Merry Christmas to all, and to all a
good night.

James Whitcomb Riley, who wrote
a popular nonsensical family poem,
would probably appreciate the follow-
ing, which is another of the Sun's
"Boon-doggles"; Chic Sales will also
be delighted to hear that the Admin-
istration is to build so many thou-
sands of his famous structures.

Long after the Roosevelt adminis-
tration has left the center of the poli-
tical stage, fruits of its work relief
program will stand as monuments to
its memory. It may be a bit disturb-
ing, however, to realize that more
numerous than any others of these
monuments will be the plain, box-like
structures of the sort made famous
by Chic Sale that the government
plans to build behind farmhouses all
over the country.

In Colorado alone, the Public Health
Service and the WPA have united to
spend \$330,000 to construct 15,000 of
them in twenty-one counties. A few
days ago, State and county WPA pro-
jects No. 1 started a crew of fifty-one
men building them in Ashtabula coun-
ty, Ohio. Plans are for construction
of 1,200 at the rate of 100 a month;
the project provides for moderniza-
tion of existing ones if, for any rea-
son, the owners prefer to retain them.

Harrison county, Ohio, is going to
get some, too. The Cadiz Republican
reports the arrival of an official in
Cadiz to receive applications for pub-
lic funds up to \$125 for their con-
struction. He has an allotment to
allow for the building of 5,000 of
them, or almost exactly one for each
family in the county, which is the
richest per capita in Ohio.

"America—1935."

A subscriber has sent us the fol-
lowing "New Deal Model" of a popu-
lar song called "America."

My country, 'tis of thee,
Once land of liberty,
Of thee I sing,
Land of Doc Tugwell's pride,
Where Russian schemes are tried,
Till business all but died
And hope took wing.

My native country—say,
Land of the A. A. A.,
What's happened to thee?
Where once the farmer wrought,
Now he gets paid for naught;
(A cinch I've often sought
But ne'er could see).

Let music swell the breeze
Through that "Great Belt of Trees"
Frank once promised you.
I love thy shocks and chills,
Thy endless acts and bills—
Sure cures for all our ills—
Like H—, I do!

Our father, Franklin D.,
Whose promises so free
Increase our pain—
One pledge alone you've kept;
Of all your schemes inept
One the whole nation swept—
Brought "booze" again!

Here's another version of the same
popular song as presented in the Mia-
mi (Florida) Republican.

My country 'tis of thee
Where once was liberty
Of thee I sing.
Land of the super tax,
With debt honor lax,
Land of the smear attacks
And spendthrift ring.

My native country thee
Bound to monopoly,
Thy fate I dread.
I fear the coming tide
When waters high do ride
And unwise schools decide
What kind our bread.

Let music's sound be hushed
While freedom's being crushed,
Mute pleasure's song.
Let labor, it's honest sweat
Mortgaged for debt on debt
Make pause—till it may yet
Discern its wrong.

When Nantucket Blooms Again.

Nantucket, I can't imagine you
Covered with a sheet of snow.
I can picture just the gardens
Where the shrubs and flowers grow.
Just the winding lanes and pathways,
Arched with flowers of various hue.
Passing through, it seemed like Eden
gate

With the coming scenes in view.
Lovely nature, it is rest time
And tomorrow we shall know
How the leaves and buds are swelling
From their warm bed 'neath the snow.
The great golden clouds of springtime
Sending forth their sun and rain,
Will cheer our hearts with expectation
When Nantucket blooms again.

—Annie M. Andrews

210 High st., Springfield, Mass.

For The New Year.

"To labor rightly and earnestly is to walk in the golden track that leads to God. It is to adopt the fellowship of all the great and good the world has ever known."

Don't ever get the notion in your head that the boss will lose his business if you quit;
A lot of clever men are lying dead, but it hasn't stopped the world a little bit.
They can get along without you and they will—someone else will do your work without a doubt;
There's a little better plan—try to make yourself a man that the boss won't want to have to do without.

Though you're clever and you're smart and very quick, there are other clever fellows down the line;
Should you sail away to Europe or get sick, should you ever lose your temper and resign;
The old business will go jogging right along; other brains will quickly work the problem out;
Though the boss can fill your place, have him want to see your face—be the man he'd rather never be without.

Let the chief do all the boasting of your worth; keep a level head and go about your task;
There are many clever men who've trod the earth, of whom the world no longer stops to ask.
They can get along without you and they will—someone else can do your work beyond a doubt;
So don't strut around and boast; be the chap the boss wants most—be the one he doesn't want to do without.

—Anonymous.

Much Too Much.

Too many highways, too many cars,
Too many people behind the bars;
Too much poverty, too much wealth,
Too many people in ill health.

Too much politics, too much booze,
Too many wearing high-heeled shoes,
Too many spending their dough on gas,

Too much talking of Europe's sass.

Too many living beyond their means,
Too many buying canned corn and beans;

Too many sowing their crop of wild oats,

Too many candidates after the votes.

Too many hiring their washing done,
Too many playing bridge for fun;
Too many looking for Uncle Sam,
Too many people who don't give a damn.

Too many poets, too much prose,
Too many girls without underclothes;
Too much buying goods on time,
Too many people don't save a dime.

Too much ball, too much play,
Too many politicians on big pay;
Too much taxes, too much spent.
Too many folks spend every cent.

Too much fun, too much ease,
Too many rips in my B. V. D.'s;
Too much reform, too much law,
It's the darndest mess you ever saw.

—Centralia, Missouri, Guard.

"Gull Island."

In addition to our comment on the old Nantucket house known as "Gull Island," now the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Reed, the following further information has been handed us:

On an old photograph of "Gull Island," made in 1888, belonging to Miss Louise McDonald, of Glen Falls, N. Y., is a notation made by her mother in the same year (1888.)

"The Thomas Gardner Sr. house on Gull Island," says Uncle Edmund Gardner, "was built for my grandfather in 1736, and my father, Thomas Jr. lived and died there in 1830, aged about ninety-four years. Capt. (my mother's uncle) Charles Gardner, refitted and modernized it sometime between 1823 and 1826. The house is now owned by Isaac Riddell, son of my mother's sister, Eunice G. Riddell."

Issac Riddell's mother, according to the records, was a Sisson and a granddaughter of Thomas Gardner Jr., so the descent to the Riddell's was passed down in the family for at least seven generations. Ralph Riddell, the grandson of Isaac, sold it a few years ago.

From Roosevelt to Roosevelt.

According to Richard L. Jervis, former chief of the White House Secret Service detail, the late Calvin Coolidge had the greatest sense of humor of the seven Presidents "from Roosevelt to Roosevelt".

"He didn't want us to tell him anything about the workings of the White House," said Jervis. "If we tried to he resented it, so we left him alone to do his own finding out.

"Back from an early morning walk one day, his eye fell on an alarm button on the front porch of the White House. I said nothing, remembering that the President wanted to find out things for himself.

"Feigning he was tired, he leaned against the button and pressed it. His solemn, immobile expression unchanged, he walked hurriedly into the house and from behind the living room curtains peeked out and saw two policemen come tearing across the lawn, survey the scene and, finding no one there, return to the guard house.

"He pushed the button two more times, and each time he would, without change of expression, watch the excitement that resulted."

Mr. Jervis didn't hesitate when asked who was the greatest fisherman of them all. It was President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

His thumbnail impressions of other executives:

Theodore Roosevelt: "Loved a good fight; a truly great American."

William Howard Taft: "Greatest traveler of all the Presidents."

Woodrow Wilson: "Most regal of all; he made kings look like commoners."

Warren G. Harding: "A good man; cruelly slandered."

Herbert Hoover: "Perhaps the most studious."

Lullaby.

Sleep, little baby, sleep while you may,
Daddy is down at the corner today;
He is feeling quite gay
A-spending the bonus
That baby must pay.
And at the election
He is dead sure to vote
A few billion more bonds
That make baby the goat.
What's a thousand millions?
Why not make it trillions?
Step straight to decillions?
An astronomer hire
Who writes figures higher,
That will make baby remember his
Sire.

Lullaby!

For the BUSY BUSINESS MAN

WHY MEN FAIL.

There is a cause for everything! Nothing ever "just happens." If a man is promoted to a better job, there is a cause. If a man loses his job there is also a cause.

There are many causes that lead to failure. Here is a list of the most common causes:

Finding fault with the other fellow, but never seeing your own.

Doing as little as possible and trying to get as much as possible for it.

Spending too much time showing up the other fellow's weak points and too little time correcting your own.

Slandering those we do not like.

Procrastination—putting off until tomorrow something that we should have done day before yesterday.

Deceit—talking friendly to the other fellow's face and stabbing him in the back as soon as he turns around.

False belief that we are smart enough to reap a harvest of pay before sowing a crop of honest service.

Disloyalty to those who have trusted us.

Egotism—the belief that we know it all and no one can teach us anything.

Last, but not least, lack of the necessary train-

ing and education to enable us to stand at the head in our line of work.

Look this list over and check yourself up by it. If none of these causes for failure apply to you, then you are to be congratulated, because you are a success.

CAUSES OF LOST TRADE.

The grocer who is so expert in guessing weights that he can go to a remote part of the store for a pound of anything and return to the scale with exactly sixteen ounces.

The shoe clerk who tries to sell a shoe which he thinks the customer's foot ought to fit, instead of selling a shoe that fits the customer's foot.

A tank of milky, luke warm, oily water in which a soda fountain clerk washes the glasses and then dries them on what looks like a dust cloth.

The radio dealer who talks a great deal about variometers, grill leaks, and kilo cycles and makes radio seem too mysterious and dangerous for the average person.

The butcher who weighs meat on scales that are greasy and unclean.

The dealer who will not comply with the guarantee under which he sold an article.

Dante remarked that "he who knows most grieves most for wasted time." He would grieve himself to death around some shops today.

Every failure teaches a man something if he will learn.



The Ocean House when it was first used as a summer hotel. In those days the hotel had blinds which were always kept closed in order to keep out the sunlight—and flies and mosquitoes, also, for it was before windows were screened. There was no piazza, just a stately brick building with an iron fence in front. This picture was taken upon the occasion of the visit of President Grant in August, 1874. The President is standing in front of the entrance, wearing white trousers and vest and a frock coat.

The Good Old Days.

An interesting document was brought to light during the celebration of the eightieth anniversary of the founding of the Carson Pirie Scott & Co. store in Chicago. Someone in that organization had preserved the rules for employees of their first store which read as follows:

"Store must be opened from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m. the year around.

"Store must be swept; counters, base shelves and show cases dusted. Lamps trimmed, filled and chimneys cleaned; pens made; doors and windows opened; a pail of water, also a bucket of coal brought in before breakfast (if there is time to do so) and attend to customers who call.

"Store must not be opened on the Sabbath unless necessary, and then only for a few minutes.

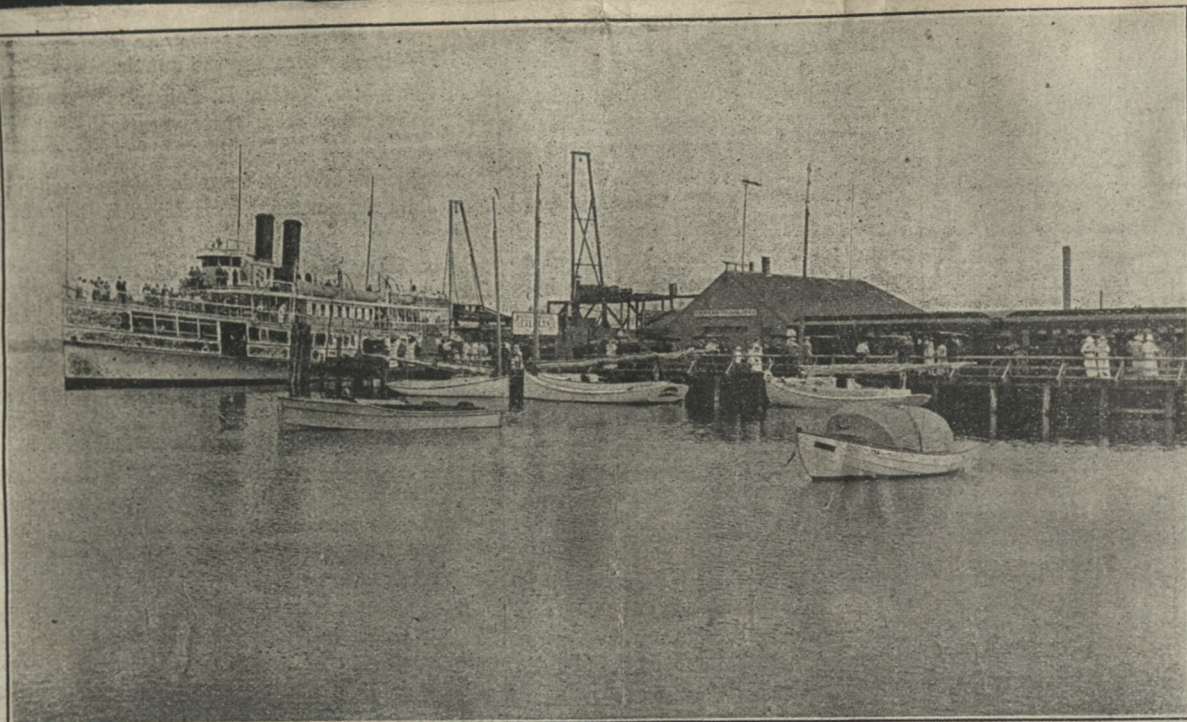
"The employee who is in the habit of smoking Spanish cigars, being shaved at the barber's, going to dances and other places of amusement, will surely give his employer reason to be suspicious of his integrity and honesty.

"Each employee must pay not less than \$5.00 per year to the church and must attend Sunday School regularly.

"Many employees are given one evening a week for courting and two if they go to prayer meeting.

"After 14 hours of work in the store, the leisure hours should be spent most in reading."

Who was it heard sighing for "the good old days?"



THE ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER SANKATY IN 1911.

When the ill-fated steamer Sankaty arrived at Nantucket in 1911, the little train of the Nantucket-Sconset Railroad was on the wharf to greet her. A coal-bin at that time located on the end of the dock, with a small freight-shed, and the steamers had their berth on the south side.



A GROUP OF BOATMEN ON STEAMBOAT WHARF THIRTY YEARS AGO WHEN THE "BASIN" WAS THE RENDEZVOUS FOR A FINE FLEET OF CATBOATS.

From left to right—Frederick W. Coffin, Benjamin B. Pease, Charles W. Cash, Horace Cash, Judah Nickerson, Orin K. Coffin, Enos Sylvaro, Timothy M. Dunham, Marcus E. Howes, Edward Burdett. (This picture was taken thirty years ago—in 1899. All have since passed on except Charles W. Cash and Orin Coffin).



A GROUP OF CHILDREN ATTENDING THE SOUTH SCHOOL IN 1902.

Top Row (left to right)—Lawrence Raymond, Ralph Murray, Adrian Norcross, Joseph Galotte, Harold Main, Bertram Morris, Byron L. Sylvaro (deceased), Carl Wyer, Jesse Dunham.

Second Row (left to right)—Antone Mendence, Frederick M. McCleave, Elizabeth McCleave (deceased), Antone Souza, Mary Souza, Lelia Williams, Gordon Chase, John Folger (deceased), ————— (not recalled) Francis Wilkes (deceased), George Reith.

Third Row (left to right)—John Thomas (deceased) Beatrice Wyer, Sherburne Sandsbury, Harold Whelden, Lionel Rhea Butler (deceased), Edith Dunham, Mary Mendonca, LaVerne Barrett, Annie Main, Irene Fisher.

Front Row (left to right)—Clair Butler (deceased), Barbara Bickerstaff, Inez Thomas (deceased), Margaret Folger, Christine Sylvia, John Rae, Lena Stevens, Alice Ayers, Lesbia Thomas, Leroy Ellis, Bernice Creasey, Lloyd Creasey.

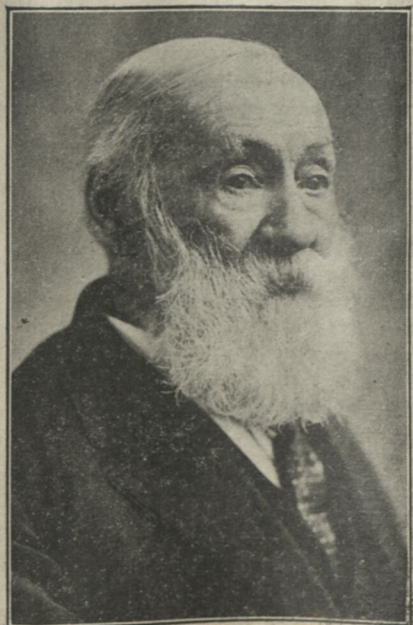
In this group of school children of 1902 appear the two boys who gave up their lives in the service of their country in 1918. Byron L. Sylvaro was killed in action in France, July 21, 1918. Francis Wilkes was drowned when the U. S. S. Tampa was torpedoed by the Germans in European waters, September 26, 1918. John Folger was also in service over-seas, and died in 1920.

Twelve other boys in the group were in service during the World War, namely: Adrian Norcross, Harold Main, Bertram Morris, Carl Wyer, Jesse Dunham, Frederick McCleave, Gordon Chase, George Reith, Sherburne Sandsbury, Harold Whelden, Lloyd Creasey, Leroy Ellis.

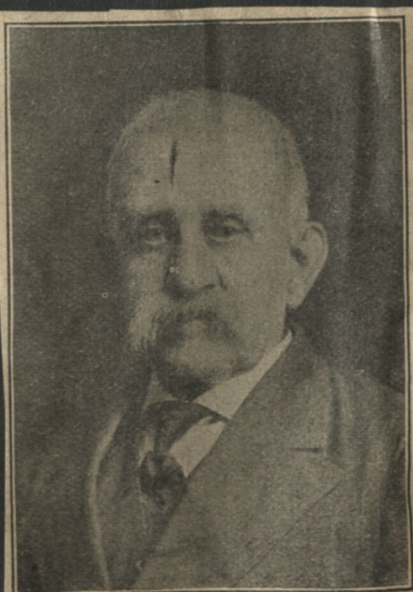
Five other members of the class who were not in the picture were: Grace Butler, Lawrence Ayers, Carlton West, Lydia Burdick and Fanny Fisher.

The photograph was taken by Boyer.

Photo by Boyer



Mrs. Brown



The Late Charles H. Davis



THE LATE MISS EMMA F. WYER.

From a photograph taken in her prime as a teacher, as she will be best recalled by many of our readers.



A GROUP OF GRAND ARMY VETERANS TWENTY YEARS AGO.

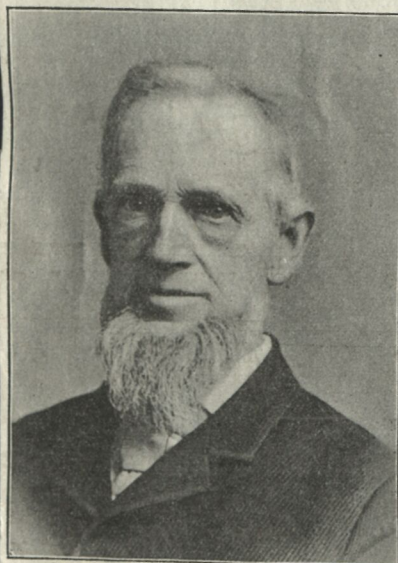
Front row (left to right)—Benjamin B. Burdick, Charles— M. Crocker, Charles Hyde, John R. Raymond, George A. Backus, Peter Hoy, Frederick H. Barney, Samson D. Pompey, Franklin B. Murphey.

Second row—Edward H. Wing, Josiah F. Murphey, James H. Wood, Sr., James H. Barrett, Alfred F. Ray, Josiah A. Young, Benjamin A. Coffin, Edward C. Bennett, Hiram W. Reed, Henry F. Fisher.

Rear row—G. Howard Winslow, William A. Barrett, George Dolby (associate), Horace Spencer (son of veteran). At extreme left—George Fisher (son of veteran). At extreme right—Valentine Small.

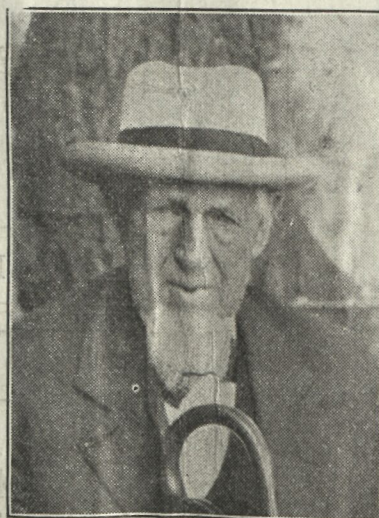
The three veterans who are still living are Josiah F. Murphey, James H. Wood, Sr., and James H. Barrett (who happened to be standing side by side in this picture taken in 1909), had a group picture taken by Boyer on Wednesday afternoon.

PASSING OF NANTUCKET'S OLDEST MALE RESIDENT



JOHN W. COOK

From a photo taken during his later years as a baker.



JOHN W. COOK

From a photo taken in 1930 when he was sitting on one of the Main street benches.



JOHN W. COOK

From a photo taken in November, 1932, outside of the polling place after he had voted for President the 20th time.

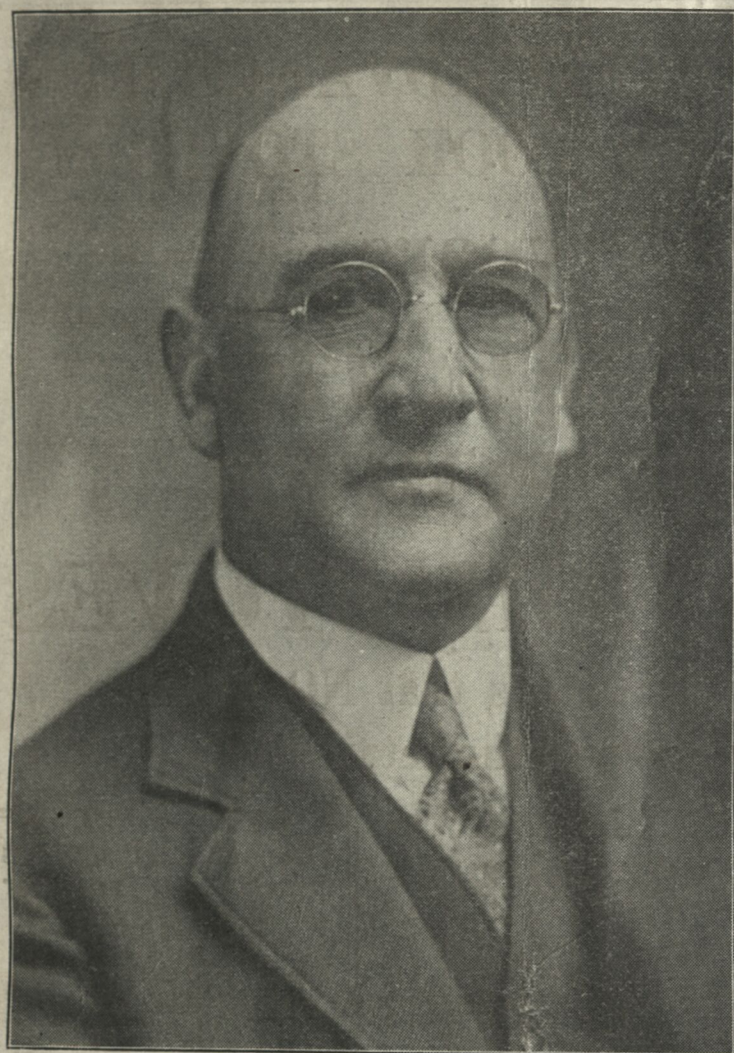
AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS., SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 8, 1929

year 1929
NANTUCKET'S THREE SURVIVING G. A. R. VETERANS



THE THREE LAST GRAND ARMY VETERANS OF NANTUCKET.

Comrades Josiah F. Murphey (age 86), James H. Barrett (age 84) and James H. Wood, Sr. (age 83) as they stood before Boyer's camera for this group picture on the day before Memorial Day.



THE LATE ARTHUR WESTGATE JONES.

Photo by Boyer.



The Late Miss Sarah Bunker Winslow on the arm of her friend, Austin Strong, upon the occasion of one of the hospital fetes.

Death of Sarah Bunker Winslow.

Miss Sarah Bunker Winslow, who passed away Monday night at the Nantucket Hospital, where she had been a patient several weeks, was the daughter of Capt. Perry Winslow, a Nantucket whaling captain. She was a lady admired by all, a typical Nantucketer, precise, demure, delightfully reminiscent, and always interested in her island home.

She was a regular attendant of the Congregational church, being one of its oldest members. She was also a member of Sherburne Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star.

She is survived by her older brother, John M. Winslow, and by two nieces, Miss Mabel Winslow and Miss Maude Winslow, all resident in Nantucket.

Funeral services were held at her late home on Centre street, Thursday afternoon, conducted by Rev. E. W. Pond, pastor of the Congregational church.



JOHN W. COOK. 1929
Nantucket's Oldest Male Resident
Ninety-five Years Young.



May 19th 1935 Married 64 years

MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS., SATU



MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL P. PITMAN
Married 64 years last Sunday.

Married Sixty-four Years Last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel P. Pitman on Sunday last observed the sixty-fourth anniversary of their marriage. They are the oldest married couple in Nantucket and both are hale and hearty, enjoying life together and taking pleasure in the association of their son and daughter, and of their grandchildren and great-grand-children. They have a host of friends who extend to them sincere felicitations upon rounding out so many happy years as husband and wife—a span of years seldom reached by married couples.

They were married in New Bedford sixty-four years ago last Sunday, where the groom was then employed. The record on file in the office of the city clerk there reads as follows:

Married, in this city, May 19, 1871, by the Rev. B. S. Batchelor, Samuel P. Pitman, age 22, and Abbie T. Tripp, age 18.

La Jolla, On The Pacific.

One of the most impressive places we visited during our trip to California this spring was the little town of La Jolla (pronounced La Holyer). Its streets are beautiful, its houses entrancing, and the general atmosphere of the place one which leaves a lasting impression.

La Jolla is situated about 15 miles northwest of San Diego and overlooks the Pacific ocean. It is a seaside resort, mainly residential, but with a small amount of farming and dairying as a side issue. Anyone who has been to La Jolla comes away with keen admiration for the beauties of the little town. Perhaps Ellanore J. Parker gave the best description of the place when she wrote as follows:

Serene and beautiful is little La Jolla.

Its rocks are fairy rocks, with thousands of tiny seashells of myriad colors and designs.

Old Father Time loves the quaint little place, finger on lip he whispers "Linger awhile beside this wave-kissed shore."

All about the little clinging houses are gardens, and flowers are sweeter for the salty dews that come to them at eventide.

Blooms, red and glowing, lean against a house of pearly white, the grass is emerald green, and laughing children are playing in the sun.

Winter comes softly to La Jolla. No stern tyrant is she to her favorite, resting there upon the shore in dreamy contentment.

Summer touches La Jolla with sweet, warm winds and murmurs, "I loved you less were I more ardent."

Like a fabled place is little La Jolla, care seems to slip away as if it found no welcome there.

The laughing waters fill little pools in the rocks, and mermaids, stealing landward in the moonlight, sing songs of the sea.

They sing of the long-ago days when the children of the red men came to play upon the shore. They sing of the nights when the red glow of the camp fire flung ruby lights upon the rocks far out to sea, when Indian brave and Indian maid stood in the silver radiance of the moonbeams whispering their vows.

They sing the song of the Pacific where the laughing waters play and men grow nearer to the sea; the sea, with its never-ending drama of calling men from the lure of the land.

Some unusual trees are thus described in a recent magazine: The fastest growing tree is the eucalyptus; the lightest is the ambach of Egypt; the oldest is a cypress in Mexico, at least 6,000 years old; the tallest are Australian gum trees, some 500 feet in height; the most massive are the giant Sequoias of California.

ING, OCTOBER 12, 1935

Pastors of the Methodist Church on Nantucket.

To settle an argument, we were asked over the 'phone Wednesday evening, whether Rev. Samuel M. Beale or George E. Brightman was pastor of the Methodist church in Nantucket in 1890. The names of the various pastors of the Nantucket churches do not appear in "Argument Settlers", but it was quite easy to settle this particular argument because neither Beale nor Brightman was pastor in 1890, but a clergyman named Angelo Canoll. It may be of interest to mention the names of the pastors of the Methodist church in Nantucket, just as a matter of record. Here they are:

| | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| Wm. Beauchamp | S. W. Coggeshall |
| Joseph Wells | M. P. Alderman |
| Joseph Shane | James A. Dean |
| Joshua Soule | Asa N. Bodfish |
| Freeman Bishop | W. H. Stetson |
| Joshua Crowell | C. S. Macreading |
| Alfred Metcalf | Wm. H. Jones |
| Nehemiah Cay | William H. Starr |
| Jordan Rexford | G. A. Morse |
| William Stevens | B. K. Bosworth |
| Elijah Hedding | S. E. Evans |
| Philip Munger | C. N. Hinckley |
| John Lindsay | C. E. Walker |
| William Marsh | Richard Burn |
| John W. Hardy | A. L. Dearing |
| Timothy Merritt | Merrick Ransom |
| Asa Kent | Frank Bowler |
| Isaac Bonney | A. M. Osgood |
| Leonard Frost | Geo. Brightman |
| Daniel Fillmore | Angelo Canoll |
| B. F. Lambord | Samuel M. Beal |
| Daniel Webb | J. L. Hill |
| Herschel Foster | R. J. Floody |
| Darius Barker | J. N. Geisler |
| B. F. Sanford | R. J. Kellogg |
| David Wells | D. C. Ridgeway |
| Thomas Pierce | O. M. Martin |
| John Lovejoy | C. A. Lockwood |
| John Lord | J. O. Rutter |
| John T. Burrill | Arthur J. Jolly |
| Stephen Lovell | Benj. F. Raynor |
| E. W. Stickney | Richard Wilkins |
| David Patten | David Thatcher |
| Daniel Wise | Dwight Nelson |
| E. B. Bradford | J. B. Ackley |
| William Livesey | J. Montgomery |
| J. B. Husted | Kate Cooper |
| Micah J. Talbot | Carl B. Johnson |
| N. P. Philbrook | Geo. S. Brown |
| John Cooper | Raymond Spears |
| E. H. Hatfield | |

The first Methodist service was held on Nantucket, April 6, 1797, when Rev. Jesse Lee visited the island. The church was organized here under the guidance of Rev. William Beauchamp, who was also a school teacher. There were nineteen charter members. The first Methodist meetings were held on Mill Hills. The salary of the first minister was \$80 per year. Four families assumed the responsibility for boarding him. The first church building was on Fair street, which was dedicated January 1, 1800.

Stamps Tell Their Stories In Unique Manners.

British Guiana in 1898, and again in 1934, issued a postage stamp showing a picture of Kaieteur Falls—an Indian name meaning "The Old Man Falls"—situated on the Potaro River, a tributary of the Essequibo River, which flows over a sandstone conglomerate tableland into a deep valley below. It makes a descent of 822 feet in all, 741 feet of which is a perpendicular column. The head of the falls is 1130 feet above sea level.

The name "Old Man Falls" is said to be derived from the "pleasant" practice the neighboring Indians formerly had of sending their old people over the falls when they were too old to be of further use.

They are so difficult of access that not more than a hundred white persons have ever seen them, yet they rank with the world's greatest scenic wonders.

When Prof. Ignatz Moscicki was elected President of Poland, in 1926, the inauguration ceremonies were delayed for two days because he didn't have a dress suit. Later indications were that he was sorry he ever found one.

In addition to the political troubles of his country, the Presidency turned out to be a sort of golden cage that kept him from his beloved chemistry, a field of work that brought him fame in his native land long before he entered the political arena. For years he was a professor of electro-chemistry and electro-physics in Swiss universities. Later he capitalized some of his learning and organized large factories for the manufacture of synthetic fertilizers, made from his own patents.

His motive for accepting the nomination was said to be only his deep respect and admiration for his friend, Marshal Pilsudski, who thrust him forward for the office so he might retain the substance of the power of the Presidency for himself.

You will find excellent portraits of both President Moscicki and Marshal Pilsudski on the stamps of Poland dating since 1926.

(Next time we will tell you the story of Cernavoda Bridge, the physician Aesculapius and the mythological Garuda. These stories come to you through the courtesy of Weekly Philatelic Gossip, Holton, Kansas, the stamp collector's magazine.)



THE JUNIOR RED CROSS GIRLS OF 1917.

Rear Row—Marjorie Barrett, Thelma Coffin, Norine Dunham.
 Second Row—Louise Mack, Florence Worth, Josephine Deacon*, Marie Dickson*, Harriet Deacon.
 Front Row—Frances Thomas, Lois McCleave, Gertrude Dunham, Margaret Dunham, Dorothy Gardner.

*Deceased.

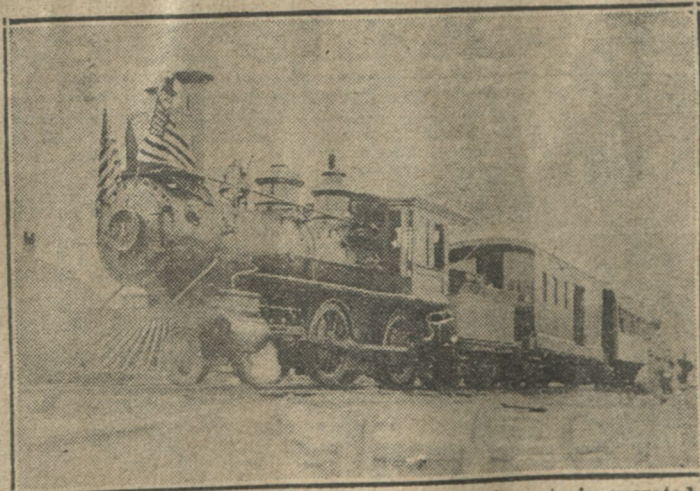
"Nantucket.

Oh little 'land where I
 have been nestled in the deep,
 I love your cobbled quaint old street,
 your heather moor's broad wide sweep.
 Your long white beach that's circumscribed
 'neath the cliffs that meet the tide.
 The oldest house a-sitting
 upon its lonely hill
 gave many a summer tourist
 another added thrill.
 Sankaty Light surmounting
 a high forbidding cliff,
 its helping beam a-shining
 through the cold gray mist.
 Your fishing fleet not large
 but neat,
 a credit to your men,
 who try their hardest to
 compete with other fishermen.
 Oh little 'land where I
 have been nestled in the deep,
 I love your cobbled quaint old street,
 your heather moor's broad wide sweep.
 I love to watch the gulls drifting
 o'er the bay, and wish that I might
 always stay, in this dream spot far
 away.

—By Raymond F. Kozen, Jr.

[Grandson of Mrs. Mary A. Bodell,
 former summer resident of Nantucket
 for many years.]

Train Ran at Nantucket



NANTUCKET, April 16. (Special)—The last steam train operated on Nantucket Island by the Central Railroad company until 1917. The trains ran between Siasconset, Surfside and Nantucket. The service was introduced about 40 years ago and was used mainly for sight-seeing tours. When the company liquidated, the locomotive, in the picture, was shipped to France where it was used for narrow gauge work during the World War. The freight car, attached to the coal tender, was sold to the Coffin brothers, Siasconset, and is now used for a hen coop. The rear car was purchased by Eugene Burgess, Nantucket, and moved to its present location on Lower Main street. It has since been converted into a lunch car, operated by C. W. Allen, Nantucket. Philip H. Folger was superintendent of the Nantucket Railroad company line and Eugene Wyer was brakeman.

A friend of the Post was motoring between Winchester and Medford the other day, when he observed a bit of poetry on a paper on the door of Walter A. Perry's filling station. My correspondent copied it, as follows:

FILLING STATION BLUES
 This one comes for water,
 This one comes for air,
 This one wants directions—
 I'm no millionaire.

That one wants the rest room.
 This one wants a stamp.
 That one seeks a pleasant
 Spot where he can camp.

All the local idlers
 Decorate my stools.
 All the local grafters
 Utilize my tools.

Many cars go speeding
 O'er the road like glass—
 Maybe—some day—someone
 Will drive in for gas!

"To the Editor of the Post:

"Sir—Some time ago, I believe you mentioned something about mint marks on coins. Where are these marks usually placed on the coins?"

Mint marks are found under the wreath on Indian Head cents; under the date on Lincoln cents; under the period at the left of CENTS on Liberty head nickles; under the FIVE CENTS on Buffalo nickles; under the value or under the wreath on dimes, from 1916, on, at left of faces. On quarters the mint marks are found under the eagle; or quarters after 1916, at the left of the date, and on quarters after 1932, under the eagle. The Philadelphia mint coins do not have any mint marks. The San Francisco, Calif., mint mark is an S. The Denver, Colo., mint mark is a D.

Passing of Dr. John S. Grouard a Community Loss.

It is with genuine regret that we record the passing of Dr. John Shackford Grouard, the leading physician of Nantucket and a man well-known and highly esteemed by all—both residents and summer visitors. Doctor Grouard underwent a critical surgical operation on the gall bladder in a Boston Hospital on Wednesday of last week, and although it was realized that his condition was serious, everybody hoped for the best and reports on Saturday were quite encouraging. A change for the worst came on Sunday, however, and he passed away early Tuesday morning.

Doctor Grouard gave thirty-six of the best years of his life to Nantucket. He came here in 1891 and started practising his profession, a graduate from Harvard Medical School. In the years that have passed he has been eminently successful and was well-known throughout New England in the medical profession, generally acknowledged to be a skillful physician and surgeon.

From the day when he first "hung out his shingle" and opened an office on North Water street his interests and his best efforts have been for Nantucket and its people. His was a labor of love and duty. He was devoted to his life-work and never shirked his responsibilities in any way. He knew Nantucket and in knowing it he took pride in its development, always giving his best efforts to help along any public movement.

A lover of mankind and a willing helper, he was often appealed to for assistance, for advice and encouragement, and he never refused to help a deserving person, whether the young man desirous of establishing a home for himself or the one anxious to start out in business; or a lone woman or elderly person who felt the need of counsel from some one who could be trusted and who would prove a real friend. Doctor Grouard was always the friend as well as the physician, and many there are who will miss him sadly.

During the thirty-six years he has lived here, he has done much for Nantucket. He was unquestionably the man who was responsible for the Nantucket Cottage Hospital, which stands as it is today an institution which the island is proud of. Doctor Grouard worked early and late in bringing the hospital project to a head and in recent years his skill as a physician and surgeon has been exemplified there continually.

He was especially interested in the young people—was a great lover of children, and took pride in watching them grow and develop under his care. And the children not only liked, but loved him, for he always acknowledged their greetings with a smile, regardless of his own feelings or the burdens of his profession. During the long term of years when he was on the school board he always urged the cause of education, worked for better and larger schools, more efficiency in the teaching force, and with a desire to provide the children of Nantucket with all the advantages possible.

Those who were intimately acquainted with Doctor Grouard cherished his friendship, for beneath the serious countenance there was always a smile lurking, there was always the

cheery word of companionship, the interested query, the desire to discuss town, state or national affairs. He was never too busy to interest himself in matters outside of his profession and at all times kept closely in touch with the big events of the day.

During his career he travelled extensively and made several trips abroad in order that he might learn from other physicians and surgeons and thus be of greater help to mankind and bring the people of Nantucket the benefit of his experience. He made of his profession a labor of love and helpfulness, and although successful in every way, he often set aside the more material things in life in his efforts to be of service to someone less fortunate than himself. His passing is a distinct loss to Nantucket.

* * * *

John Shackford Grouard was born in Alleghany, Penn., on the 1st of March, 1867. He was the son of John H. and Amelia M. Grouard, his father being a physician who was practising in Alleghany at the time. Early in life he expressed the desire to become a physician like his father and after obtaining a public school education he entered Phillips Exeter Academy. Upon graduating from there in 1886 he entered the Harvard Medical School, completing his studies there in 1889. He then pursued his studies in Boston hospitals and in 1891 came to Nantucket and opened a practice, for thirty-six years ministering to the island people and sharing with them their joys and sorrows as only the family physician can.

For many years he filled the position of medical examiner for Nantucket county, became president of the Nantucket Athletic Club, president of the Nantucket Civic League and president of the Citizens' Gas, Electric & Power Company, in all of which offices he served with marked ability.

He served on the School Board many years, the greater part of the time as chairman, and when advancing the cause of education always had the courage of his convictions, holding the admiration of his associates, the esteem of the faculty and the friendship of the school children.

By politics he was ever a devout Democrat and a warm admirer of the late President Wilson and his policies. In religion he was of the Episcopal faith. As a citizen he was true, optimistic and progressive. As a man he was a man—every inch of him.

The deceased is survived by his widow, Ruth Loring, and by an adopted son, Leonard B. Grouard.

According to his request, his body was cremated, the ashes being taken to the family lot at Exeter for interment. Funeral services were held at Mount Auburn Chapel at 1.00 o'clock Thursday afternoon, and, as the deceased requested, his Masonic brethren in Nantucket assembled in Masonic Hall at the same hour and paid fitting tribute to the memory of the departed. The business places of the town were closed during that hour as a mark of respect to his memory.

He was not only a member of Union Lodge, F. & A. M., but also of Isle of the Sea Royal Arch Chapter, in which he had served as High Priest; also of Sutton Commandery, Knights Templars, of New Bedford.

Jan. 15, 1919: Boston

Editor's Note: One of America's strangest tragedies startled the nation 40 years ago today. It was the day 21 people drowned in molasses on the streets of Boston.

By DICK SINNOTT
Associated Press
Newsfeatures Writer

BOSTON, Jan. 15. — It was Wednesday, Jan. 15, 1919. Clocks

in Boston's busy North End. The temperature hovered at the freezing mark. There was a hint of snow in the air.

The everyday bustle of activity echoed along Commercial Street, the North End's cluttered avenue of trucks, autos, bicycles, and peddler's wagons.

A group of children romped beneath a huge tank—58 feet high, 98 feet wide—that towered over the Purity Distilling Com-

million gallons. A guard stood 100 feet away. The street toward the Electric Railway Worcester houses.

Conductors. A train clattered overhead track. Elevated Railroad. Charlestown. It waved down the

Paul James Michetti, Jan. 15, 1958.
Paula Stafford, Jan. 4, 1957



At public exercises held in Athenaeum Hall, Wednesday evening, September 17, 1919, the Town of Nantucket presented a ship's bell to the U. S. S. Nantucket of the Massachusetts Nautical School.

Arthur E. Butler, Jan. 3, 1921
Theron T. Coffin, Jan. 13, 1922
Mildred J. Morris, Jan. 8, 1923



Who?
St. Grouse
where
came to
tucket

Jan. 15, 1919: Boston Molasses Flood Kills 21

Editor's Note: One of America's strangest tragedies started the nation 40 years ago today. It was the day 21 people drowned in molasses on the streets of Boston.

By DICK SINNOTT
Associated Press
Newsfeatures Writer

BOSTON, Jan. 15. — It was Wednesday, Jan. 15, 1919, over the Purity Distilling Company. It contained almost 2½ million gallons of molasses.

A guard they frolicked down the street toward the Bay State Electric Railway and Boston and Worcester Railway freight houses.

Conductor Waves

A train clacked by on the overhead tracks of the Boston Elevated Railway, bound for Charlestown. The conductor waved down to firemen at En-

gine 31 fire house. The clocks' hands moved on toward 12:30.

Mothers beckoned children to lunch. One, Mary DiStasio, 11, ran back to take another look at the awesome molasses tank.

A city laborer, Michael Sennott, sat down to lunch with five companions in the nearby public works yard. He munched on a ham sandwich.

It was 12:31. A moment later, with only a muffled rumble as warning, the great molasses tank erupted.

An almost inconceivable tidal wave of sticky, black liquid spewed over two city blocks with such force it hurled trucks against buildings and crumpled houses.

Husky teamsters, attempting to flee the fluid fury, slipped, rose, slipped again, and were engulfed.

The bursting tank hurled bands of steel over the area. Some smashed against the elevated's uprights, splintering them. Train service was halted between the nine-mile stretch of Charlestown to Hyde Park.

A dozen horses attempting to flee were swallowed up in the slithering mass.

The fire house collapsed, trapping two firemen. Comrades rescued them after two hours.

15 Feet Deep

At one point the molasses ran 15 feet deep. Police, firemen, and sailors from the Charlestown Naval Yard, attempting rescues, had to be rescued themselves.

Firemen tried to hose down the neighborhood only to find that water and molasses combined into an even more difficult enemy. They could only wait for the syrup to settle.

At 3 p. m., rescue teams and police were able to determine the toll.

Little Mary DiStasio's body was found beneath four feet of molasses. The public works yard was a blanket of molasses. Sennott and his companions were dead.

In all, 21 persons perished, 40 were injured, and the damage ran to millions. Families who fled to upper

floors to escape the fluid's wrath remained for days prisoners in their own homes. They couldn't go downstairs, nor could they look out the molasses coated windows.

The next day an investigation began. It ended officially six years later.

Lawyers for 125 plaintiffs charged the company had constructed a faulty tank, that it was not designed to hold more than two million gallons.

The company claimed it was the victim of anarchists, that a bomb had been placed in the vat. They produced professors from Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology who testified the tank was sound.

Blames Public

But Municipal Court Chief Justice Wilfred Bolster blamed the public for the disaster. In his inquest report he said:

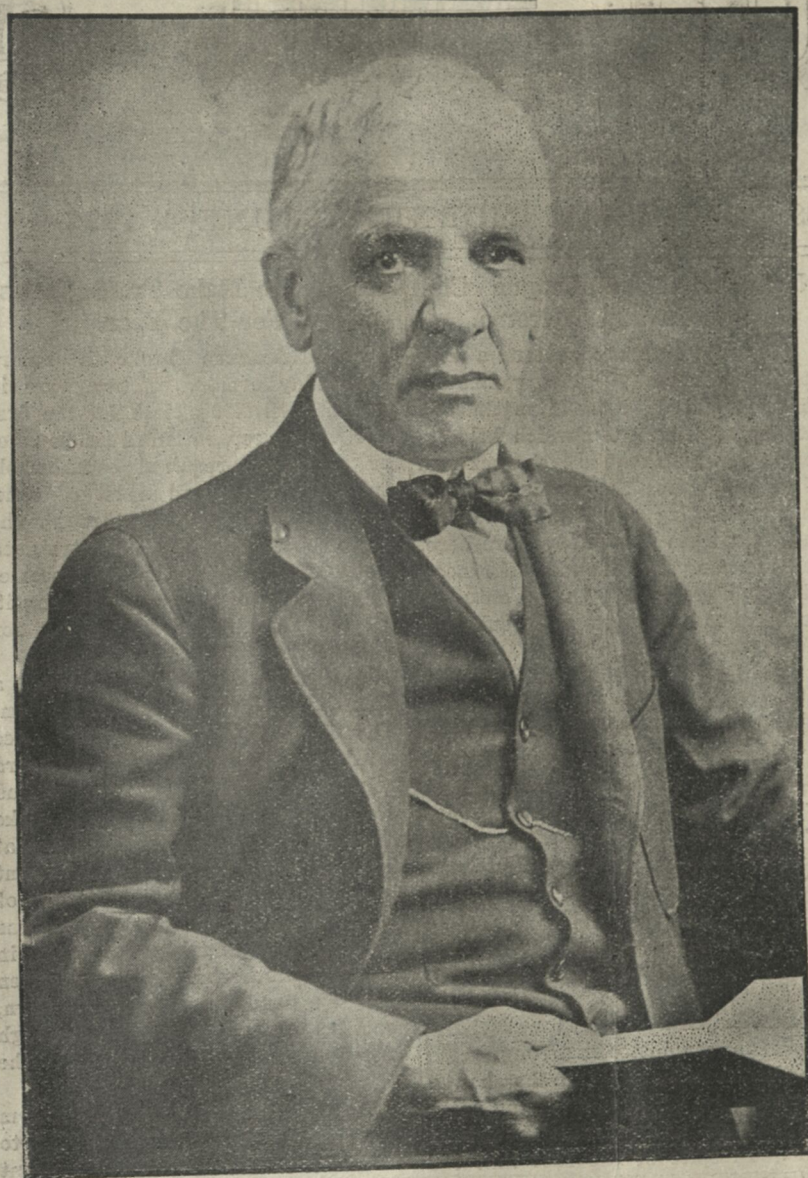
"There was no supervision of the construction of this gigantic steel tank. The plans went through the building department and persons passing on them were incompetent to determine structural steel construction."

"As long as the public keeps one eye on the tax rate and provides itself with an administrative department only 50 per cent qualified, it has no right to complain if it does not get 100 per cent protection and production."

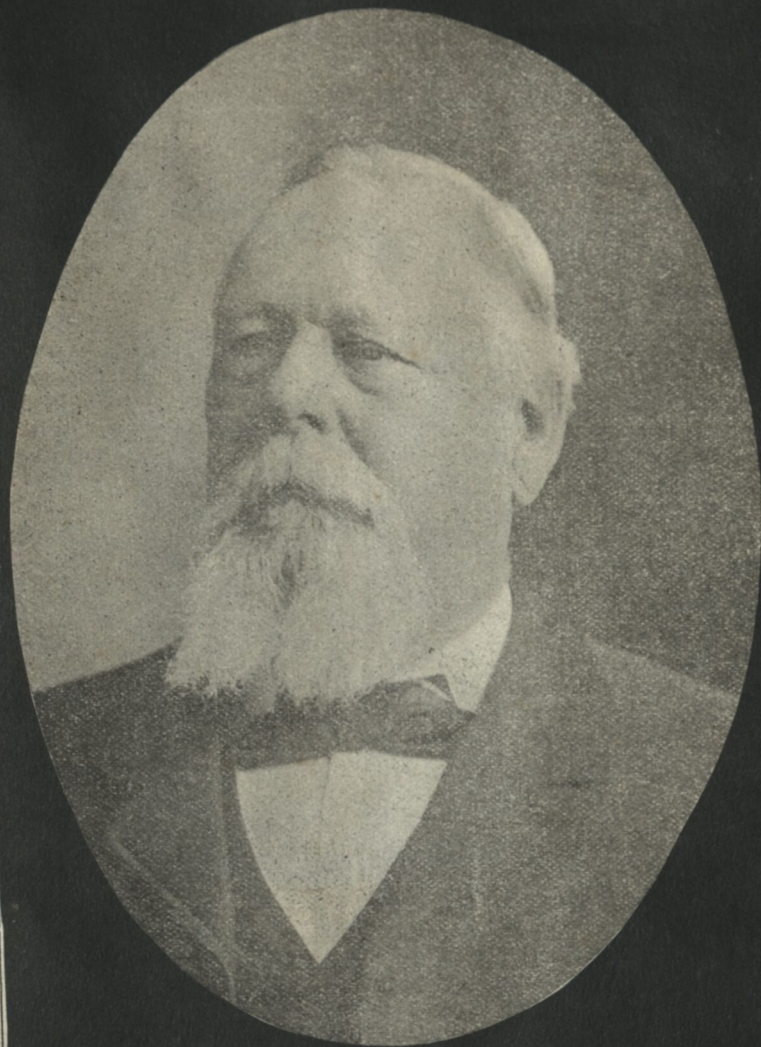
On April 28, 1925, after a 10-month trial during which 3,000 witnesses were heard, the plaintiffs agreed to settle the case for \$1,024,000.



AP Wirephoto.
RUINS OF THE GREAT MOLASSES FLOOD—Ruins of molasses tank containing 2½ million gallons of molasses which erupted Jan. 15, 1919, killing 21, injuring 40, and causing damages in the millions.



THE LATE DR. J. S. GROUARD *Photo by Boyer*

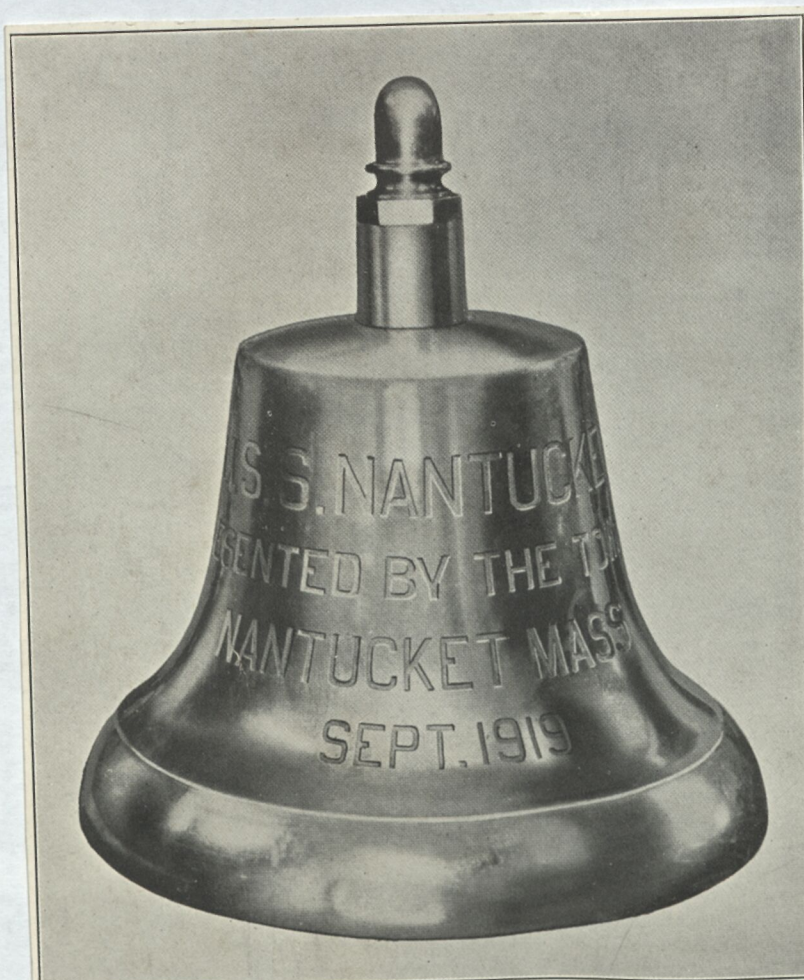


*Who?
John S. Grouard
Taken when he
first came to
Nantucket*

New Year's Babies.

The complete list of New Year's Babies since 1900 is given herewith. On several occasions more than one baby was born on the "New Year's Baby date" and we have listed both, or, as in one case, all three.

Walter J. Royal, Jan. 9, 1900
 Rozelle (Coleman) Jones, Feb. 6, 1901
 George R. Grime, Jan. 3, 1902
 Marie (Bartlett) Manning, Jan. 10, 1903
 Oscar Ceely, Jan. 3, 1904
 Barbara Channing Cabot, Jan. 4, 1905
 Charlis (Fishback) Vogel, Jan. 12, 1906
 Gilbert W. Cash, Jan. 5, 1907
 Rosamond Terry, Jan. 26, 1908
 Jeanette E. Lewis, Jan. 9, 1909
 Stanley M. Smith, Feb. 4, 1910
 Josephine (Folger) Theberge, Jan. 1, 1911
 Jean L. Heighton, Jan. 14, 1912
 Arthur W. Dunham, Jan. 11, 1913
 Leroy R. Ryder, Jan. 2, 1914
 Leo F. Dunham, Jan. 12, 1915
 James Cosmo, Jan. 7, 1916
 Freeman M. King, Jan. 4, 1917
 Irving T. Bartlett, Jan. 12, 1918
 Catherine F. Weeks, Jan. 3, 1919
 Anacete F. Cosmo, Jan. 20, 1920
 Arthur E. Butler, Jan. 3, 1921
 Theron T. Coffin, Jan. 13, 1922
 Mildred J. Morris, Jan. 3, 1923
 Michael Perry, Jan. 5, 1924
 Leon F. Moynihan, Jan. 3, 1925
 Clifford R. Matland, Jan. 6, 1926
 Daniel J. Murphy, Jan. 4, 1927
 Rosalina Andrade, Jan. 2, 1928
 Francis J. Ledwell, Jan. 1, 1929
 Samuel C. Gamache, Jan. 1, 1929
 Barbara (Sylvia) Kotalac, Jan. 3, 1930
 Albert L. Fisher, Jan. 1, 1931
 John Scharf, Jan. 2, 1932
 Barbara (Miko) Walsh, Jan. 3, 1933
 Cecil Gordon Foote, Jr., Jan. 13, 1934
 Charles S. Glidden, Jr., Jan. 4, 1935
 Arthur M. Harris, Jr., Jan. 4, 1935
 James R. Day, Jan. 2, 1936
 Richard N. Crapo, Jan. 2, 1936
 Marianne Coletti, Jan. 2, 1936
 Paul A. Bennett, Jan. 5, 1937
 James A. Backus, II, Jan. 5, 1937
 Patricia Ann Santos, Jan. 13, 1938
 Eunice (Roop) Hodgin, Jan. 14, 1939
 Ray A. Sylvia, Jan. 14, 1939
 Viola C. Cabral, Jan. 9, 1940
 Georgette D. Burlingame, Jan. 14, 1941
 Ira A. Wasierski, Jan. 23, 1942
 James P. Manchester, Jan. 3, 1943
 Cheryl Lee Mendes, Jan. 4, 1944
 Mary Jane Egan, Jan. 11, 1945
 Rosanna Lee Betts, Jan. 21, 1946
 Robert S. Davis, Jan. 8, 1947
 Mary Ann Marques, Jan. 9, 1948
 Jane McCabe, Jan. 1, 1949
 Susan F. Chase, Jan. 12, 1950
 Stephen F. Hopkins, Jan. 3, 1951
 Peter C. Blair, Jan. 8, 1952
 Sally and Susan Lamb, Jan. 13, 1953
 Rena White, Jan. 8, 1954
 Susan Huyser, Jan. 4, 1955
 William Cody, Jan. 9, 1956
 Linda Stafford, Jan. 4, 1957
 Paul James Michetti, Jan. 15, 1958.



At public exercises held in Atheneum Hall, Wednesday evening, September 17, 1919, the Town of Nantucket presented a ship's bell to the U. S. S. Nantucket of the Massachusetts Nautical School.

Anna Starbuck Jenks Dies in Florida.

It is with sincere regret that we record the passing of Anna Starbuck Jenks, widow of Dr. Arthur Elwell Jenks, of Nantucket, who died at Orlando, Florida, on Saturday last, from heart trouble, soon after her arrival in the southland.

Mrs. Jenks was a woman highly esteemed by all and she will be greatly missed. She came from the Nantucket family of Starbucks and possessed many of the traits and characteristics of her ancestors which everybody admired. Although spending a large portion of her life on the mainland, she was always a Nantucketer in every sense, proud of her birthplace and her ancestry, interested in the island and its prosperity, and ever ready with her pen to assist in every way possible.

She was a gifted woman and was for a number of years a contributor to many of the leading magazines of the country, both in prose and verse. She possessed a style of writing that was entertaining at all times, with a vein of wit and a dash of humor that made her articles readable to all.

Mrs. Jenks left Nantucket on Tuesday, December 28th, intending to spend the winter months in Orlando, Florida. She knew that she had a long tiresome journey ahead of her, yet she was in good spirits when she left and was looking forward to the trip with keen anticipation. In order



THE LATE ANNA STARBUCK JENKS.

that the strain of the journey might be lessened, she spent Tuesday night and part of Wednesday in a Boston hotel, boarding the train Wednesday afternoon for the trip of two days and nights.

Before she left Nantucket, she assured friends that she intended to take the best care of herself on the journey and would have every comfort possible. But in spite of her care and thought, the journey was too much for her and soon after her arrival she was seized with a severe heart attack from which she succumbed on Saturday.

That Mrs. Jenks had a premonition that this was to be her last earthly journey was apparent. From plans which she made, thought given to little details which might be necessary, from conversations which she had with the writer even the day prior to her departure, it is evident that she realized her health was not of the best. Yet she was happy and cheerful in the anticipation of the trip and she carried out her plans to the letter. She was the last of her family of Starbucks—and she knew it—and as she left Nantucket for the south she gave the same cheerful, joking words of farewell, without the least sign that she bore in her own mind the thought that she might not return in the spring.

The body was shipped north as soon as possible and reached Nantucket on Thursday afternoon. Funeral services were held in the Unitarian church, yesterday (Friday) afternoon at 3 o'clock, conducted by the pastor, Rev. Josiah Coleman Kent.

Anna Starbuck Jenks was born at 14 Orange street, Nantucket, on the 9th of June, 1848, the eleventh child of the twelve children belonging to Charles R. and Eliza (Barnard) Starbuck, and was the last of that large family of children.

When a child of but five years she moved with her parents from Nantucket to Auburn, N. Y., where her early school life was passed. In 1865 the family moved to Rochester, N. Y., where she was educated in the Rochester High School. She resided in Rochester thirty-one years.

In December, 1890, at the Church of the Epiphany in Rochester, she was married to Dr. Arthur Elwell Jenks, of Nantucket, and in 1896 they returned to the island to make their home, residing together on North Water street until the death of Doctor Jenks, which occurred suddenly on his birthday, May 24th, 1915. Since then Mrs. Jenks has made her home with a niece of her husband, Miss Mabel Bliss.

Mrs. Jenks will be pleasantly recalled by thousands of summer visitors to Nantucket as the earnest and popular custodian of "The Oldest House" for a period of twenty-five years, for which position she was exceptionally well fitted. She retired from her duties there in 1924 and has since conducted a little antique shop of her own at her home on North Water street, which she called "The Quaker Antique Shop", and there she again proved interesting and entertaining to scores of summer visitors each season.

From girlhood she was a busy literary woman and was a contributor for many years to a number of well-known publications, including the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, the Rochester Union and Advertiser, the Rochester Post-Express; The Jury, Judge, the Boston Post, and The Inquirer and Mirror. She possessed a ready pen and her contributions were always

well received whether in prose or verse.

The passing of Mrs. Jenks removes another of the old-time Nantucket names from the island. Dr. and Mrs. Jenks were childless and there is none of that name now left on the island. Her death also removes the last of the children of Charles R. Starbuck, the large family of brothers and sisters now having all passed away. A grand-nephew of Mrs. Jenks is Norman Kerry, the famous movie star, who in recent years has kept in close touch with his aunt and has assisted her in many ways. She was especially appreciative of a substantial check which he sent her for a Christmas present, feeling that it would materially assist in carrying through her plans for a pleasant winter in Florida.

Poetry.

THE BEST COW IN PERIL.

Old Farmer B. was a stingy man,
He keeps all he gets and gets all he can;
By all his friends he is said to be
As tight as the bark on a young birch tree;
He goes to church, and he rents a pew,
But the dimes that he gives to the Lord are few,
If he gets to heaven with the good and great,
He will be let in through the smallest gate.

Now, Farmer B., besides drags and plows,
Keeps a number of very fine calves and cows;
He makes no butter, but sends by express,
The milk to the city's thirstiness.

"What do the city folks know about milk?
They are better judges of cloth and silk;
Not a man, who buys, I'll vow can tell
If I water it not, or water it well;
If they do not know then where's the sin!
I will put the sparkling water in."
Thus talked, to himself, old Farmer B.;
How mean he is young and old can see.

One night it was dark, oh! fearfully dark;
The watch dog never came out to bark;
Old Farmer B. in his bed did snore;
When rap, rap, rap, nearly shattered his door,
And a voice cried out with a hasty breath,
"Your best cow, neighbor, is choking to death!"

Clipping off the end of a rousing snore,
Farmer B. bounded out on the bedroom floor;
And the midnight voice was heard no more;
He pulled on his pants he knew not how,
For his thoughts were all on the choking cow,
He flew to the yard like a frightened deer,
For his stingy soul was filled with fear;
Looking around by his lantern's light,
He found that the cows were there all right.

"I will give a dime," cried Farmer B.,
"To know who played this trick on me;
That the hand be stiff and the knuckle sore,
That knocked to-night on my farmhouse door."

With a scowl on his face and a shaking head,
Farmer B. again sought his nice warm bed;
No good thoughts came, they were all o'erpowered;
The little good nature he had had soured.

When he went to water his milk next day,
The midnight voice seemed again to say,
As he pumped away with a panting breath,
"Your best cow, neighbor, is choking to death."
The meaning of this he soon found out,
For a stone was driven in the old pump's spout.

Old Farmer B., when he drives to town,
Now meets his neighbors with a savage frown;
They smile, and ask as they kindly bow,
"How getteth along the best cow now?"

To Lydia B. Cushman.

Oldest living inhabitant of Nantucket Island, Mass. On her 103rd birthday—April 23, 1935.

Hail! aged mother, five-score years
and three!
From shadowy depths, thine eyes peer
forth,
Aloof, inscrutable.
And, in their fitful gleam, we seem to
glimpse
Some vista of that mystic realm
Whose fairer aspect charms,
Whose age-old mystery allures
And leads us on.
What seest thou, there, beyond our
mortal sight?
Reflected in thy smile, what secrets
stand revealed?
Would that thy mind were still within
recall,
To tell us that is true—which we
surmise—
That God is good.
Perchance thou dost commune with
Him,
Whom yet we cannot see,
Thy hand in His, along the brighten-
ing way
Of Journey's End.



Photo by Boyer.

Thy feet still shackled to this mortal
sphere,
Whither away thy soul?
Lo! it outruns thy body to the goal,
Retreating from this age of hate and
sin.
Yea, while it strives to break the bond
Which holds it captive,
Poised, now, for flight,
It eagerly looks toward the Promised
Land,
As sea-gulls, questing far, when twi-
light falls,
Wing their way home.
At dawning, trailing clouds of glory,
Do we come (the poet saith).
At evening, lo! thou art again in sight
Of that which, in maturer years, is
lost to us,—
A Light that never was on sea or land,
A Kindly Light, beyond imagining,
Of which we catch an intermittent
gleam
Celestial fire, aglow,
Within the clouded mirror of thine
eyes.

But tho' these windows of the soul
Reflect our questioning gaze
And, silently, give back a cryptic sign,
The message tells us that thou art not
here,
But living, rather, in that other world,
Estranged, long since, from this, thy
earthly home.
Haply, thy spirit wanders, now,
Mid scenes of earlier days,
Where youthful faces, loved, long
since, and lost,
Are found again.
There, in that fairer land,
So near, and yet so far,
Thy pilgrim soul goes questing now
and then,
The while thou tarriest here.
What alchemy is this, which, mingling
different worlds,
Transmutes the Great Unknown to
mere reality?
Where is thy home, O Soul? or here,
or there?
We cannot fathom this, mere mortals
that we are,
Nor can we follow whither thou dost
flee.
We only stand and wait.
Mother of five-score years and three,
God speed thee, in thy quest,
And bring thee safely home,—
And so,—Farewell!

Helen Cartwright McCleary.

DECEMBER 28, 1935.

A White Christmas Only Four Times in This Century.

The year 1935 gave Nantucket one
if its few but ever welcome "White
Christmases." In the apparent cycle
of cold weather which appears to
have been launched in 1932, the island
has experienced snow storms in De-
cember but, somehow, the snow had
either come before or after the holi-
day, so that this year, when a quan-
tity fell on the 23rd and again on the
26th, the Yuletide season on Nan-
tucket has been given a most appro-
priate setting.

According to the files of *The In-
quirer and Mirror*, Nantucket has
now had a "White Christmas" upon
four occasions during this century.
The first occurred in 1901, the second
in 1914, the third in 1924, and the
fourth in 1935.

Eleven years have therefore elap-
sed since the last "White Christmas"
in 1924. In that year a thick blanket
of 2.8 inches gave the town a real
holiday appearance. In 1925, snow
began to fall early Christmas morn-
ing but turned to rain, much to the
disappointment of all.

The first snowy Christmas day on
Nantucket in the 20th century came
in 1901. On the 17th and 18th days
of December in that year snow fell
heavily most of the forty-eight hours,
the Weather Bureau recording a total
of 8 inches. Fortunately for the out-
of-town hamlets there was little wind,
so that the usual big drifts were not
formed, but a force of men worked
all day on the 22nd to break out the
'Sconset road. The snow started to
melt rapidly at mid-day on the 25th.

The first year of the new century
(1900) nearly brought a "White
Christmas". On the 21st and 22nd, 2.5
inches fell, but it melted before the
advent of the holiday. On the 28th,
there was another heavy fall of snow,
damaging the telegraph line to Mad-
aket.

There have been December snow-
storms during a number of years,
which almost brought with them a
"White Christmas." These years are
as follows:

| |
|---------------------------------|
| 1902—13th and 14th—11.4 inches. |
| 1903—27th—6.4 inches. |
| 1904—12th and 13th—11.6 inches. |
| 1912—24th—8.7 inches. |
| 1922—14th—4.0 inches. |
| 1923—31st—4.2 inches. |
| 1924—24th—2.8 inches. |
| 1926—5th—6.4 inches. |

In 1932, on December 10 and 11,
4.2 inches of snow fell. Coasting was
excellent about town and Mill Hill
had a large group of young people.
But the weather became moderate
and the snow melted before Christ-
mas Eve.

In 1933, December opened with low
temperatures, but became mild dur-
ing the period just before and in-
cluding Christmas Day. But the
27th ushered in a severe storm of
snow and rain, disrupting the steam-
boat schedule. On the 28th, the mer-
cury tumbled to 14 above zero; on the
29th, it went to 3 below; and on the
30th, it registered 5 above.

Last year (1934) the weather was
mild on Christmas day, but two days
later, the 27th, a gale from the north-
west sent the mercury down to 18
above zero and kept the steamer at
her dock until ten o'clock that morn-
ing.

This year, to date, 3.8 inches of
snow have fallen on the 23rd and 26th,
and yesterday (Friday) morning the
thermometer registered 19 above zero.

While on the subject it is inter-
esting to note that the longest period
with snow on the ground, according
to the records of Observer Grimes,
was from Dec. 27, 1903, to Jan. 21,
1904—26 days—during which 1 inch
or more was on the ground.

Had Old Time Poem Describing The Newbegin Sisters Three.

Among the Masonic members who came to the island for a fraternal visit on Tuesday was William P. Saint, of Hyannis. Mr. Saint brought with him a poem written in Nantucket in 1860, which for many years has been in the possession of Mrs. Saint's people, the Landers family, then residing in Nantucket.

The verses describe the famous Newbegin sisters, three eccentric spinsters, members of the Society of Friends, who lived in a house on Duke street, just east of Thorn Lot. The sisters were the object of many curiosity seekers during the 1850's, the last years of their lives, and even became subjects for a romantic tale.

Mrs. Saint has kindly given his permission for us to reprint the interesting verses, which are as follows:

The Newbegin Sisters Three.

On this little sandy Isle,
A mile or two from town,
Live three aged sisters
The fame of which resounds.

One of these sisters eighty-two,
Another most four-score,
And Anne, youngest of the three,
Her years are seventy-four.

In peace and comfort, there they live
Free from the cares of wealth,
Enjoying more than many hearts
In happiness and health.

No husband ever smiled on them
To cheer them on their course,
But a life of single blessedness
Seemed to have been their choice.

They've never left their native isle
The world at large to see,
But seemed as well contented
In ignorance to be.

Our steamboats they have never seen
Excepting at a distance,
Likewise our ships, those noble craft
Have never met their vision.

Full sixty years ago, they say,
They visited our wharves
The price of apples to obtain,
Also of beef and pork.

They make companions of their hens.
And nurse them with much care,
They share with them their humble
home,

And let them rest up stairs.

One of them walks sometimes to
town

In order to procure
Whatever articles they may need
From Cousin Reuben's store.

Oh! it would please you very much
To see her in her walks,
As round each post she three times
goes

In steps so quick and fast.

Gay visitors they sometimes have,
Also the sleek and prim,
With pockets well nigh bursting
With cakes and other things.

Could you but see the joyous smile
Around Friend Mary's mouth,
And hear the trembling accents
As Phebe then breaks forth.

"I'm obliged to thee!" Friend Phebe
cries,

And Anne looks her thanks,
While Mary hastens with the prize
As fast as she can tramp.

Upon the upper shelf she puts
The goods which they bestow
And then she comes and seats
herself,

The news in town to know.

'Tis then the numerous questions
In quick succession come,
About the folks in town
Also the folks at home.

And sometimes while you are sitting
Conversing with the three
About their hens and chickens,
You much amused will be.

Perchance your ears will be greeted
With cackling loud and shrill.
Sometimes a smart young chanticleer
Will make those walls resound.

And when you speak of leaving,
They press you hard to stay,
And make you promise often
To take a stroll that way.

"Now come again, all on ye,"
Is Phebe's constant cry,
As we their mansion leaving,
Turn round to say goodbye.

Now if there is any on this Isle
Who never have seen these three,
Delay no longer, visit them,
Repaid you'll surely be.

On the outside of the folded sheet,
upon which the poem's verses are inscribed, is the signature "Cynthia Landers, Nantucket, Mass.," in faded but legible form.

Very few islanders are living today who recall the Newbegin sisters and their peculiar habits. It is known that the youngest of the three spent her declining years in the Friend's Boarding House, on Main street. The islander who recalls the sisters best is James H. Wood, the G. A. R. Post Commander, who remembers driving out Duke street with his mother and visiting the strange household on several occasions.

The "Cousin Reuben's Store" mentioned in the verses was a well known grocery kept by a Friend. The Newbegin sisters would trade eggs for other staple supplies at the store, although they always took much more than the value of the eggs. Friend Reuben would merely smile at this unorthodox style of barter but never refused to exchange on their understanding of values.

Remember The Kickapoos And Their Sagwa?

Who were "Lacious Black Eagle" and "Mary Ann Canoe" who were married in Nantucket in 1890?

Those three lines comprised a query we made in the "Here and There" column recently. The question was asked to revive memories of some forty-five years ago among those who could look that far back and still smile.

Several readers have responded to our query and recall this interesting marriage when "Lacious" and "Mary" became one and "Black Eagle" took unto himself a "Canoe".

It was on one of the periodic visits of the Kickapoo Indians. Do you recall them? And how popular they were, especially among the young boys and girls, for their entertainment was free?

The Kickapoos pitched their large show tent on the vacant lot east of John W. Cook's bake shop on Lower Pearl street, where Sisson now has his candy store. They gave what was then considered a high class entertainment. It surely was replete with features, as we recall, even though it might not be so popular were it given today. And it was free!

The marriage of "Lacious Black Eagle" and "Mary Ann Canoe" was one of the features. It was held on the stage, within the tent, and there were hundreds of witnesses. George E. Mooers, justice of the peace, tied the nuptial knot. Some folks had an idea that the marriage was a part of the appearance of the Kickapoos in every town where they put on the show, but not so. It was a real solemn occasion—the culmination of a romance—and it was duly recorded in Nantucket.

By the way, does the taste of the Kickapoo Indian Sagwa still linger? If not, surely the Kickapoo Indian Worm-killer does, for it was the vilest tasting stuff that was ever concocted. Fond papas and mammas succumbed to the persuasions of the "barkers" who accompanied the show, and some of them invested heavily in both Sagwa and Worm-killer, much to the disgust of the children who had to take those cure-alls until the bottles were finally empty and all traces of the Kickapoos had departed.

Several of our business men of today, from banker to photographer, from tinsmith to town official, can vouch for the wonderful curative properties of the Sagwa, especially if one could manage to get hold of the bottle unbeknown to paterfamilias and quietly exchange the contents for a concoction of molasses and water.

Come to think of it, after the lapse of years, wasn't it a rather mean trick to play on a fond parent, whose well-meaning efforts were bestowing upon you the health-giving properties of the Kickapoos' "Sagwa"? Or at least they thought so.

Yes, "them were the good old days."

[By the way, is there any family on Nantucket which still has a bottle of the Kickapoos' medicine stowed away on the closet shelf? If so, it should be placed in the custody of the Historical Association without delay. —Ed.]

Roosevelt Wanted the Pastor's Opinion—Gets It, Straight.

A nation-wide appeal to clergymen for "counsel and advice" on how "our Government can better serve the people" has been launched by President Roosevelt.

As a result a surge of advice and opinion, some of it sharply critical of the New Deal, was directed toward the White House by men who man the Nation's pulpits.

At his press conference the President briefly discussed a letter sent to clergymen in various parts of the country and said he was trying to find out from non-Government officials what conditions are.

He did not say so, but the impression many drew from the tone of the letter and from his remarks was that he considered the reaction from the clergymen was less likely to be biased than information coming from Government representatives in the field.

Asked if he intended to interview other professional groups, the President replied that he had no such plans at present. He emphasized that he was particularly concerned about conditions surrounding the social security and works progress programs.

Among many clergymen who responded to the President's request was Rev. E. A. Palmquist, secretary of the Philadelphia Federation of churches, who declared, "the President is late in the day in asking for the advice of the clergy of the land."

There were some receptive to the appeal, among them the president of the Federation, Rev. Dr. Ivan Murray Rose, who welcomed "the interest of the President in seeking the mind of the clergy."

Dr. Steele's open letter to the President read as follows:

"I received yesterday, franked through the mail, postmarked under recent date, what purported to be a personal letter from you. It was enclosed in an official-looking envelope on one corner of which was printed 'White House, Official Business'. On the other corner was printed the exhortation, 'Buy United States Saving Bonds, Ask Your Postmaster'. This is precisely what I would not buy at present.

"Nevertheless, I opened the letter. Naturally, I was highly honored until I realized it was cheaply mimeographed and signed with a rubber stamp. In what you are pleased to call my 'high calling' as a reverend and dear sir, I have been familiar with this shabby procedure for upwards of forty years. My custom has been to confine such things to the waste basket. But when you speak of my intimate daily contact with people generally in the community, that flatters me. Still more you touch my pride when you speak of my wise and sympathetic understanding.

"I plead guilty to this latter. If you had half the understanding I have of the aforesaid people, you would hang your head in shame at what you have done to them. You and your administration have utterly ruined them; so that with relief and doles and pensions, all the piffling prerequisites you are handing out, I literally cannot get a man to do a day's work. The community is full of so-called unemployed—until you try to employ them. Then they simply will not work. Why should they?

"You go on to speak of your 'new social security legislation,' old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, and those much-sobbed-over children who are dragged in upon every occasion. Oh, yes! And you want that Public Works Program promoted. These are, all of them, precisely things I do not want, each for a different reason.

"You ask me, as a further favor, to write about conditions in my own community. They are doubtless not unlike conditions in every other community, county, and State throughout the nation. Conditions are bad, and the conditions have been brought about largely by you and your maudlin entourage, your college professor theorists, your time-serving political and other henchmen, who have cluttered up the national payroll. It is true, and lamentable, that you have plunged the nation into billions of untold debt. This is bad. It is unspeakably bad and the debt is unpayable. But that is not the worst. The infinitely worst result of your procedure is the pauperizing of so many people, the debauching of labor and the plunging of so large a measure of the population into a low-down state of indolence from which they will not recover. They will never again, during our life-time, be able to, nor, which is worse, want to go to work.

"You go on in the following paragraph in the manner of speech to which we have become accustomed over the radio, in a soft-soap manner and a Uriah Heep method, to link together 'better spiritual and material conditions for the American people'. I submit this is nothing more than special pleading when you address the helpless clergy. Worse than that it is striking below the belt and playing politics on the low plane with which you have made us all familiar.

"You close by telling me what touches my heart. You say you are leaving on a short vacation. Thank God for that. But when you tell me you will be back in Washington in a few weeks and will deeply appreciate my writing to you, I simply cannot deny you that little favor. You ask 'my counsel and my help'. My counsel is that you stay away from Washington as long as possible. The only help I can render you or the American people or myself is to vote for the next Republican candidate who, by the grace of God, shall be nominated."

Three Beautiful Boys.

Editorial, Delaware, N. Y., Express.

The public is indebted to Walter Winchell for the following compilation of the automobile activities of the male members of the Roosevelt family. The same carefree habits which govern the President in the conduct of the nation's spending seem to control the lads when they get their hands upon a wheel. Says Winchell:

"That reminds us: The following are the police records of John, Franklin, Jr., and James Roosevelt. John: Aug. 13, 1934—Arrested for speeding, Irvington, N. Y....Dec. 22, 1934—With Franklin, Jr., arrested for speeding, Orange, Conn....Oct. 9, 1935—Car he was driving crashed through crossing gates in E. Boston, Mass., and was hit by train.

James Roosevelt: Nov. 4, 1934—Tagged for speeding, Nashua, N. H....Oct. 9, 1935—In crash with brother John.

But F. D., Jr.'s is a honey. Have a look! Aug 17, 1932—Detained at Smithfield, R. I., for fast driving and using expired license.....Autumn, 1933—Arrested for speeding, Windsor Locks, Conn....Mar. 24, 1934—His car struck a 60-year-old woman who suffered sprained ankle and bruises...April 4, 1934—Arrested in Boston for driving car registered in other State beyond 30-day limit permitted by Massachusetts. Fined \$20.....April 30, 1934—Arrested for speeding at Union County, Conn.....Jan. 1, 1935—Crashed into parked car, Radnor, Pa....Jan. 5, 1935—Fined in Orange, Conn., for driving 70 miles per hour with brother John....Sept. 29, 1935—Arrested for speeding at Hampton, New Hampshire, and jumped bail.....Public nuisances 1, 2 and 3....The above is the official list.... Can you imagine the unofficial list?"

1st.
A few evenings ago, I heard someone singing on the radio the musical version of Field's "Little Boy Blue"—that being the one out of many hundreds of his poems that seems familiar to the broadcasters.

Popular taste changes in such matters.

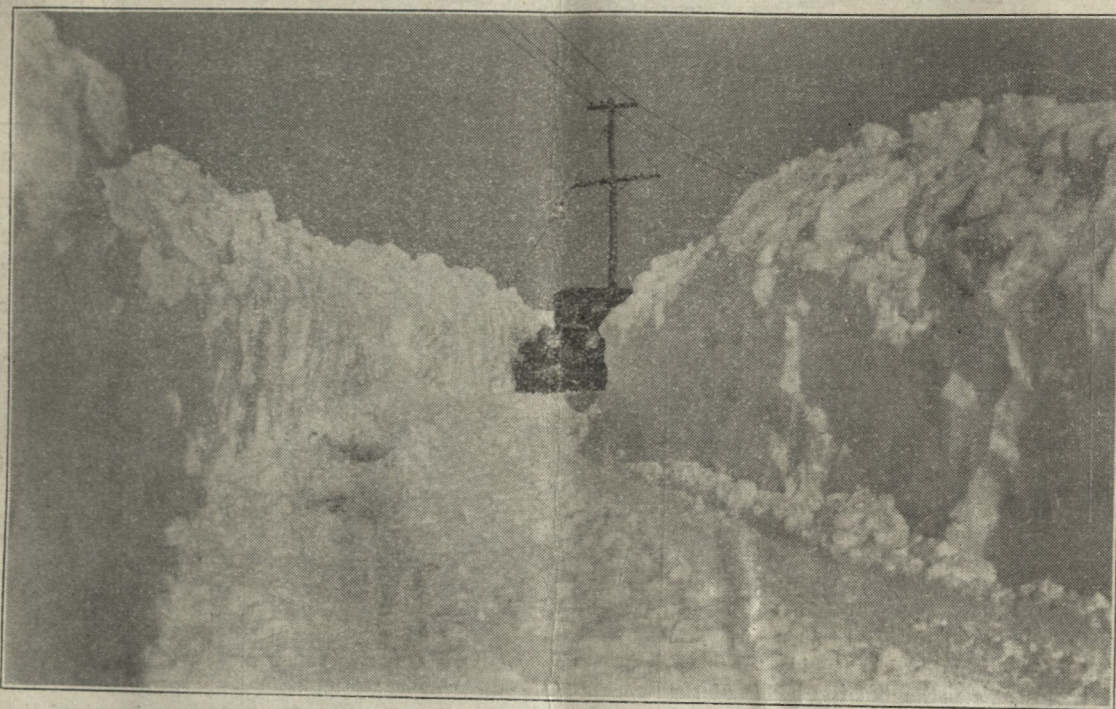
Many readers of these lines will recall a time when the composition by Eugene Field that was being played and sung throughout the land was not the tear-provoking "Little Boy Blue," but the rhymes about the "peach of emerald hue" that grew and grew, until along came Johnny Jones and his Sister Sue, those two, who ate the peach of emerald hue;

John took a bite and Sue a chew,
And then the trouble began to brew—
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue,
Too true!

It was very funny, when rendered with appropriate dolefulness, in spite

of the sympathy for poor Johnny and his Sister Sue.

SNOW PICTURES ARE RARE ON NANTUCKET



This picture was taken on the afternoon of Tuesday, February 18—the day that the villages of Polpis and Wauwinet were opened up after nearly three days of laborious work through heavy snow-drifts. This particular drift was at the curve in front of the Callwitz property, just west of Gordon's hill, and it was one of the most extensive drifts the highway department encountered. A week after this exposure was made the snow had all vanished, due to the warm sunshine, the balmy spring-like days which followed the storm, and the fact that the ground was warm without frost.



This shows two gangs of men "breaking through" the last snow-drift which had cut off the Hummock pond section from town for two days and seriously handicapped the delivery of milk. The picture was taken just east of the so-called Appleton farm-house, along by Prospect Hill cemetery. There were many of these heavy drifts all along the Hummock pond road, and similar conditions existed out on the Madaket road.



This is a picture of what was undoubtedly the largest snow-drift to be found on Sunday afternoon, February 16, following the heavy snowfall of the previous night. The low temperature had frozen the top of the drift into wavelets which made it resemble ice. The drift was on top of Mill Hill in front of the summer residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Ackerman, and the size of the drift is apparent by the way it reaches up to the front of the house. A singular thing about this drift was that when the wind changed it was cut down and the next day this picture could not have been taken.

Larsen an Honor Student at Gloucester High School. 1936

Among the students who will graduate from the Gloucester High School this June is Albert Larsen, son of Mrs. Bernice (Creasy) Larsen and the late Capt. Albert Larsen.

The young man was born in Nantucket seventeen years ago, and went to Gloucester when his father's fishing vessel began sailing from that port, transferring from Nantucket. Capt. Larsen's vessel, the *Anita & Bernice*, foundered on Georges Banks in the August gale of 1924, and all hands were lost.

Young Larsen is an honor student at Gloucester High. In a newspaper column recently, a writer said of him:

"Albert Larsen is one of our most popular boys. He is a brilliant player on our basketball team. His likeable personality and becoming modesty have made him outstanding. Besides being president of the senior class, he is a captain in the R. O. T. C., an honor student, and a member of the basketball and baseball teams.

"Some of the reasons for his success in high school may be seen in his realization of his duties as a student. The underclassmen can profit from a study of his practice and example."

Upon his graduation in June, Larsen intends entering Stroudsburg University in Pennsylvania. He plans to become a teacher of history.

When The Townsend Bill Goes Through. 1936

From the Los Angeles Times.

The old folks used to stay at home and turn on the radio, But now the Townsend Bill has passed, they have a lot of dough.

Ma used to mind the kids for us, when we went out at night, Now she trips out in high heeled shoes, her cigarette a-light.

She's learned to dance and paint her nails. She has the classiest clothes. She's taken off her corset, petticoat and woolen hose.

She sallies out every eve to the night clubs or the play,

While we stay home and tend the kids. It's just another day.

You really ought to see my dad. He looks like a fashion plate.

We can't get him to stay at home. He always has a date.

He wears the latest things in suits, loud socks and sporty caps,

He plays the course in eighty flat and beats far younger chaps.

They have two hundred smackers a month. This wad they have to shoot.

They have to burn the midnight oil, for they must spend the loot.

The young are old, the old are young, since Townsend's plan went thru,

The young folks sit and count the days, 'til they'll be sixty, too.

—Aileen Gray Neely.

Woman.

She's a demon in truth, an angel in fiction,

Oh! woman, the greatest of all contradiction.

She's afraid of a cockroach, she'll scream at a mouse,

But tackle a husband as big as a house.

She'll take him for better, she'll take him for worse,

She'll split his head open and then be his nurse;

And when he is well and can get out of bed,

She'll pick up a teapot and throw at his head.

She's faithful, deceitful, keen-sighted and blind,

She's crafty, she's simple, she's cruel and she's kind,

She'll lift a man up and cast a man down;

She'll call him her king and make him her clown.

You fancy she is this and find she is that,

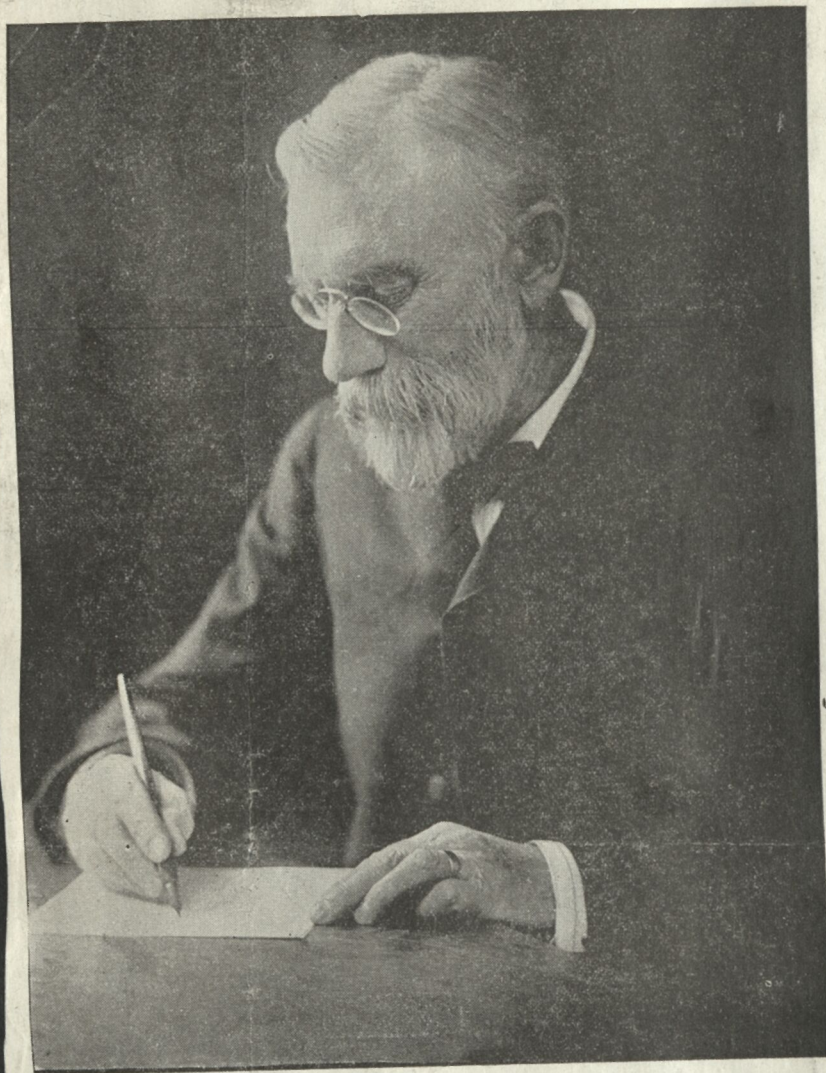
For she'll purr like a kitten and scratch like a cat.

In the morning she will and the evening she won't,

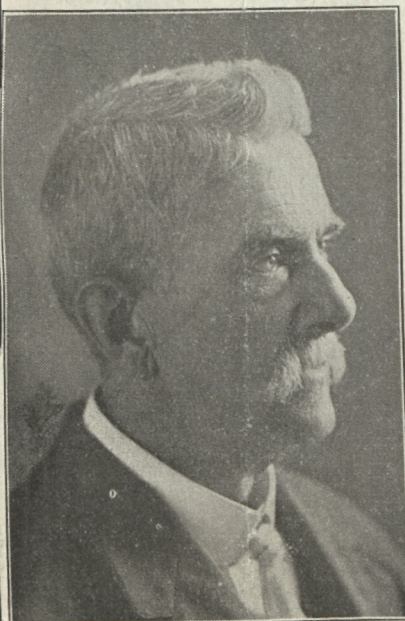
And you're always expecting she will but she don't.

—Author Unknown.

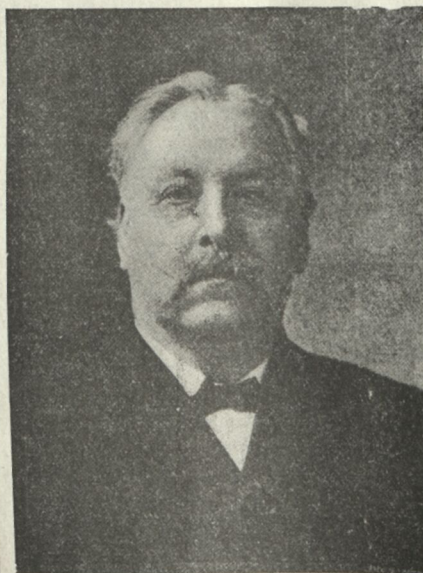
MEN WHO SERVED AS REPRESENTATIVES
FROM NANTUCKET



HENRY PADDACK



HENRY RIDDELL



WILLIAM C. DUNHAM

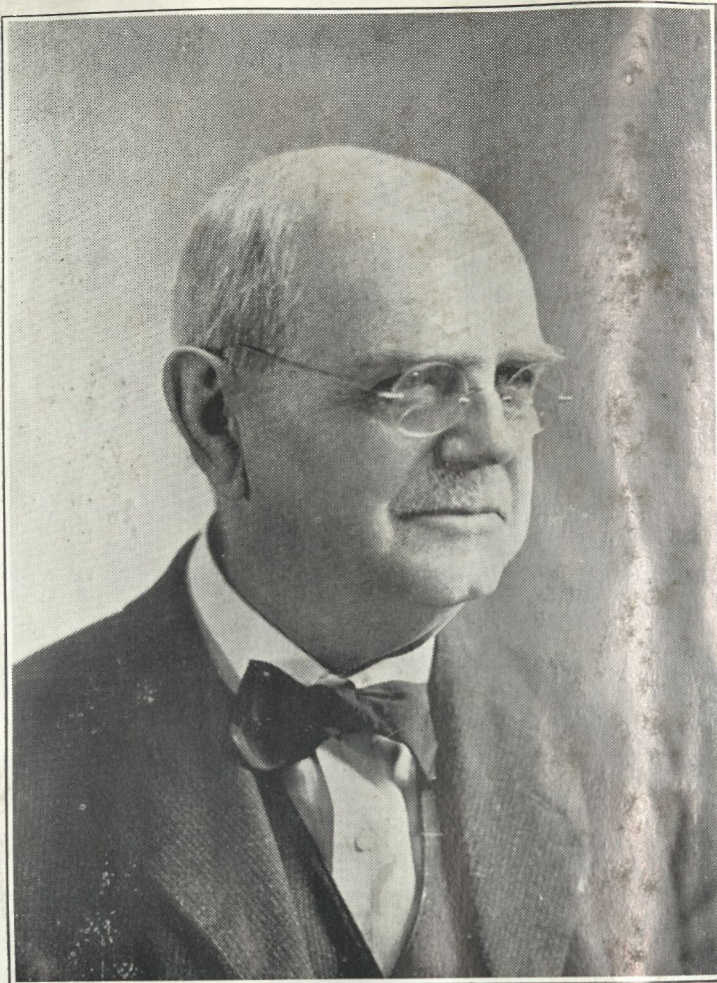


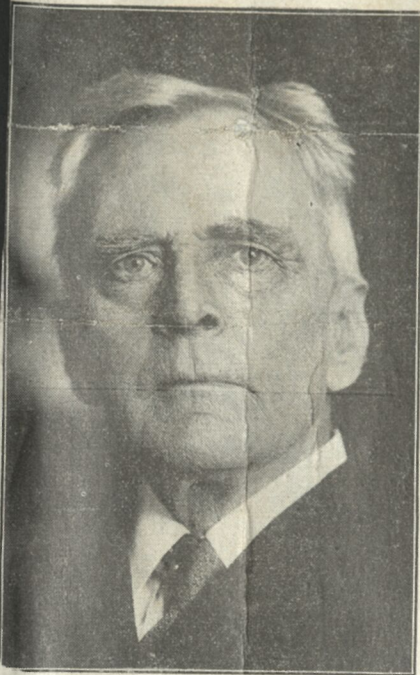
Photo by Boyer.

Lauriston Bunker

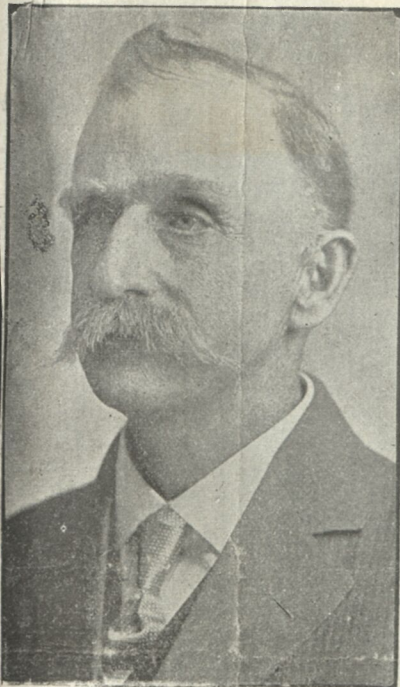
Born March 27, 1849. Died July 8, 1934.

Town Clerk from 1889 to 1934. Register of Deeds from 1891 to 1934.

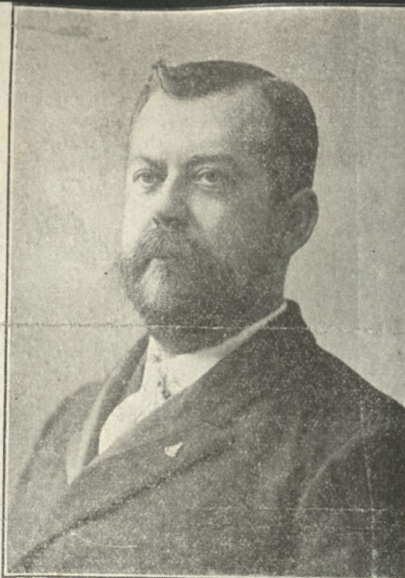
A conscientious and faithful public official.



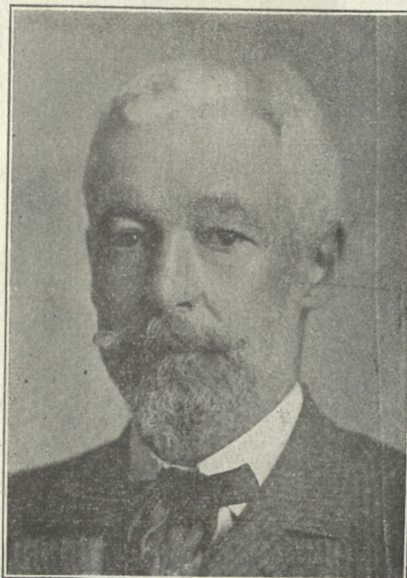
ARTHUR H. GARDNER



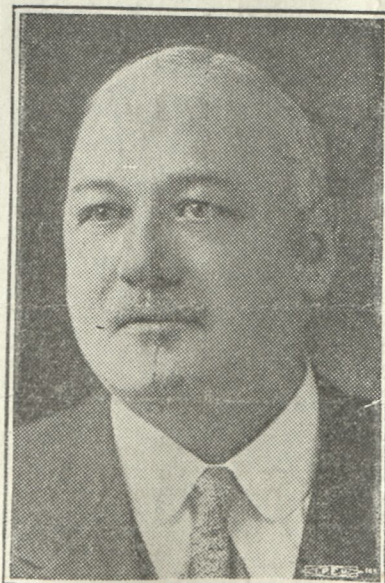
JOHN J. GARDNER



ELLENWOOD B. COLEMAN



BENJAMIN SHARP



EDWARD H. PERRY



ARTHUR W. JONES



WILLIAM T. SWAIN

Votes Cast For Representative Since 1913.

It is interesting to review the votes cast for Representative during the last quarter of a century. Prior to 1920 the state elections were held annually in November, but since 1920 biennial elections have been held in Massachusetts, Representatives, as other State officers, being elected for two years. In 1931 a special election was held to choose a Representative to complete the unexpired term of the late Representative Jones.

The votes cast for Representative at each State election from 1913 to 1931 inclusive are as follows:

| | | |
|------|-------------------------|-----|
| 1913 | Perry | 344 |
| | Chase (Walter N.) | 222 |
| 1914 | Perry | 414 |
| | No opposition. | |
| 1915 | Perry | 333 |
| | Gardner (John J.) | 268 |
| 1916 | Perry | 496 |
| | No opposition. | |
| 1917 | Jones | 299 |
| | Perry | 260 |
| 1918 | Jones | 331 |
| | No opposition. | |
| 1919 | Jones | 350 |
| | Ring | 99 |
| 1920 | Jones | 760 |
| | No opposition. | |
| 1922 | Jones | 568 |
| | No opposition. | |
| 1924 | Jones | 724 |
| | Tice | 214 |
| 1926 | Jones | 577 |
| | No opposition. | |

| | | |
|-------------------------|---------------|-----|
| 1928 | Jones | 720 |
| | Glidden | 538 |
| 1930 | Jones | 772 |
| | Glidden | 441 |
| 1931 (special election) | Swain | 561 |
| | Hull | 463 |
| | Grouard | 141 |
| | Glidden | 97 |
| 1932 | Swain | 831 |
| | Glidden | 518 |
| 1934 | Swain | 871 |
| | Glidden | 282 |
| | * * * * * | |

Prior to the service of the Representatives listed above and during the half century preceding, the following served as Representatives and in the order listed:

Henry Paddack.
Josiah Freeman.
John W. Hallett.
Henry Riddell.
Anthony Smalley.
Arthur H. Gardner.
Anthony Smalley.
John Jackson Gardner.
Rollin M. Allen.
David B. Andrews.
Arthur H. Gardner.
William C. Dunham.
Ellenwood B. Coleman.
Benjamin Sharp.

Edward H. Perry was elected in November, 1913, first serving in the 1914 Legislature. He was defeated for re-election in 1917 by Arthur W. Jones, who served as Representative until his death in 1931.

DECEMBER 7, 1935

The Sudden Arrival of Winter Broke 50-Year Record.

Winter arrived on Wednesday of this week, in spite of the Farmer's Almanac, which says it is not due until the 22nd of the month. A nice smart snow storm came Tuesday night, the ground being well whitened at daybreak Wednesday; in fact, there was snow enough in some places for the youngsters to exercise their sleds for the first time this season.

And Wednesday afternoon the temperature began to fall, being around 20 above zero at dark, and going still lower, for during the night the weather Bureau recorded a drop to 14 degrees, thus establishing a new record for the Weather Bureau.

As a matter of fact, it was the coldest December 5 since the station was established in 1886, and was also the coldest so early in the season, so far as its records go. On the 4th of December, 1916, the temperature went to 16 above; on the 5th to 17 above. On the 5th of December, 1901, it dropped to 18 degrees. The sudden drop this week, however, broke all records for December 5th in a period of nearly fifty years.

On yesterday (Friday) morning Observer Grimes reported a temperature of 13 above at 8:00 o'clock.

The coldest weather, for the first week in December, that has been recorded in the files of *The Inquirer and Mirror* was in 1875 when, on the 1st, it went to 7 above zero.

This particular cold wave of that year started on the last day of November. A northwest gale commenced in the afternoon of Nov. 30, and at ten o'clock that night the thermometer registered 5 degrees above zero. At seven o'clock on the following morning (Dec. 1st), the temperature was 7° above zero, and at noon the same day it was 14 above. The mercury stood at 15° at 7:00 a. m. on December 2, registering 24° at noon. On December 3rd, at 7:00 a. m. it was 22° above, rising to 31° at noon.

A load of ice was brought to town on Wednesday, Dec. 1, 1875, taken from the Washing Pond. It measured five inches in thickness.

On the following day (the 2nd), the first skating party of the season took place at the Clay Pits.

The harbor was covered with ice and parties were spearing eels at the docks on the 3rd, that year. The line of ice extended to the bar on Thursday, Dec. 2.

Nantucket's Freeze-up of 1936 Day by Day.

Friday, January 31—Steamer Marthas Vineyard broke out through the ice. Steamer Nantucket forced her way in at night with difficulty.

Saturday, February 1—Steamer cleared from the ice about 11 o'clock. The Vineyard came down in the afternoon, poked her nose a short distance into the ice-fields, and found conditions so bad that she returned.

Sunday, February 2—No boat either way. Planes made frequent trips to and from the mainland.

Monday, February 3—No attempt to reach the island by boat. A plane dropped mail on the Nobadeer field during the early evening.

Tuesday, February 4—Rain and fog softened the ice. Neither boats nor planes attempted to make trips, owing to the thick weather conditions.

Wednesday, February 5—Steamer Nantucket forced her way into the harbor about 2.30 in the afternoon. Plane brought and took away mail in the morning. Numerous flights to and from Boston and New Bedford.

Thursday, February 6—Boat service was maintained both ways with little delay on account of ice. First day with full steamboat schedule since the 31st.

Friday, February 7—Boats were able to make trips both ways. Steamer did not reach her dock here until 5.30 in the evening.

Saturday, February 8—Temperature dropped to 11 above zero, hardening the ice-fields again. Steamer Nantucket broke out of the harbor, but did not reach New Bedford until 5.15 in the evening. No attempt to reach the island by boat. A plane brought over mail in the afternoon.

Sunday, February 9—Warmer, accompanied by light snow and rain in the afternoon. No attempt to reach the island by boat and no passenger or mail planes came over, owing to thick weather conditions.

Monday, February 10—Temperature dropped during the night, again hardening the ice. Steamer Nantucket forced her way in and reached her dock here at 5.15 in the evening.

Tuesday, February 11—Temperature 12 above zero. Boat started to break out at 9.30. Reached a point about half a mile outside the jetties, could not get through, and returned to port at 12.15 o'clock. A plane brought and took away mail, making two round trips between Nantucket and Boston during the afternoon.

Wednesday, February 12—Continued cold. Steamer made no attempt to break out of harbor. Mail service continued by plane from Boston.

Thursday, February 13—No change in ice conditions. Steamer remained at her dock. Plane service continued between the island and Boston, New Bedford and Falmouth.

Friday, February 14—Heavy easterly storm. Steamer Nantucket still at her dock. All air-plane service grounded.

Saturday, February 15—Steamer Nantucket broke out through the ice with little difficulty, leaving her dock at 6.30 a. m. A mail plane made a trip over to the island. Also numerous other planes with supplies. No attempt to reach the island by boat.

Sunday, February 16—Neither boat nor plane service, other than by the Nobadeer plane, which brought newspapers. Thick weather prevented mail plane from making flight from Boston. Ice disappearing rapidly.

Monday, February 17—Thick weather, with heavy fog. Neither boats nor planes made trips to Nantucket.

Tuesday, February 18—Dense fog, rain and snow. No attempt to reach the island either by boat or plane.

Wednesday, February 19—Another cold wave. Temperature 7 above zero. Ice-fields back. Steamer Nantucket forced her way into harbor with heavy load of freight, reaching the dock at 2.45 o'clock. A government plane came over in the afternoon and transferred mail matter.

Thursday, February 20—Steamer Nantucket made her way out through the ice with little trouble. The Vineyard came in with another heavy cargo of freight in the afternoon. This was the first day with steamboat service both ways since Friday, the 7th of February.

Give a Man a Night-shirt.

A friend who still clings to the old-fashioned night-shirt instead of adopting pajamas while slumbering, sends us the following clipping:

The New England Retail Clothiers and Furnishers' Association want to give a man a nightshirt he can wear—something streamlined, styled like a Russian Cossacks overshirt, flaming with romance, tied at the middle with tassles of gold. But, withal, a night-shirt.

The idea is to come under discussion at the agenda in the Parker House convention of the clothiers and furnishers. The point is to attract the fancy of the younger men who won't wear pajamas and cannot endure the flannel sobriety of the ankle-length old fussbudget, rheumatic-looking conventional nightshirt. They want the comfort of the nightshirt without its old-fashioned ugliness.



THE NANTUCKET SENIORS UPON ARRIVAL AT NEW BEDFORD ON THEIR WAY TO WASHINGTON.

Back row (left to right)—Arthur Tunning, (Gilbert Wyer, Mrs. Marie K. Swayze, Miss Harriet Williams, chaperones), Helen Finlay, Frances Chase, Merle Turner, Lois Jackson, Alice Larsen, Florence Richards, Dorothy Jones, Elizabeth Gardner, Helen Brown, Beatrice Burchell, Elizabeth Sandbury.
Front row (left to right)—Robert Blair, Gerald Reed, Allan Parker, John Miller, William Larkin, Charles Duponte, James Dennis, Everett Finlay.

(Photo by Standard photographer).

Tribute to Will Rogers.

"Aw shucks—"
Ambling along, his shrewd, kindly eyes
Shyly viewing the beauties
Of a new land—
Seizing the hand of an old crony,
Or of a President, fellow-Ambassador,
Senator or prince—
Grinning wistfully—and humbly before his Creator,
Perhaps saying, whimsically:
"Y'know, Lord, all I know is what I've read
In the papers
'N' picked up as I gaddered around
Hither 'n' yon;
But all this stuff that's in the papers
Just now
Page on page—'n' all the pictures—
Aw, shucks, Lord,
I wish I coulda earned
A little mite of it.
They mean well, Lord—don't hold it against 'em.
Let's just call it good-intentioned
Exaggeration;
They're just being kind
To an ignorant ol' cowhand
From Ollogah.
Y'know, Lord, that's a great bunch
You've got down there,
Senators 'n' all;
I'm gonna miss 'em for a while,
I had no idy
They felt that way about—aw shucks
Lord—
After the way I've kidded 'em,
'N' all—
But I've never hurt 'em till now,
An' I'm just wondering, Lord,
If there ain't some way
You can ease it up for 'em?
Just tell 'em that—shucks—it ain't bad like that a'tall—
An' that this round-up's just fine an' prettier than the song.
Y'see, Lord, that down there gets right next to me, an',
Shucks, there ain't nothin'
I c'n do about it;
So do what you can, won't you, Lord?
I've got lots of confidence in Your ability
Along that line.
Well, there goes those bells—my time's up,
So I'll be moseyin' along.
Say, Lord, ain't that ol' boy over there From Claremore?"

(This was written by Waldo Wetengel, editor of the Rush Springs, Okla., Gazette, Oklahoma City, Okla.)

NOT TOO OLD

Am I defeated? No, by gum,
Not ez long ez I kin make these muscles hum;
'N' not ez long ez I kin wield a hoe—
I'll still find work tho' I am called slow.
"Too old," they say, in the marts of toil,
But I hain't too old to till the soil;
You kin shut me out of fac'tries, shops,
I'll jist go back ter raisin' crops.
God gave me two hands 'n' He sed, "Now work."
So I'd be ashamed ter sit 'n' shirk;
'N' ez long ez He gives us light o' the sun,
'N' a bit of soil, I kin live, by gum.
'N' I'll git-enough ter eat, I declare,
Though my clothes git worn an' a mite threadbare;
At least, I'll be doin' the best I can,
'N' tryin' my darndest ter be a man.

LILLIAN G. WHITAKER.
South Weymouth.

When Nantucket Manufactured "Linen Dusters."

If a Nantucketer of the present generation were asked to name the island's most thriving industry of fifty-five or so years ago, he or she would have to do considerable thinking, and, unless fairly familiar with local history, might be forced to answer in the negative.

The fact is that in 1880—fifty-five years ago this spring—Nantucket had a successful industry in the manufacture of "linen dusters." The enterprise was operated by the late John W. Hallett in the shop now standing on Quince street (owned by Mrs. Lang) which formerly stood on Fair street, near Charter, and was used by Hepsibeth Hussey for a school.

When the whaling industry collapsed, the island merchants sought to establish a number of industries with which to carry along the business life of the community. Various enterprises sprang up, among which were knitting of hose, mittens, etc., straw weaving, brush-making, and the manufacture of shoes. This latter industry seemed in a fair way of succeeding until a disastrous fire destroyed the only large factory, a building known as the West Grammar school.

From its inception, the manufacture of linen dusters—or "Gents' Skeleton Coats," as one advertisement has it—became successful in a small way, the industry growing into an extensive business and soon becoming the island's most important single industry.

In April, 1880, *The Inquirer and Mirror* told the story of this industry as follows:

* * * * *

"The manufacture of linen coats was introduced about the year 1864 by Charles W. Lawrence, who gave the goods out in large lots to a few parties, they in turn employing girls to make them up. George K. Long was associated with him for a time, they occupying the rooms where the office of *The Inquirer and Mirror* was afterwards located (now occupied as a studio by Pivrotto, over Lawrence's store, corner Main and Orange streets).

Lawrence and Long continued the business but a short time, relinquishing it to A. B. Robinson, who employed a number of girls on the work at the shops, besides sending out to persons at their homes. The linen 'duster' was then about the only style made, although a few alpacas and sacks entered at times into the manufacture, and the price paid was about 12 cents per coat.

About the year 1866, Mr. Hallett engaged in the business in the upper rooms of the store on the west corner of Main and Federal streets, employing about fifteen persons, and completing 9000 coats the first season. The second year the number turned out was 27,000. At this time he paid

13 cents for a coat that is now done for 8 cents, and for other work at a proportionally high rate, the old-time prices for hand-work still exerting an influence, although machines were in quite general use. As time passed, however, the wages were lowered to the 'machine' rate, and the number employed was gradually increased, and in one year previous to 1870 the number of coats turned out by the two parties engaged in their manufacture was 75,000, of which Mr. Hallett represented the larger part.

Previous to 1871, Mr. Robinson gave up the business and since that time Mr. Hallett has continued it, keeping the lead over others as regards the amount of work done. His pay roll now comprises one hundred names, and since the present year came in he has paid them for labor at the rate of \$1000 per month. With plenty of experienced help the number of employees could be doubled, as parties are eager to furnish all the work desired, which may be accounted for by the fact that all the work sent from here is uniformly and nicely done, which has given the manufacturers an excellent reputation abroad among jobbers.

Goods are received from both New York and Boston, orders from the first-named coming in early in the fall, the trade there commencing earlier, closely followed by those from Boston, from which New England is supplied.

The work, which was formerly of one style, is now varied, dusters, alpacas, linen and cotton sacks, flannel and linen dusters entering largely into the manufacture. The coats come all cut, and are accompanied with trimmings, which are sent out to the various employees, who receive from 6 to 25 cents per coat, according to the class of work they engage upon.

Experienced girls stitch the coats without first basting, thus doing the work which it formerly took two to do, and the average day's work on a medium quality of goods is about six coats.

When completed the work is returned to the shop on Quince street, which Mr. Hallett has quite recently fitted for his business, and there, after inspection, receives the finishing touches.

First, the button-holes are cut with a machine and the coats passed to the operator of the button-hole sewing machine, who in turn passes them to a lady to finish off, when they go to the pressman, who finishes from 50 to 300 coats per day, according to the style of work, and thence to the shipper.

We have now seen the coat the entire rounds, and ready for shipment to the jobbers. One coat represents but a small amount of work or money, but when we come to consider the following it will be seen of what immense amount of benefit to us as a people is this apparently insignificant industry in a pecuniary sense, while the amount of actual labor they represent will astonish the reader.

Since engaging in the business fourteen years ago, Mr. Hallett has manufactured 500,000 coats, for the labor on which he has paid an average price of 20 cents per coat, which represents the very handsome sum of \$100,000 distributed among one hundred people in reduced circumstances, from which the general public receive a share of benefit.

Besides this is the margin left the manufacture, which swells the total amount brought to the island by one person several thousands of dollars. Now when is added to this the number of coats made up by others, which is estimated at about 25,000 more, we have a total of 750,000 coats, which represent, at the same rate per coat, as above, the round sum of \$150,000 paid to help, besides the profits accruing to the manufactures.

During the present year, Mr. Hallett expects to finish 50,000 coats, he having from one firm an order for 27,000. The largest year's work in manufacturing the coats was 64,000, when they were made until late in August, which is about one month beyond the vacation time—the season generally embracing about 9 months of the year.

During the month just passed, Ezra W. Lewis, who runs the machine, has made 15,000 button-holes. His average for the six years he has been employed is 12,000 per month, which allows him to have made in the fifty-four months' actual work, the large number of 684,000 button-holes. Taking each hole to be an inch in length, this would represent a button-hole, if in line, 54,000 feet, or 10 miles and a fraction in length.

A singular circumstance connected with Mr. Hallett's experience is that of firms with whom he has dealt, five have failed, and his loss from the entire number was \$2.50, which was 50 per cent of an amount due him on a lot of samples sent.

First American Flag on Thames Flown by Nantucket Ship.

The following account of a stimulating bit of Nantucket history was read before the June meeting of the Sons of the Revolution by E. A. Stackpole:

On June 14, 1777, the Continental Congress of the embattled Thirteen Colonies adopted a flag which was to officially become the banner of the newly formed United States of America.

There have been many exciting stories connected with the early days of our National Colors—the legend of Betsy Ross; the incident at Fort Stanwix; Sergeant Jasper at Fort Moultrie or Fort Sullivan; the first salute to the flag by a foreign government given in a French harbor to the *Ranger*; the attack on Ft. Mchenry and Francis Scott Key's inspiration to write our National Anthem, and many others.

But our present-day American histories have failed to present another in the series of stirring incidents, relative to the Star Spangled Banner of the sovereign Thirteen Colonies. I refer to the first display of an American flag before London.

The story is history, a fascinating bit of the Revolution. It was a Nantucket ship—the *Bedford*—that first flung to the breeze on the Thames the new American banner, and the date was the 3rd of February, 1783.

London in those days was the unchallenged leading seaport of the world. Before the Revolution she had been Nantucket's greatest market for whale-oil, and besides the business of this industry, a number of fast packets ran between Nantucket and London. It was from the fact that the island ships made faster time than the London craft in their eastward crossings that led Benjamin Franklin to induce his cousin, Capt. Timothy Folger, a packet captain of this port, to draw a map of the Gulf Stream to show the British merchants how their ships lost valuable time in bucking the mighty "ocean river" while Nantucketers sailed alongside the current in their homeward passage.

But getting back to the flying of the American flag before London in 1783. It must be remembered that the War of the Revolution had actually ended but a few months before in 1782. The export of oil from Nantucket—then the world's greatest port for this valuable supply—was at a standstill. The War had ruined the islanders' industry completely, reducing their wealth to a low ebb and wiping out their fleet of 150 sail. It had been a tremendous blow.

William Rotch, the island's greatest Quaker merchant, decided on a coup to aid in giving him a new start in his business. He had himself sustained a loss of \$60,000, due to the War, a staggering loss in those days.

The *Bedford* was lying at Straight wharf, where she had been tied up for five years. Her rigging was overhauled and her holds filled with whale-oil that had remained hidden in one of Rotch's hiding places during the long years when the island daily dreaded raids by privatersmen of Tory refugees. She cleared from the old Custom House at the foot of the Square, and with 487 butts of oil below hatches sailed around Brant Point, bound for London.

Capt. William Mooers was master of the *Bedford*. In his possession was a "protection paper" from the British Admiral Digby, procured by William Rotch Jr., at New York City.

Shortly after the *Bedford* cleared the harbor, another Nantucket ship, loaded with oil, the *Industry*, Captain John Chadwick, master, sailed from this port for London.

On the 3rd of February, at a time when the countryside was favorably discussing the peace treaty terms, which had just appeared in London papers, the *Bedford* entered the river Thames, dropping anchor in the very shadow of the Tower of London. The proclamation of King George was not issued until Feb 15th, twelve days after the Nantucket ship's arrival.

Therefore it is no wonder that the customs officials at first held up the *Bedford* and her cargo. The ink on the peace terms was hardly dry when this bit of spunky New England had come floating up the river with what had lately been a rebel flag at her mast-head.

Capt. William Mooers, the master of the *Bedford*, is traditionally reported as not only remarkable as a whaler but well equipped to handle the hazardous and delicate task that had been assigned to him. Erect in bearing, standing over six feet in height, his voice quiet with the dignity of the Friends' speech, he performed the job of getting his ship cleared by the London customs men, and safely handed over his cargo to her consignees, the firm of Champion & Dickenson.

A London periodical, published at the time, had the following account of the *Bedford's* arrival:

"The ship *Bedford*, Capt. Mooers, belonging to Massachusetts, arrived in the Downs on the 3d of Feb., passed Gravesend on the 3d, and was reported at the Customs on the 6th inst. She was not allowed regular entry until some consultation had taken place between the commissioners of the customs and the Lords of Council on account of the many acts of parliament in force against the rebels of America. She was loaded with 487 butts of whale oil, manned wholly by American seamen, wears the rebel colors, and belongs to the island of Nantucket in Massachusetts. This is the first vessel which has displayed the thirteen rebellious stripes of America in any British port. The vessel is at Horsledown, a little below the Tower, and is intended to return immediately to New England."

In a summary of parliamentary debates contained in the same magazine under date of February 7th, appears:

"Mr. Hammett begged leave to inform the House of a very recent and extraordinary event. There was, he said, at the time of his speaking, an American ship in the Thames, with the thirteen stripes flying aboard. The ship has offered to enter at the custom house, but the officers are all at a loss how to behave. His motive for mentioning the subject was so ministers might take such steps with the American commissioners as would secure free intercourse between this country and America."

The *Bedford* is described by Thomas Kempton, of New Bedford, who was living in 1866, as being built before the year 1770, probably by James Lowden, as he was the proprietor of the only shipyard in New Bedford at the time. She was first rigged as a schooner, afterwards changed to a brig, and finally re-built, raised upon, furnished with an additional deck, and rigged as a ship of 180 tons.

Year Uncle Sam. 1936

I have lost my independence
And I think that I'll skedaddle;
If these new dealers win next fall
"Give me back my boots and saddle".

For I looked around the corner
Where prosperity should be,
And all I could find was taxes,
'Tis only the "wind blows free".

We're taxed on all we do, and wear,
And on everything we eat.
Six million little pigs destroyed
When the hungry needed meat!

Potatoes, too, became as scarce
As orchids in the snow,
For everyone was paid a price
For their products not to grow.

Most two hundred thousand dollars
One lucky man has gotten
Because he told the A. A. A.
He'd not grow any cotton.

Though high-priced scarcity was
made,
The "Brain Trust" loudly shout
That by this topsy-turvy way
Depression they can rout.

'Tis our money they are spending
And they don't even balk
At making sidewalks everywhere
Where none of us will walk.

We'll all be paupers very soon
If we can't stop their lust,
Supporting all these crazy guys
We're pretty nearly bust.

But there's just one set of people
Who do not mind their ravings;
They're the alphabetic soupers
Who live upon our savings.

Yet the poor things can't help themselves

For they are in a pickle;
In tax-paid camps they've got to live
Or they won't have a nickle.

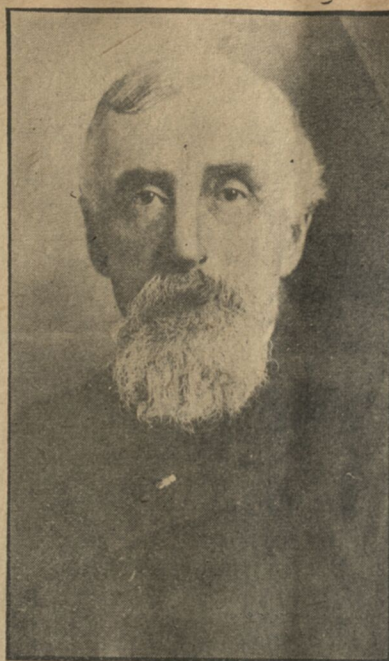
Just think of all this racket
Where grafters get a scoop,
Where everyone is taxed and fined
And people paid to snoop.

"Give me back my boots and saddle"
If we don't win this fall.
We want to gain our liberty
In place of all this gall.

—M. B. F.



PAST MASTER JAMES A. HOLMES, JR.



PAST MASTER JAMES A. HOLMES, SR.



ROSWELL MOREY HOLMES.

Three Generations Participated in Masonic Ceremony.

Members of Union Lodge, F. & A. M., of this town, and a large number of visiting brethren, were privileged to witness an unusual event last Monday evening, when three generations participated in the exemplification of the third degree. It was the privilege of Past Master James A. Holmes, Sr., the oldest member of Union Lodge, to raise his grandson, Roswell Morey Holmes, to the third degree as a Master Mason, with his son, Past Master James A. Holmes, Jr., acting as Senior Warden during the ceremony.

This is the first time in the history of Union Lodge that three generations have participated on such an occasion, and as far as can be learned

no other lodge in this district has been able to record such an event.

At the proper time, the present master, George M. Lake, requested Past Master Holmes to assume the chair and raise his grandson to the third degree. The senior warden, William C. Brock, gave up his chair to Past Master Holmes, Jr., father of the candidate.

The ceremony was very impressive and was an occasion that will long be remembered by those privileged to witness it. Upon three occasions in the history of Union Lodge Past Masters have raised their own sons, but this is the first time a Past Master has raised his grandson.

The three who raised their sons were Past Master Joseph S. Barney, Past Master Albert G. Brock and Past

Master James A. Holmes, who eighteen years ago officiated at the raising of his son, who is now a Past Master himself, having served in 1920.

Past Master Holmes, Sr., became a Master Mason in 1865, and today he is not only the oldest Past Master of Union Lodge, but also the oldest member, with 56 years of Masonry to his credit. He is in his 81st year and served as master of Union Lodge 34 years ago—in 1887-8.

Union Lodge was organized in 1771 and it is making extensive preparations for the observance of its 150th anniversary next June. Past Master Holmes, Sr., is the only person living who was a member of Union Lodge when it held its centennial celebration in 1871.

A Letter From Satan to the Kaiser.

Louis Syberkrop of Creston, Ia., has acquired much fame in recent weeks as author of a satire on Kaiser Wilhelm. Reports have come to him from Tumulty, Secretary Daniels, Roosevelt and people in every state of the Union and in Canada for copies of his article. Here it is:

The Infernal Region,

June 28, 1917.

To Wilhelm von Hohenzollern, King of Prussia, Emperor of all Germany and Envoy Extraordinary of Almighty God.

My Dear Wilhelm:

I can call you by that familiar name, for I have always been very close to you, much closer than you could ever know.

From the time that you were yet an undeveloped being in your mother's womb I have shaped your destiny for my own purpose.

In the days of Rome I created a roughneck known in history as Nero; he was a vulgar character and suited my purposes at that particular time. In these modern days a classic demon and efficient supercriminal was needed, and as I know the Hohenzollern blood I picked you as my special instrument to place on earth an annex of Hell.

I gave you abnormal ambition, likewise an oversupply of egotism that you might not discover your own failings; I twisted your mind to that of a mad man with certain normal tendencies to carry you by, a most dangerous character placed in power; I gave you the power of a hypnotist and a certain magnetic force that you might sway your people.

I am responsible for the deformed arm that hangs helpless on your left, for your crippled condition embitters your life and destroys all noble impulses that might otherwise cause me anxiety, but your strong sword arm is driven by your ambition that squelches all sentiment and pity.

I place in your mind a deep hatred of all things English, for of all nations on earth I hate English most; wherever England plants her flag she brings order out of chaos and the hated cross follows the Union Jack; under her rule wild tribes become tillers of the soil and in due time practical citizens; she is the great civilizer of the globe and I hate her.

I planted in your soil a cruel hatred for your mother because she was English, and left my good friend Bismarck to fan the flame I had kindled. Recent history proves how well our work was done. It broke your royal mother's heart, but I have gained my purpose.

The inherited disease of the Hohenzollern killed your father, just as it will kill you, and you became the ruler of Germany and a tool of mine sooner than I expected.

To assist you and further hasten my work I sent you three evil spirits, Neitssche, Treitschke, and later Bernhardi, whose teachings inflamed the youth of Germany, who in good time would be willing and loyal subjects and eager to spill their blood and pull your chestnuts, yours and mine; the spell has been perfect.

You cast your ambitious eyes toward the Mediterranean, Egypt, India and the Dardanelles, and you began your great railway to Bagdad, but the ambitious archduke and his more ambitious wife stood in your way.

It was then that I sowed the seed in your heart that blossomed into the assassination of the duke and his wife, and all hell smiled when we saw how cleverly you saddled the crime onto Serbia.

I saw you set sail for the fjords of Norway and I knew you would prove an alibi. How cleverly done—so much like your noble grandfather, who also secured an assassin to remove old King Frederick of Denmark and later robbed that country of two provinces that gave Germany an opportunity to become a naval power.

Murder is dirty work, but it takes a Hohenzollern to make a way and get by.

Your opportunity was at hand; you set the world on fire and bells of hell were ringing; your rape on Belgium caused much joy. It was the beginning of a perfect foundation of a perfect hell on earth; the destruction of noble cathedrals and other infinite works of art was hailed with joy in the infernal regions.

You made war on friends and foe alike and the murder of civilians showed my teachings had borne fruit. Your treachery toward neutral nations hastened a universal upheaval, the thing I most desired.

Your undersea warfare is a master stroke; from smallest mackerel pot to great Lusitania you show no favorites; as a war lord you stand supreme, for you have no mercy; you have no consideration for the baby clinging to its mother's breast as they both go down into the deep together, only to be torn apart and leisurely devoured by sharks down among the corals.

I have strolled over the battlefields of Belgium and France. I have seen your hand of destruction everywhere; it's all your work, superfiend that I made you.

I have seen the fields of Poland, now a wilderness fit for prowling beasts only; no merry children in Poland now; they all succumbed to frost and starvation. I drifted down into Galicia where formerly Jews and Gentiles lived happily together; I found but ruins and ashes; I felt a curious pride in my pupil, for it was all above my expectations.

I was in Belgium when you drove the peaceful population before you like cattle into slavery; you separated man and wife and forced them to hard labor in trenches. I have seen the most fiendish rape committed upon young women and those who were forced into maternity were cursing the fathers of their offsprings, and I began to wonder if my own inferno was really up to date.

You have taken millions of dollars from innocent victims and called it indemnity; you have lived fat on the land you have usurped and sent the real owners away to starvation.

You have strayed away from legalized war methods and introduced a code of your own. You have killed and robbed the people of friendly nations and destroyed their property. You are a liar, a hypocrite and a bluffer of the highest magnitude. You are a part of mine and yet you pose as the personal friend of God.

Ah, Wilhelm, you are a wonder! You wantonly destroy all things in

your path and leave nothing for coming generations.

I was amazed when I saw you form a partnership with the impossible Turk, the chronic killer of Christians, and you a devout worshiper in the Lutheran church. I confess, Wilhelm, you are a puzzle at times.

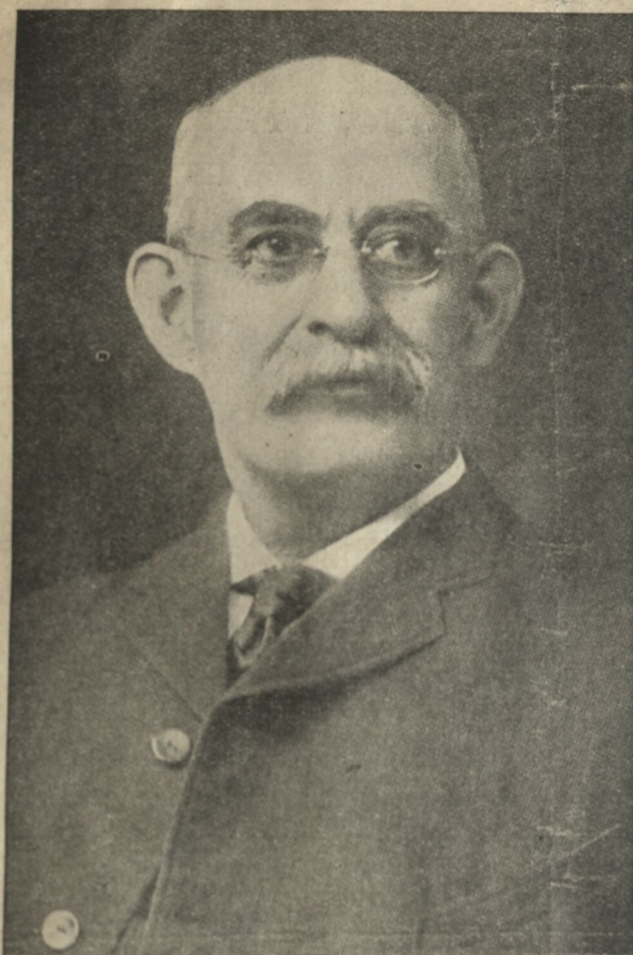
A Mahometan army, commanded by German officers, assisting one another in massacring Christians in a new line of warfare.

When a Prussian officer can witness a nude woman being disemboweled by a swarthy Turk, committing a double murder by one cut of his saber, and calmly stand by and see a house full of innocent Armenians locked up, the house saturated with oil and fired, then my teachings did not stop with you, but have been extended to the whole German nation.

I confess my Satanic soul grew sick and then and there I knew the pupil had become the master. I am a back number, and my dear Wilhelm, I abdicate in your favor.

The great key of Hell will be turned over to you. The gavel that has struck the doom of damned souls since time began is yours. I am satisfied with what I have done; that my abdication in your favor is for the very best interest of Hell—in the future I am at your majesty's service.

Affectionately and sincerely,
Lucifer H. Satan.



THE LATE ROLAND BUNKER HUSSEY.

Age 33 yrs. 9 mos. Died May 16th 1936

UIRER AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MAS



THE LATE KARL E. SATLER



LE RYDER, WHO IS "WILL BROWER" IN
"EBEN HOLDEN."

From a photograph by Throbeck, Denver.

"at Drury Lane last Christmas
"Blue Beard."

© Annie Alden Folger.

AGOST

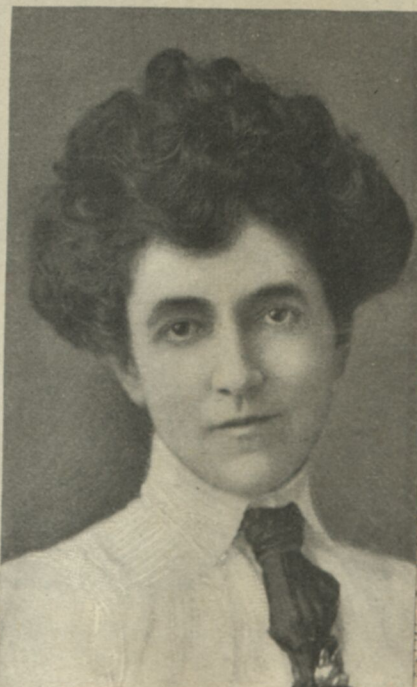
From a photo taken in Nantu



JOHN E. KELLERD, STARRING IN "THE CIPHER
CODE."

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

A portrait is given of Viola Gillet
"principal boy"—to use the British pa



not want the public to see it except in the actual production, when
completed and released. Chaney's make-up depicts Erik, the
"Phantom," a mysterious, ghost-like creature haunting the cellars
of the great Paris opera, and working out a series of events in the
dark fastnesses where, during the second commune, prisons and
torture chambers were built among the huge stone foundations of
the largest opera house in the world.

CHANEY

NEY—"AS IS"!

ture star ever heard of who doesn't
s! And more than that—neither
nor the ubiquitous press agent can
in costume or make-up for a film,

"The Phantom of the Opera," Carl
which will be shown at the Metro-
and he's worked under the queerest
ry scene photographed for publicity
Chaney appears, the face has been
ch as censored material was during

actor other than one playing in the
see his make-up—and the actors in
o secrecy.

for Chaney applied his make-up at
wearing a mask; a moulded flesh-
e law on the public streets, but still
from the onlooker.

h the make-up for months and did





AGOSTINO DONDERO

From a photo taken in Nantucket several years ago by Miss Folger.



LON CHANEY

LON CHANEY—"AS IS"!

Discovered! The first picture star ever heard of who doesn't want his picture in the papers! And more than that—neither executives at Universal City nor the ubiquitous press agent can give out his picture—that is, in costume or make-up for a film, because his contract forbids it.

He's Lon Chaney, star of "The Phantom of the Opera," Carl Laemmle's great production which will be shown at the Metropolitan Theatre next week, and he's worked under the queerest contract ever devised. In every scene photographed for publicity or lobby display in which Lon Chaney appears, the face has been "blanked out" by a patch, much as censored material was during the war.

At no time was any screen actor other than one playing in the picture allowed on the set to see his make-up—and the actors in the production were pledged to secrecy.

No one saw him make up—for Chaney applied his make-up at home and came to the studio wearing a mask; a moulded flesh-colored affair that is within the law on the public streets, but still conceals his strange disguise from the onlooker.

Chaney experimented with the make-up for months and did not want the public to see it except in the actual production, when completed and released. Chaney's make-up depicts Erik, the "Phantom," a mysterious, ghost-like creature haunting the cellars of the great Paris opera, and working out a series of events in the dark fastnesses where, during the second commune, prisons and torture chambers were built among the huge stone foundations of the largest opera house in the world.



LE RYDER, WHO IS "WILL BROWER" IN
"EBEN HOLDEN."

From a photograph by Throbeck, Denver.



JOHN E. KELLERD, STARRING IN "THE CIPHER
CODE."

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

t" at Drury Lane last Christmas
"Blue Beard."

A portrait is given of Viola Gillet
"principal boy"—to use the British phrase.



Nantucket's Freeze-up of Short Duration This Time. 1936

Since our last issue, residents on Nantucket have been through another of those interesting experiences known as a "freeze-up", when the islanders rest back in comfort and hear the radio flashes telling of their "hardships and privations". It is amusing to be referred to as "starving Nantucketers", but very gratifying to realize that the folks in America are so deeply concerned with our welfare when a period of isolation comes and the island is cut off from the rest of the world for days or weeks.

When steamer Martha's Vineyard left here on Friday morning week, she found an abundance of ice and was held up a couple of times between the jetty and Tuckernuck shoal, but not enough to delay her passage to any great extent. Ice was encountered all the way over to the Bluffs, however, and it was realized that hour by hour it was driving down towards Nantucket bar and gradually increasing the barrier there.

Steamer Nantucket made the afternoon trip down that day, but was late getting in, owing to the fact that she had to make the Quicks Hole passage and that she had to force her way through the ice-field outside of Nantucket bar.

Steamer Had Difficulty in Breaking Out Saturday Morning.

The temperature continued cold and the ice conditions became worse during the night. The Nantucket started out on time Saturday morning, but it was nearly noon before she finally broke through the ice-field and reached open water. The Vineyard attempted to make the return trip, but after butting the ice outside the bar for several hours, she turned about and headed for America. Captain Sylvia probably realized that the Nantucketers were not suffering for anything and that it was better judgment to have the boat frozen out of Nantucket harbor than frozen in, which was doubtless correct.

There was no change in the conditions Sunday. The ice-field extended still further out into the sound and the fact that the temperature was hanging between 15 and 20 degrees above zero helped to seal the ice-pack. Those who were anxious to get to or from the island resorted to air-planes, and some of the Sunday papers were brought over on one of the trips.

Planes Brought Food Supplies And Passengers.

Monday morning more planes began to move. The weather was clear but continued cold and the mainland folks were still greatly concerned about Nantucket's welfare. A plane came over with several newspaper men who were in search of real thrilling stories. They made up their own stories, however, for there were no "thrills" as far as the Nantucketers were concerned and the group picture taken of the "hungry Nantucketers" eagerly gnawing loaves of bread was indeed laughable. We'll wager that the islanders were not one-quarter as hungry as were those newspaper fellows just about that time.

A few tons of food supplies were brought over for the chain stores, and passenger planes continued to make trips across the ice-fields. About 1.30 o'clock Postmaster Roberts received word from Boston that a Coast Guard plane was to be sent to Nantucket with mail, and that it would take away the out-going mail.

Government Dropped Mail From Airplane After Dark.

Everybody hurried to get letters posted and then there was a dash for Nobadeer airport, to watch the fun, the impression going around that the mail plane would be there about three o'clock. But it did not show up and finally the truck took the sacks and pouches back to town.

It seems that the first plane that had been detailed had engine trouble at Woods Hole, so a second plane was sent down. The mail matter was transferred at Woods Hole, both planes being amphibians and unable to land on the earth owing to trouble with their landing gears.

At 7.00 o'clock in the evening the first pouch was dropped onto the Nobadeer field and Nantucket thus received the first "mail" brought to the island since Friday. It was not a very large amount, at that, but bet-

ter than none at all, although there was no way to get mail away from the island.

Plane Transferred Mail Wednesday.

Wednesday morning Uncle Sam sent a plane down with mail for Nantucket and took away the first shipment since Saturday. The plane landed on Nobadeer field at 10.15 o'clock and it took about fifteen minutes to unload the incoming sacks and pouches and pack the out-going shipment into the cabin. Postmaster Roberts and Assistant Postmaster Adams were on hand and the transfer of mail matter was properly checked and signed for, which was impossible when the bags were dropped from the plane Monday night.

Only a comparatively small crowd was on the field when the plane made its landing Wednesday morning, but those on hand were interested in the official transfer, the pilot having his gun strapped on his side and looking quite formidable for an aviator.

The plane belonged to the Boston-Maine lines and was flown by Pilot Samuel Chandler. It brought 301 pounds of mail and took away 403 pounds. There were other sacks ready for shipment, but the plane could not hold them all. In fact, so completely was its passenger compartment laden that Pilot Chandler had difficulty in getting into his plane for the take-off. The last seen of him by the crowd gathered around was when the soles of his shoes disappeared as the door shut after his body had wormed its way over the mail-bags and landed head down in the pilot's seat. But he speedily squirmed around in the narrow space left in the cabin and took the controls for the trip back to Boston.

Steamer Succeeded in Breaking Into Harbor Wednesday Afternoon.

Weather conditions moderated steadily Monday evening and during the night the wind shifted to southwest and then to southeast, where it hung at day-light. Snow started to fall, but it did not amount to much, soon turning to sleet and then to rain. The snow disappeared rapidly and by afternoon a fog shut in, so that the streets were cleared of all traces of snow by mid-afternoon. The southeast wind drove the ice-field away from the north shore and plenty of clear water was in sight before night. Word was received that steamer Nantucket had made the trip from Woods Hole to New Bedford, butting ice for nearly five hours before reaching the city. There she took on a cargo of freight for Nantucket and at 8.30 Wednesday morning started for this island.

Ice conditions had improved a lot, the rain and fog having softened the ice and the wind having shattered the ice-fields so the boat had no great difficulty in crossing the sound. Buzzards Bay was still filled with ice, however, necessitating the trip out through Quicks Hole.

The Nantucket left Woods Hole at 11.15 o'clock and at 2.30 the sound of her whistle was heard as she rounded Brant Point for the first time since she left Saturday morning. Inside of the point she ran into some heavy ice, which held her up about ten minutes, but she finally reached her dock and tied up for the night. The steamer had only four passengers—two men and two women.

Boats Made Trips Both Ways On Thursday.

The boats were able to make trip through to New Bedford and turn on Thursday, being slowed down a little each way by ice conditions. The Vineyard came in about 4 o'clock in the afternoon with passengers and freight and tied up for the night.

Before daylight yesterday (Friday) the wind had shifted into the eastward and a large field of ice which had been drifting around in the sound jammed in outside the bar, mail conditions somewhat worse than they were Thursday, but the steamer kept plugging away and finally reached open water.



Postmaster Roberts and Pilot Chandler signed the official documents, with Sergeant LaPrade of the State Police standing near-by and Assistant Postmaster Adams reaching in his pocket for another pencil. In the background watching proceedings stand Allan Holdgate and Miss Cora Stevens.



Stowing the mail bags into the post office truck at Nobadeer field Wednesday, while Selectman Hull and Postmaster Roberts passed approval.

Slogans, Just Slogans.

"Higher wages for workers, more income for farmers," Mr. Roosevelt promises. Yes, indeed! And "Four years more in clover under Grover," and "Four more years of the full dinner pail," not to mention "They're lighting the fires in the mills for Taft" or "He kept us out of war". Also "Two cars in every garage and a chicken in every pot," and "Balance the Budget with beer!"—Chicago News.

1936 Republican Campaign Song.

The song adopted by the Republican party for the coming campaign is called "Three Long Years". It is sung to the tune of the old familiar air, "Three Blind Mice," and the words are as follows:

"Three Long Years"

Three long years!
Three long years!
Full of grief and tears,
Full of grief and tears;
Roosevelt gave us to understand
If we would lend a helping hand
He'd lead us all to the promised
land
For three long years.

Three long years!
Three long years!
Full of grief and tears,
Full of grief and tears;
For when we got to the promised
land
We found it nothing but shifting
sand,
And he left us stripped like Sally
Rand
For three long years.

(Repeat "Three long years," etc.)
He took our shoes and he took our
coat,
He got our shirt and he got our
goat,
He took us to sea and sank the boat
For three long years.

(Repeat "Three long years," etc.)
He fooled the farmer to get his vote,
He wrote and spoke and spoke and
wrote,
But all we got was a phony note
For three long years.

(Repeat "Three long years," etc.)
With arrogant rule he has held full
sway,
And has stolen all of our freedom
away,
Taking everything we could pay
For three long years.

(Repeat "Three long years," etc.)
But the end has come to the evil
day
For the Grand Old Party points the
way
To a really prosperous U. S. A.
Through all the years.

Nantucket's New Post Office Building Opened Wednesday.

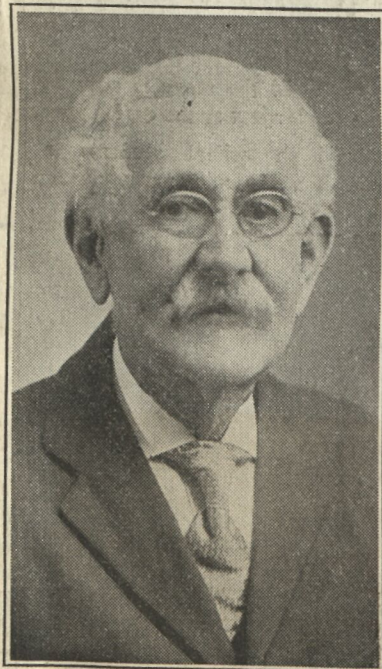
The Nantucket Postoffice moved into its new home on Federal street, Tuesday night, and Wednesday morning the first mail was dispatched from the new building. For the first time since a postoffice was first established on Nantucket, 143 years ago, the islanders now go to other than Main street to get their mail.

There was no elaborate ceremony attendant on the occupancy of the new building, such as marked the laying of the corner-stone last July. It was simply the formal placing of the keys in the hands of Postmaster Roberts by the representative of the government, an afternoon of "open house" when the townspeople had the opportunity of inspecting the new postoffice, moving the "stock" over from the old building to the new during the evening hours, and opening at 5.30 the next morning for the transaction of business.

The dedication of the new building—if it should be called a dedication—occurred a few minutes after 2.00 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. Quite a large crowd assembled outside the building, realizing that it was to be open for inspection.

Superintendent Holahan, Postmaster Roberts and Assistant Postmaster Adams arrived a few minutes after the hour and a group of postal employees stood at respectful distance keenly interested in the proceedings. To John M. Winslow, who held the position of Postmaster at Nantucket

Photo by Boyer.



JOHN M. WINSLOW

Who served as Postmaster at Nantucket from 1887 to 1892, raised the flag in front of Nantucket's new Post Office building last Tuesday. Mr. Winslow is now in his 92nd year and is still a Democrat, although not endorsing the present "spending spree" at Washington. He believes in "pay-as-you-go."

from 1887 to 1892, was accorded the honor of raising the flag in front of the building for the first time. Although now in his 92nd year, Mr. Winslow showed plenty of vigor in hoisting "Old Glory", while Casimira Caton sounded the bugle as the colors were raised.

There was no speech making of any kind. As soon as the flag reached the top of the staff, Mr. Holahan presented the keys of the building to Postmaster Roberts, who unlocked the front door and invited Mr. Winslow to be the first to enter after the building was officially opened—a courtesy which everybody appreciated.

From that time until long after 5.00 o'clock the public took advantage of the opportunity to inspect the building and were permitted to roam about freely. There was hearty approval on every hand—and a feeling of pride in the new structure and its appointments.

The building fronts on Federal street but there is also a side entrance on Pearl street, each protected by a convenient vestibule. On the Federal street side of the lobby are the various windows for serving the public and on the Pearl street side are the long lines of letter boxes. Slots for drop letters and packages are conveniently located, with a separate slot for "local" matter.

The stamp and parcels post windows adjoin, so that in rush times service will be made at both windows without interference. The registry and money order divisions are available from the main lobby, instead of from a small room, as in the old office.

The postmaster has a large, well-lighted office, in the southwest corner of the building, with separate facilities apart from the main office.

The employees have plenty of work-room, well arranged so as to avoid confusion. They have their own rest room on the second floor, and other conveniences that they will certainly appreciate.

A modern safe, fire-proof and burglar-proof, has been installed, as well as new equipment throughout, with the exception of the parcels post scales, which was brought over from the old office and is thoroughly up-to-date in every way.

The whole interior of the building is very attractive to the eye and well-arranged. The lobby floor is of tile,

Continued on Second Page.

and the walls are finished in a delicate cream tint. Writing desks have been placed on either side of the Federal street entrance, for the convenience of the public.

In the basement is a modern heating plant, with several large storage rooms, and entrances from the lobby, the work-room and from the outside.

Mail trucks will be loaded and unloaded from a rear entrance, recessed from Pearl street, and everything has been arranged so as to avoid confusion in the receipt and dispatch of mails.

There was quite a rush in the lobby of the old office just before 6.00 o'clock Tuesday evening, and although the general delivery windows were closed promptly on schedule, the stamp window continued to do business for five minutes or more before Leo Thurston slammed down the window for the last time and the old postoffice in Masonic block was declared "out of business".

During the evening the office force "moved over" the stock of postage stamps, money order and registry blanks, etc., and the interior of the old office soon presented a picture of genuine distress.

The force looked the place over, reminisced a bit before taking the final departure, and then all hands heaved a sigh and thought of the busy hours and pleasant associations that had been experienced within those walls. Outside, a group looked up at the gilt letters on the black background which stood forth over the entrance—"Nantucket Post Office"—and the place which for the past thirty-five years had been the most popular place in Nantucket was abandoned by Uncle Sam.

Bill Swift spent his entire week's allowance in purchasing stamps for his collection—last minute stamps from the old office Tuesday evening, and first minute stamps from the new office at 5.30 Wednesday morning.

Tony Sylvia and Robert Mack had the honor of dispatching the first mail which was sent out from the new building Wednesday morning. Mack was on hand at 5.15 o'clock, but Tony was a little later, as he forgot and went down to the old office on Main street from force of habit.

There is no outside slot in the building, so a letter and package has been placed near the curb at corner of Federal and Pearl street for the convenience of the public. When he noticed the box Wednesday morning, one man was heard to remark: "It's all right, so long as it don't forget that the box is there while they are getting ready to send the mail. Ought to have some kind of an automatic alarm on it, so as to tell the boys inside not to forget it."

The parcels post window is so large that it gives a fine view of the work room—something which has not been possible heretofore. The public will now have opportunity to see what goes on behind the scenes.

Miss Roberts found some handsome bouquets of flowers on her desk in her private office, when she entered the building Tuesday afternoon. The Postmaster is the only member of the force who has real privacy, however, and her quarters could not be more delightful in any way.

Did you notice that the letter boxes are lined up by numerals? That is the "1's" are the top row from end to end, and so on down to the bottom row, which are "9's". There are no boxes ending with "0's".

There is no loafing in the lobby of the new postoffice and no one but employees or those having official business will be allowed in the work-room which is as it should be. The janitor is a husky individual and would make a good bouncer should his services ever be required.

The clerks were busy all day Wednesday shifting keys. Those who had keys to the old boxes could exchange them for keys to the new ones—provided the keys bore the right numbers. If they were not the keys as credited on the records, why it was a case of dipping down and buying new key.

It was slow work sorting the mail for the first time in the new postoffice. Familiarity with the location of boxes in the old office passed into oblivion for in the new office box numbers are located in different position, some of the old numbers have been abolished and new numbers took their places. A business house or bank which heretofore held a box bearing two figures now has a box with four figures; some box holders wanted the same number they had before, but the boxes were elsewhere; in short, the clerks

no outside slot in the
to a letter and package
placed near the curb at
Federal and Pearl str
convenience of the pul
noticed the box Wednes
one man was heard to
all right, so long as t
t that the box is there w
getting ready to send
Ought to have some ki
omatic alarm on it, so as
ys inside not to forget i

* * * * *
els post window is so lar
es a fine view of the wor
ething which has not be
etefore. The public w
opportunity to see wh
hind the scenes.

* * * * *
erts found some handson
flowers on her desk in h
ce, when she entered t
uesday afternoon. T
is the only member of t
has real privacy, howe
arters could not be mo
n any way.

* * * * *
otive that the letter boxe
up by numerals? That is
e the top row from end t
o on down to the bottor
are "9's". There are n
g with "0's".

* * * * *
no loafing in the lobby o
stoffice and no one but en
those having official bus
allowed in the work-roo
it should be. The janit
individual and would mak
uncer should his service
quired.

* * * * *
s were busy all day Wed
ting keys. Those who ha
old boxes could exchange
keys to the new ones—
e keys bore the right num
ey were not the keys at
the records, why it wa
ipping down and buying

* * * * *
ow work sorting the mai
time in the new postoffic
with the location of boxe
office passed into oblivio
new office box numbers ar
different position, some o
nbers have been abolishe
umbers took their places
house or bank which here
a box bearing two figure
ox with four figures; som
wanted the same number
efore, but the boxes we
in short, the clerks

quite a strenuous time sorting the
mail the first afternoon. But they
will soon get used to the new order of
things and in the meantime the public
will bear with them gently.

* * * * *
James Joseph Levins has lost his
padded seat on the radiator. For
years it has been Jim's principal
relaxation to park himself on the
radiator by the window in the old
postoffice and "watch the world go
by". A discarded leather carrier
pouch has served to separate the
radiator from the seat of Jim's
trousers, and from his vantage point
he has viewed "the pass" up and
down Main street when not sorting
letters or covering his route. That
window won't look just right without
Jim's familiar form perched there.

* * * * *
Mitchell Ray presented the new
postoffice with a large "lightship"
waste basket as part of the equip-
ment of the postmaster's room.

* * * * *
The letter slots seem to be rather
high up. The "local" is well beyond
the reach of a small child. And the
first two tiers of boxes are so high
that a person of medium height can't
look into them without stretching on
tip-toe. But the lower lines of boxes
do not have glass fronts, so they have
to be unlocked in order to see wheth-
er they have contents, which evens
things up.

* * * * *
James H. Wood, Sr., got into the
movies Tuesday morning, with his
faithful black horse and comfortable
surrey. A moving picture operator
was on the island taking pictures for
the New England Steamship Company
and Mr. Wood and his outfit were
selected as one of the most desirable
subjects. The movie was taken with
the horse and surrey coming up the
square towards the bank, and an in-
terested crowd of spectators watched
the performance. *Year 1935*

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE NEW POSTOFFICE



Upper picture.—As Boyer's camera snapped the scene just as Postmaster Smith was spreading the cement Contractor Long stands in back of the flag. This is the last picture taken from this point before the structure began to grow.

Lower left.—The group assembled on the improvised platform, with straw hats and bald heads quite prominent. Boyer, the photographer, may be seen perched on roof in the distance.

Lower right.—An unconventional pose of Postmaster Smith as he was levelling the corner-stone. A sudden call "Alfred" caused him to look up quickly and the camera caught him while he was raising his head to inquire what was the matter.

July 9th 1935 Wednesday

"To the Editor of the Post:
"Sir—What was the 'riddle of the
Sphinx,' which no man was able to
solve?"

The Sphinx, according to tradition,

frequented the neighborhood of Thebes
and put a riddle to persons whom she
devoured when they failed to answer it
correctly. Oedipus solved the riddle
and the Sphinx killed herself.

The riddle was: "What animal goes
on four legs in the morning, on two
legs at noon, and on three legs at
night?"

The answer is: "Man, who goes on
'all fours' when a little child; who
walks erect in middle life, and who
walks with a cane in old age."



POSTMASTER ROBERTS

Standing at attention in front of the new postoffice building as the flag was being raised for the first time by Former Postmaster John M. Winslow.

Congratulations and best wishes are also due Charles L. H. Wagner, Boston poet and artist, who today celebrated his 64th birthday anniversary.

Mr. Wagner, who visits this office between his busy moments once in a while, made his annual Yuletide appearance a few days ago with beautiful calendars with his poetry and art work. One calendar has his poem, "Copley Square," of which there are three stanzas. Following are the first and third stanzas:

*There's a beauty spot in Boston
That is known as Copley Square.
It best typifies the culture
Of the city everywhere.
Wealth and learning linked together
In its planning played a part
And today, the Square majestic,
Glorifies its builders' art.*

*Education's Grecian temple
Fronts its western boundary,
And the Copley Plaza's splendor
Lends true charm and dignity.
Here the world comes to pay homage,
Here is art and culture's goal;
Here the classic lives triumphant,
Evidencing Boston's soul.*

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

All day, all night, I can hear the jar
Of the loom of life, and near and far
It thrills with its deep and muffled sound,
As tireless the wheels go always round.

Busily, ceaselessly goes the loom,
In the light of day and midnight gloom.
The wheels are turning early and late,
And the woof is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, clack! there's a thread of love wove in;
Click, clack! another of wrong and sin!
What a checkered thing this life will be
When we see it unrolled in eternity!

Time, with a face like mystery,
And hands as busy as hands can be,
Sits at the loom with arms outspread
To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.

When shall this wonderful web be done?
In a thousand years, perhaps in one.
Or to-morrow. Who knoweth? Not you or I;
But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Ah, sad-eyed weavers, the years are slow,
But each one is nearer to the end, I know:
And some day the last thread shall be woven
in—

God grant it be love instead of sin.

Are we spinners of wool in this life-web—say?
Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day?
It were better, then, O, my friend, to spin
A beautiful thread than a thread of sin!

Nineteen Men Who Have Served As Postmasters at Nantucket.

The location of the first postoffice on Nantucket is not known. It was probably in one of the "reading rooms" which served as the medium for distributing news and the discussion of town and national affairs in those days. Or it may have been in the home of the postmaster, William Coffin, as was the custom of postmasters for many years during the infancy of the postal service.

Prior to the fire which swept away the business section of Nantucket in 1846, the postoffice was located "below the Gardner House", which stood on the south side of Main street, opposite Federal. The Gardner house was a private boarding-house and the postoffice was probably maintained on the lower floor of the building. After the fire, the "Hussey Block" was built on practically the same site and the postoffice was located in the west side of the structure, where it remained until May 31, 1900, when it was moved to the Masonic Block on the corner of Main and Union streets. "Hussey Block" has since been replaced by the brick building of the C. F. Wing Co.

Street letter boxes were installed in 1900, shortly after the postoffice was moved to the Masonic Block, this being one of the first improvements in service advocated by Postmaster Hammond. On the 1st of July, 1901, the Nantucket postoffice became second-class and eight years after—on the 15th of June, 1909—letter carrier service was inaugurated.

The names of the men who have served as postmasters at Nantucket, with the dates of their appointments are as follows:

| Name | Appointed |
|--------------------|----------------|
| William Coffin | March 20, 1793 |
| Silas Jones | April 1, 1805 |
| James Barker | Oct. 1, 1805 |
| Thomas Macy | April 1, 1818 |
| George W. Ewer | May 5, 1829 |
| James Mitchell | July 8, 1839 |
| Samuel H. Jenks | March 26, 1841 |
| George F. Worth | July 5, 1843 |
| James H. Griggs | May 11, 1849 |
| Joseph Mitchell | Sept. 25, 1850 |
| Charles P. Swain | April 27, 1853 |
| Andrew Whitney | April 17, 1861 |
| Josiah F. Murphey | Jan. 16, 1879 |
| John M. Winslow | April 11, 1887 |
| Josiah Freeman | Jan. 6, 1892 |
| Chas. F. Hammond | Jan. 17, 1900 |
| James Y. Deacon | July 11, 1916 |
| Addison T. Winslow | August 5, 1921 |
| Alfred E. Smith | March 26, 1927 |

NANTUCKET'S NEW POST OFFICE



Nantucket's New Postoffice, corner of Federal and Pearl Streets, stands on the site of the Joseph B. Macy house, razed last spring.

The new building is now about ready for occupancy. How do you like its appearance?

The main entrance is on Federal street, but there is also a side entrance on Pearl street. The postmaster's room is on the extreme right. Then come the service windows—Money Order and Postal Savings, Registry and C.O.D., Stamps and General Delivery.

The drop letter slots are on the Federal street side, about opposite the main entrance. The letter boxes are on the Pearl street side of the lobby and consist of 663 No. 1 boxes, 174 No. 2, and 61 No. 3, making a total of 898 boxes.

TWO OTHERS IN PLANE INJURED

year/1936

Victim, Daughter of Dr. William P. Murphy, Hub's Nobel Prize Winner; Shobe and Passenger Hurt



JOHN SHOBE AND MISS PRISCILLA MURPHY

The noted Boston pilot and Miss Priscilla Murphy, 16-year-old Brimmer girl and co-pilot of a plane, bound for Minnesota in a race against death. Miss Murphy was killed and Shobe seriously injured when the plane crashed in upper New York State. This picture was made last June when Shobe gave the girl her "wings."

FEBRUARY 18, 1913

Joaquin Miller, Poet of the Sierras, Is Dead



JOAQUIN MILLER, THE "POET OF THE SIERRAS," WHO DIED YESTERDAY.

MATRIMONIAL INCOMPATIBILITY.

A thin little fellow had such a fat wife,
Fat wife, fat wife,
God bless her!
She looked like a drum and he looked like a life,
And it took all his money to dress her.
God bless her!
To dress her!
God bless her!
To dress her!

To wrap up her body and warm up her toes,
Fat toes, fat toes,
Good keep her!
For bonnets and bows and silken clothes,
To eat her, and drink her, and sleep her,
God keep her!
To drink her!
And keep her!
And sleep her!

She grew like a target; he grew like a sword,
A sword—a sword—God spare her!
She took all the bed and she took all the board,
And it took a whole sofa to bear her.
God spare her!
To bear her!
God spare her!
To bear her!

She spread like a turtle; he shrank like a pike,
A pike—a pike—God save him!
And nobody ever beheld the like,
For they had to wear glasses to shave him.
God save him!
To shave him!
God save him!
To shave him!

Fattened away till she burst one day,
Exploded—blew up—God take her!
All the people that saw it say
She covered over an acre!
God take her!
An acre!
God take her!
An acre!

POET OF SIERRAS IS DEAD

Joaquin Miller Unable to Complete Last Great Task

OAKLAND, Cal., Feb. 17.—Joaquin Miller, "the poet of the Sierras," who has been ill at his home, "The Heights," the past six weeks, suffering from Bright's disease, died this afternoon.

Mrs. Miller and the poet's daughter, Juanita, prepared for the venerable poet's death since his becoming unconscious five days ago, were at his bedside when the end came.

Hard at work writing a six-volume life record, the aged poet, who was in his 71st year, had gradually grown weaker since his illness, and today, after a consultation, the attending physicians concluded that despite his great physical frame the poet would live but a few hours.

NATIVE OF OHIO

Cincinnatus Heine Miller was his Christian name, and until he gained fame as a writer he was held to his name. Years after he ran away from his home in Liberty, O., and when he was in California, he was thought to be the famous Joaquin Murietta, the Mexican bandit, and he was so pleased with the name that he gave up his name and became Joaquin.

Known all over the world as a famous poet, dramatist, philosopher, writer and journalist, Joaquin Miller lived an eccentric life and wrote most of his poetry and prose when in bed. As a writer, few excelled him in quaintness of conception, brilliancy of imagination and fluency of diction, in which he displayed an original style.

When in Boston in 1906 he characterized the historical spots and monuments of Boston as desecrated and declared that the subway stations on Boston Common were sarcophagi. "A boy with a snowball could defend Bunker Hill," he said, "and Concord and Lexington are the only places in the vicinity of Boston that have not been desecrated by the landscape gardener."

Attire of Forty-Niner His Favorite

Tall and of athletic build, and tawny hair streaked with gray, wearing heavy, long whiskers, he always wore the garb of a Forty-niner. In this attire, a long Prince Albert coat, a broad sombrero hat, cowhide boots and a flaming red shirt, he created a sensation when he appeared at several receptions in the drawing rooms in London.

Until the death of his mother, just before his visit to Boston, Miller lived at his home, "The Heights," which is built on a rocky peak overlooking the Golden Gate. Here he built his tomb, and engraved upon it were the words "To the Unknown." Day after day, before his mother's death, he visited what was to be his grave, but, heart-broken when his mother died, he left his home of years and went to live at Eugene, Ore., where he dwelt upon an estate given to him by friends at the Oregon Exposition, until a few years ago.

Poet at Age of 14

The son of a preacher and teacher, Miller only received about six months' schooling before he ran away from home. He worked in the mines, and even wrote some poetry at the age of 14, and when the miners made life unbearable for him he sought refuge with the Modoc Indians.

He entered the literary field when the Civil war broke out when he published a Democratic newspaper at San Francisco. Just previous to this he studied law and later he made an attempt to make a fortune by his literary works, but failed. He then returned to Grant county, Oregon, where he was elected a judge and served for four years, resigning to resume his law practice.

He published a volume of poems, "Songs of the Sierras," in England in 1871 and after their publication his writings were greatly in demand and his works were a success.

Among his works were: "Songs of the Sunland," "Songs of Italy," "The Pink Countess," "Songs of the Sierras," "The One Fair Woman," "The Baroness of New York" and "Life Among the Modocs."

Six-Volume Life Record

His works gained him the title of "The Poet of the Sierras," and for the past four years he has worked daily upon the six-volume record of his life, which was to include only one-tenth of his own poems—those which the people liked the best.

A year ago he was seriously ill at his home, but even when the physicians thought him to be dying, the aged poet roused himself, and with the thought in his mind that the volumes remained unfinished, determined to live, and won.

After his return from England Miller became a contributor to the daily and periodical press, and since then he has published more than 20 books, poems, novels, essays and plays. The plays "49" and "The Danites" were a great success.

For two years he travelled in Alaska and wrote letters of conditions in the Yukon region, and for the last few years he has lived the life of a recluse on his farm at Oakland.

When editor of the newspaper he married "Minnie Myrtle," who had frequently contributed poetry to the paper. His married life was unhappy, and after they had lived together a short time they separated. His wife took the youngest child, a boy, and Maud Miller, who was a well known actress, before her death, stayed with her father.

War C

Although outbreak China were correspond many tem country a them to c

Mrs. M been spend at the hom sister of M of the poe arrived life, his servant Some of the "Poet

To t I think she She was d And never Of the gi Then, where When the Is she unde The darli

Has she la The cherl Has she w ways Is her dar

Oh, whether are, Or wheth God keep b so wa And oh, I

Brown John In cellar Where dirt And rub an The hoodl "Git out of He is at He smiles And rub and He cal

"Git out o' Me Frinch Fur this s An' I'll p Phwat hon Or burn a Or beg, or Phwile yez Git out, I s And Silver That shoul But Jol

Then mighty At this qu And cried, "Stop wash The small And raised Above the s And unto Straightfor "Two bittee Then c Oh, honest. If you will And take a And wash o If you will To cleanse That all suc There's a To bid you And ca

War Correspondent in China

Although 60 years old, Miller, at the outbreak of the Boxer rebellion in China went to that country as a war correspondent. He has since refused many tempting offers to lecture in this country and abroad, but has refused them to complete his life record.

Mrs. Miller and her daughter had been spending the winter in New York at the home of Mrs. Warren Leland, a sister of Mrs. Miller, when they heard of the poet's illness. Until his daughter arrived he had been living a hermit's life, his sole companion being a Chinese servant.

Some of the short poems that made the "Poet of the Sierras" famous are:

To the Girl of Long Ago

I think she was fairer than the girl of today—
She was dearer by far, I know;
And never I questioned the queenly sway
Of the girl of long ago.

Then, where is the darling of long ago,
When the blood ran warmer than wine?
Is she under the lilies or under the snow,
The darlingest girl of mine?

Has she laid down to rest with the sod on
her breast,
The cherished of long ago?

Has she wandered afar, where the strange
ways are;
Is her dark hair white like snow?

Oh, whether afar, where the strange ways
are,
Or whether above or below,

God keep her from harm, for her heart was
so warm—
And oh, I loved her so!

Washee Washee

Brown John he bends above his tub;
In cellar, alley, anywhere
Where dirt is found, why, John is there;
And rub and rub and rub and rub.

The hoodlum lisses in his ear,
"Git out of here, you reller scrub!"
He is at work, he cannot hear;
He smiles the smile that knows no fear;

And rub and rub and rub and rub,
He calmly keeps on washing.

"Git out o' here, ye haythin, git;
Me Erinch ancisthurs fought and bld
Fur this same fraadom, so they did,
An' I'll presarve it, ye can bit.

Phwat honest man can boss a town?
Or burn anither Pittsburg down?
Or beg, or strike or labor shirk
Phwile yez are here an' want to work?

Git out, I say, ye haythin, git!"
And Silver Jimmy shied a brick
That should have made that heathen sick;
But John, he kept on washing.

Then mighty Congress shook with fear
At this queer, silent little man,
And cried, as only Congress can,
"Stop washing and git out of here!"

The small brown man he ceased to rub,
And raised his little shaven head
Above the steaming, sudsy tub,
And unto this great Congress said,

Straightforward, businesslike and true:
"Two bittee dozen washee you!"
Then calmly went on washing.

Oh, honest, faithful little John,
If you will lay aside your duds
And take a sea of soap and suds
And wash out dirty Washington;

If you will be the Hercules
To cleanse our stables clean of these
That all such follies fatten on,
There's fifty million souls today

To bid you welcome, bid you stay,
And calmly keepen washing.

Tribute to Beloved Sierras

The following poem, written by Joaquim Miller in 1870, was one of the many which the lover of nature wrote about the Sierras, and one of the many which gained for him the title of "The Poet of the Sierras":

Sierras, and eternal tents
Of snow that flash o'er battlements
Of mountains, My land of the sun,
Am I not true? have I not done
All things for thee, for thee alone,
O, sun-land, sea-land, thou mine own?
From other loves and other lands,
As true, perhaps, as strong of hands,
Have I not turned to thee and thine,
O, sun-land of the palm and pine,
And sung thy scenes, surpassing skies,
Till Europe lifted up her face
And marvelled at thy matchless grace,
With eager and inquiring eyes?
Be my reward some little place
To pitch my tent, some tree and vine
Where I may sit above the sea,
And drink the sun as drinking wine,
And dream, or sing some songs of thee;
Or days to climb to Shasta's dome
Again, and be with gods at home,
Salute my mountains—clouded Hood,
Saint Helens in its sea of wood—
Where sweeps the Oregon, and where
White storms are in the feathered air.

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.

The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For yet the very stars are gone—
Brave admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say, Sail on! sail on! and on!"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.

"What shall I say, brave admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of dawn,
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the
mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight,
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite;

Brave admiral, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that
night

Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! a light! a light! a light!

It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

His Sister's Birth

By "JOAQUIN" MILLER

In which the poet describes the conditions under which a sister was born while he was a boy among the Indians in Indiana.

We dwelt in the woods of the Tippecanoe,
In a lone lost cabin, with never a view
Of the full day's sun for a whole year through.
With strange half hints through the russet corn.
We children were hurried one night. Next morn
There was frost on the trees, and a sprinkle of snow
And tracks on the ground. We burst through the door,
And a girl baby cried—and then we were four.

We were not sturdy and we were not wise
In the things of the world and the ways men dare;
A pale-browed mother with a prophet's eyes;
A father that dreamed and looked anywhere.
Three brothers—wild blossoms, tall, fashioned as men.
And we mingled with none, but we lived as when
The pair first lived, ere they knew the fall;
And loving all things we believed in all.

Oh! girding yourself and throwing your strength
On the front of the forest that stands in mail
Sounds gallant indeed in a pioneer's tale;
But, God in heaven, to fall full length!
To stoop all day to the cold, stubborn soil—
This holding the heart! It is more than toil!
What loneliness of heart! What wishings to die!
When born to the earth, although born for the sky!

The Country Paper.

Amid the pile of papers
That swamp my desk each day
And drive me weak from clipping
And filing stuff away,
Comes once a week—on Thursday—
That quaint old four-page sheet
That's printed up in Pelham,
A drowsy county seat.

You see, 'twas up in Pelham
That first I saw the light,
And—well, my heart grows softer
And I feel my eyes shine bright;
Right reverend my touch is,
It spreads the columns wide,
The local's what I'm seeking—
Not the patented inside.

Ah, here it is, "The County,"
And "Jottings", "Local News"—
You learn who's traded horses
And who have rented pews;
It tells about the schoolhouse
Where we used to sit and dream,
A-watching dust specks dancing
In the sunlight's shifty beam.

The sturdy names of boyhood
Come tumbling through our
thoughts.
Of Tom and Brick and Patsey—
How we loved and how we fought!
The friends when years grew graver,
Called now beyond our ken,
In the type lines of the paper
They live and speak again.

O, toilers in life's workshops,
Are not those dream-mists sweet,
Which memory casts about us
When past and present meet?
And so, I love that paper
From the village in the hills,
For the old life that it wakens,
For the weariness it stills.

JUST FOLKS

1937 by Edgar A. Guest

ANOTHER SIT DOWN STRIKE

The servant girl is sitting in the parlor night
and day,
The cook is in the kitchen strumming tunes
upon a tray.
We are sleeping at the neighbors and we get
our meals in town.
We have had a disagreement and the help is
sitting down.

What's the question that divides us? Well, the
the cook insists that we
Ask too many guests to dinner. She would
limit us to three.
But the missus, rather stubborn, won't agree to
such demands.
Now we've sitters in the parlor and a strike
upon our hands.

I can't get a change of linen or my other socks
and ties.
To the place no one's admitted save the boy
who brings supplies.
When I said I own the building, every single
nail and board,
I was told that's just a theory which hasn't
been explored.

I'm a bit perplexed about it. I would settle
this in peace,
But I mustn't lose my temper, mustn't summon
the police,
For 'twould only make more trouble should we
take the house by storm;
So I ordered coal this morning just to keep
the sitters warm.

(Copyright, 1937, Edgar A. Guest)

OLD TOWN FIRST SETTLEMENT ON THE PACIFIC COAST

Quaint Spot Where Cross Was
Set Up in 1769 Is Now a
Part of Busy and Prosper-
ous City of San Diego

RAMONA MARRIED IN HOUSE OF ESTUDILLO

History and Romance Join
Hands in the Sleepy Hamlet;
Many Interesting Relics of a
Former Civilization

ASLEEP under the shadow of Presidio Hill lies Old Town, the birthplace of California history.

In the name of the Holy Catholic church and New Spain Father Francisco Junipero Serra, July 16, 1769, planted the first cross on the hill above the town and established the first link in the chain of twenty-one missions that extended along El Camino Real, or the King's Highway from San Diego de Alcalá northward ending with San Francisco de Solano de Samona. It was in Old Town that General Fremont unfurled the first American flag in Southern California July 29, 1846. There are still standing in Old Town the famous palm trees that were planted in 1769, undoubtedly the first palm trees ever planted in California. And it is here,

in the Estudillo home, that Ramona, the heroine of Helen Hunt Jackson's beautiful story, was married.

Back to Long Ago

This quaint spot is a part of the city of San Diego, and a twenty minutes' car ride takes one from the twentieth century back to the eighteenth. It is principally to see the Marriage Place of Ramona that so many tourists visit Old Town, and indeed the visit well repays one. The old Estudillo home was built in 1827 and three generations of the family lived in it. Restored in recent years by John D. Spreckels and now in charge of Thomas Getz, this house is a splendid example of early Spanish architecture in California. It is built around a court, as was the custom among the Spaniards, and the adobe walls are three feet thick, the rafters and other wooden material having bound together with rawhide thongs. The tiled roof was supported by pine timbers brought from the forests of the Cuyamaca mountains on the backs of Indians. The floors of the house, excepting those used for dancing and other festive occasions were of large brick similar to those used in all the mission buildings.

The architecture in the house of Estudillo is distinctly Moorish, and as in all homes among Spaniards, its patio was one of the prominent features. This patio, or inner court, in Spanish dwellings is of Mohammedan origin, and it was the Orientals who first taught the Spaniards that it was immodest for a woman to appear in public with her face uncovered. Surrounded by thick walls, beautified with flowers and enlivened by fountains, the patio in the house of Estudillo was a delightful place of recreation and refreshing coolness on the warmest days. It was, as in the long ago, the care-free days when Spanish maids smiled from barred windows upon favored swains, and it is so today, for the restoration is practically complete.

Patio Important Feature

The patio of the house of Estudillo is a square 75 by 75 feet. In it is the "Wishing Well," and also a fountain on which water lilies float and in which gold fish swim. Outside the old Spanish kitchen in which now are to be found cooking relics of a former civilization, just off the patio stands the adobe oven, or horno, five feet high, shaped as pictures depict an ancient beehive. It rests upon a ten-foot adobe base. The front of Estudillo's house, facing the plaza, is 110 feet and each wing is 97 feet long. The house itself is filled with curios and relics that recall other days. In the patio is to be seen a Mexican carreta, more than 200 years old. The ancient vehicle is provided with wooden wheels and was used as a means of transportation by the early Spanish settlers. Here also is an old stage coach belonging to another nationality, but of equal interest. It is sixty-five years old, owned originally by John Banning and run to Fort Yuma. It was built at a cost of \$1600, and was known as the Diamond Tally Ho. The tiles in the restored patio were made by the Franciscan fathers in 1770 and used in an aqueduct to bring water across the San Diego river.

In the museum room of the house of Estudillo is an interesting Catholic shrine secured by Thomas Getz in Mexico. The shrine originally came from Spain in 1745 and was placed in the mission at Loretta, Lower California, where Father Serra stopped in 1769 on his way to San Diego bay. On the doors of the shrine are paint-

ings of St. Peter and St. John the Baptist, and within are carved figures of San Miguel, the archangel, conquering Satan, the Mother Mary raising the Savior from the ground after the crucifixion and a beautiful Madonna of the Rose.

Many Interesting Relics

There are many other features of interest in and about the sleepy old hamlet. The mission bells, made in Spain in 1802, that once hung in San Diego de Alcalá, are now to be seen hanging beside the little Catholic chapel across the way from the house of Estudillo. These are the first mission bells ever brought to California. In Old Town is the Whaley home, said to be the first brick house ever built in the state. Francis Whaley, son of the builder, lives in the house and is the first American child born in San Diego. Here also are the crumbling walls of the first jail built of adobe and cobblestones and the first graveyard. On the hill overlooking the ancient scene, commanding a view of San Diego's magnificent harbor, Point Loma, Coronado Islands and the sea stands the cross erected to the memory of Father Serra by the Order of Panama and unveiled September 28, 1913. At the foot of the cross the first palm tree planted in California bears its fronds toward heaven.

And twenty minutes, a short enough journey indeed, takes the pilgrim from the busy, modern city of San Diego into the long, long ago. So, dreaming of the happy, care-free days when Spanish maids smiled from barred windows upon favored swain, Old Town still sleeps.

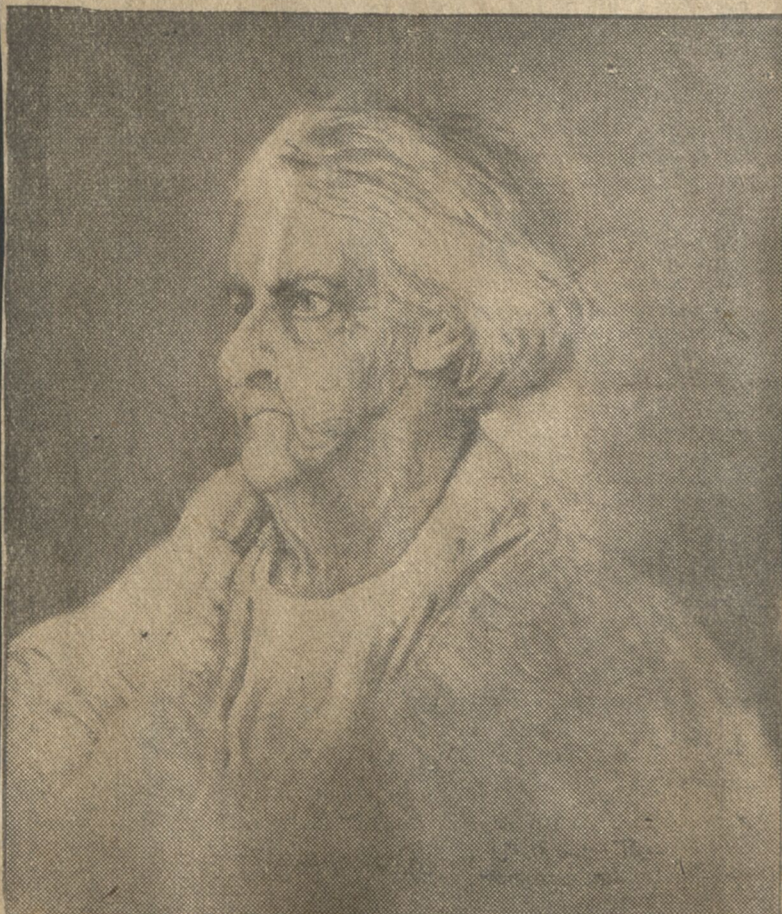
THE TWENTY-ONE MISSIONS IN THE ORDER OF THEIR ESTABLISHMENT

The twenty-one missions in California in the order of their establishment follow:

- San Diego de Alcalá, July 16, 1769.
- San Carlos de Monterey, June 3, 1770.
- San Antonio de Padua, July 14, 1771.
- San Gabriel Archangel, September 18, 1771.
- San Luis Obispo de Tolosa, September 1, 1772.
- San Francisco de los Dolores, October 9, 1776.
- San Juan Capistrano, November 1, 1776.
- Santa Clara, January 18, 1777.
- San Buenaventura, March 21, 1782.
- Santa Barbara, December 4, 1786.
- La Purísima Concepcion, December 8, 1787.
- Santa Cruz, August 28, 1791.
- Nuestra Señora de la Soledad, October 9, 1791.
- San Jose, June 14, 1797.
- San Juan Bautista, June 24, 1797.
- San Miguel, July 25, 1797.
- San Fernando Rey de España, September 18, 1797.
- San Luis Rey de Francia, June 13, 1798.
- Santa Ynez Virgin y Martyr, September 17, 1804.
- San Rafael Archangel, December 18, 1817.
- San Francisco de Solano de Sonoma, April 25, 1820.

N HERALD SEPTEMBER 12, 1932

100-YEAR-OLD NANTUCKET RESIDENT



Portrait of Mrs. Lydia C. (Morris) Cushman, 100-year-old resident of Nantucket, by Walter Gilman Page. Mrs. Cushman was born on the island, April 23, 1832, and has lived there all her life.

ENT

antucket,
23, 1832,

